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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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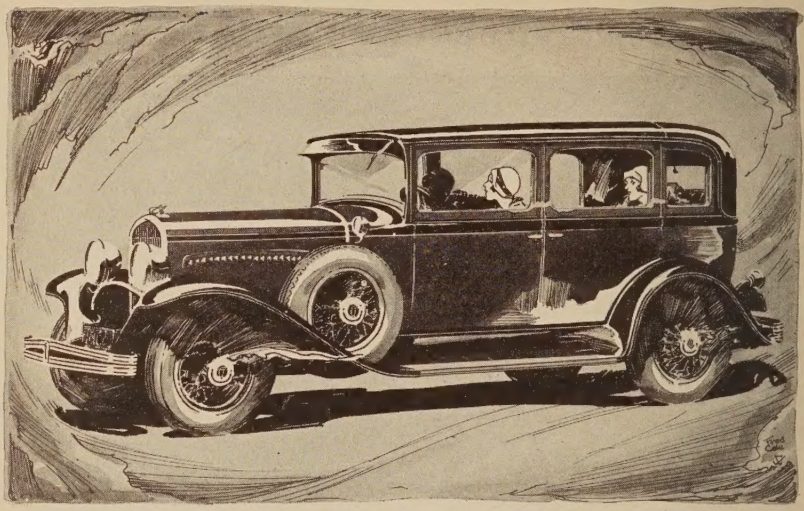

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
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about

MY BROTHER JONATHAN

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1. The other novels of its author, Francis Brett Young, have roused the enthusiasm and admiration of his fellow writers. Hugh Walpole, J. C. Squire, Edward Shanks, Douglas Goldring, Frank Swinnerton, Compton Mackenzie, have all written praising his work.

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3. MY BROTHER JONATHAN ranks in manner and importance with LOVE IS ENOUGH, the novel by Brett Young which was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for fiction. This is the most valuable literary prize in Great Britain. It has previously been awarded to Hugh Walpole, Arnold Bennett and Walter de la Mare.

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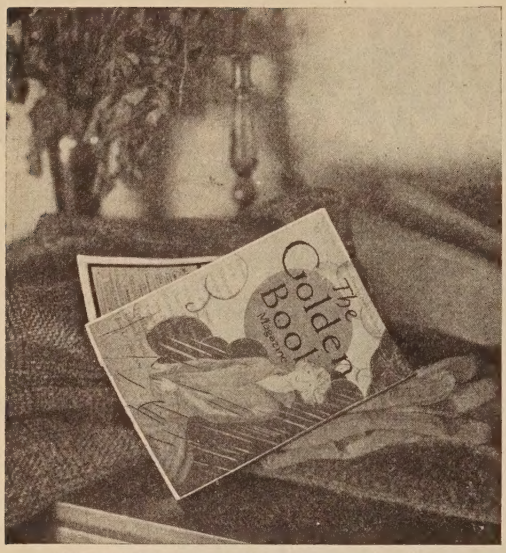

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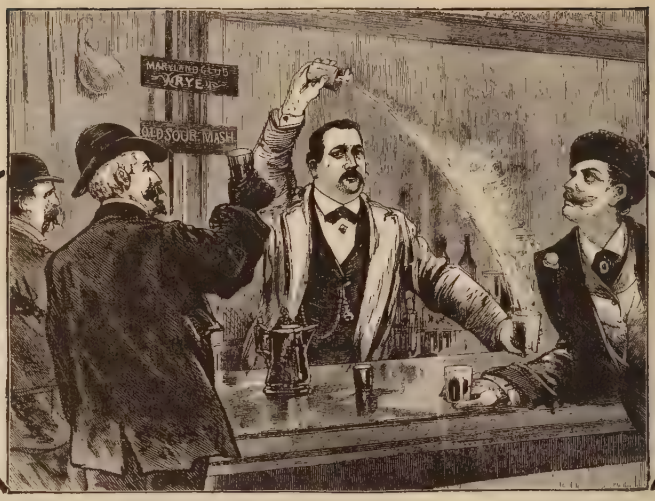

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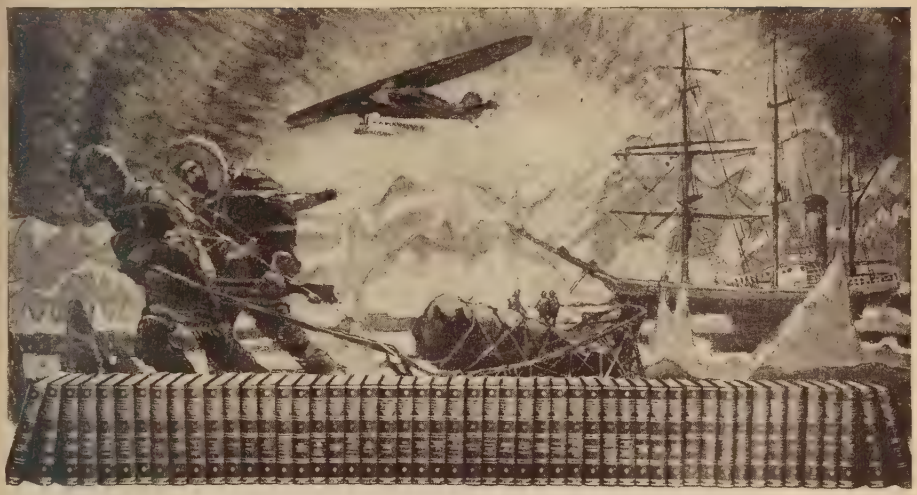

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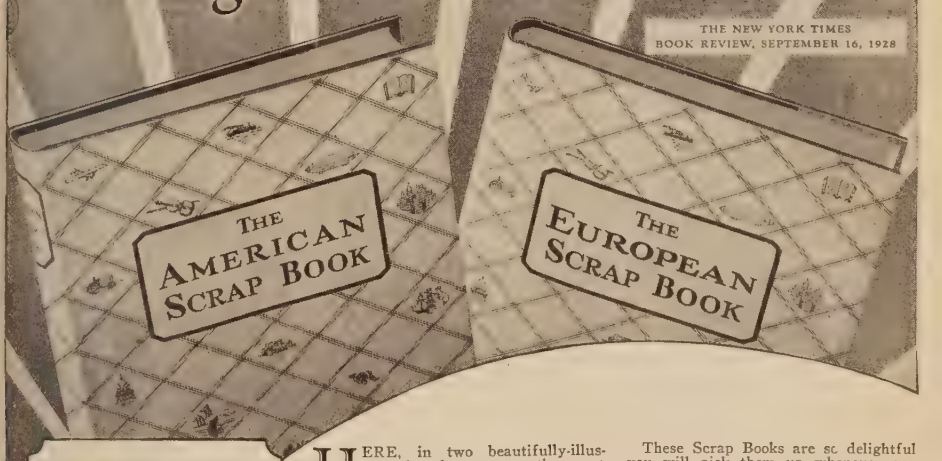

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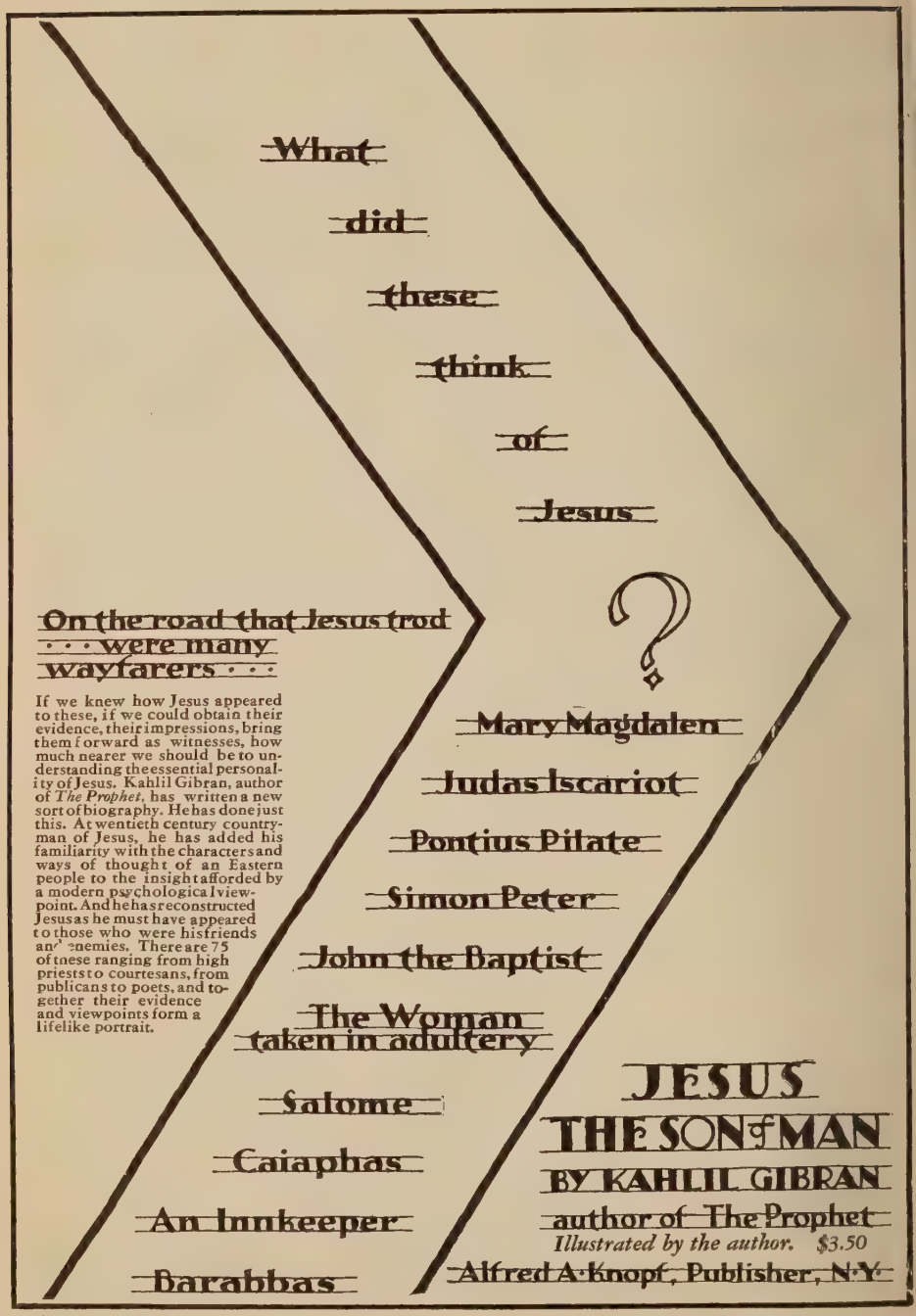
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did
these
think
of
Jesus
?
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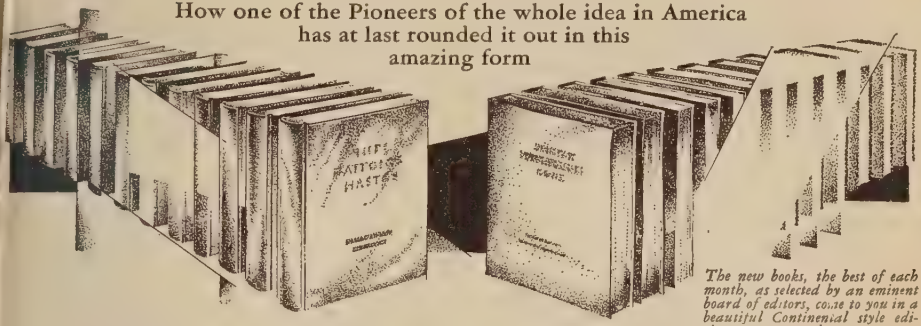

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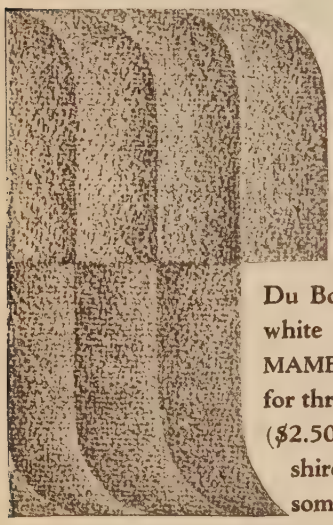

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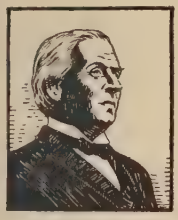

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

THE STAMMERING CENTURY.
By Gilbert Seldes *The John Day Company*
$5 9¼ x 6; 414 pp. *New York*

According to the sub-title, this is a history of "eccentricity and fanaticism in the United States, 1800–1900." The author has unearthed a great deal of amusing and instructive material, and presents it in an interesting manner, though some of his conclusions and philosophizings show a certain dubiousness. He deals with all sorts of wowsers and utopians, from Father George Rapp to Frances E. Willard, and from Bronson Alcott to John Alexander Dowie. It is curious to note that very few of these soul-savers contented themselves with one panacea. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, the propagandist (though not the inventor) of the ghastly garment bearing her name, was also interested in phrenology. The phrenologists, Fowler and Wells, also believed in the water cure, popular in their time. John Humphrey Noyes, one of the early Communists, was also a pioneer birth controller. And even William Lloyd Garrison succumbed for a time to spiritualism. Mr. Seldes supports his accounts of his fanatics with brief summaries of the ideas prevailing in America while they flourished. His book is not documented, but there are some good illustrations and an adequate index.

ENGLAND. *A History of British Progress from the Early Ages to the Present Day.*
By Cyril E. Robinson. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$5 9¼ x 6; 892 pp. *New York*

This history leaves very much to be desired. In so rapid a survey, to be sure, Mr. Robinson was forced to leave out of consideration "a host of minor characters," but there is no excuse for giving no mention whatever to such men as Shaw, Wells, the Webbs, Huxley, Keats, Shelley, Blackstone, Berkeley and Spencer. Then, again, his general attitude is, to say the least, extremely uninformed. As witness: (*a*) "If the Boer War was indeed England's fault—and this, when all is said, is very doubtful— . . ." (*b*) "That England had entered the arena [the Great War] with clean hands and for the just vindication of an ancient pledge [Belgian neutrality] flattered not a little the sentimental side of her people's character. . . . Yet, strange as it may seem, her act inspired in the Germans a wild ecstasy of hatred. . . !" (*c*) "Hitherto [before April, 1917] throughout the war the attitude of the United States had been one of strict and even cold neutrality." (*d*) "Millions of colored peoples are now looking to British culture and British justice to bring them the benefits of civilization, while excluding, if possible, its evils; and, as the deliberations of recent colonial conferences have shown, they will not be allowed to look in vain."

ENGLAND IN JOHNSON'S DAY.
By M. Dorothy George. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 239 pp. *New York*

Selections from the writings of Fielding, Sheridan, Addison, Pope, Fanny Burney, Voltaire, Defoe, Goldsmith and Boswell, which present, under such chapter-heads as "The Church and the Clergy," "Education," "Life and Letters," "Life and Politics," "The Court," "Crime and Punishment," "Men and Manners," and "Follies and Fashions," every aspect of the social life of the times. Miss George has contributed an excellent introduction. The volume is fifth in the English Life in English Literature Series. It has an index.

ENGLAND FROM CHAUCER TO CAXTON.
By H. S. Bennett. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 246 pp. *New York*

Selections from Malory, Gower, the Paston Letters, the Stonor Letters, Hoccleve, Langland, Lydgate, Dunbar, Wyclif, Mandeville and Gregory's Chronicle. They present an interesting picture of the social life of England in the time of the War of the Roses. The volume seriously lacks an index.

LETTERS FROM BROOK FARM. 1844–1847.
By Marianne Dwight. *Vassar College*
8¾ x 6; 191 pp. *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

Miss Dwight was a resident of Brook Farm, and one of its most active workers. During her residence there she wrote numerous letters to her friend, Anna Q. T. Parsons, of Boston, and in them she described in some detail her experiences on the farm. Most of these letters are reproduced here for the first time, and they have great value, obviously, for an understanding of that curious New England experiment in associationalism. The editor of the book is Amy L. Reed.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

WORLD DRIFT.
By Edward Alsworth Ross. *The Century Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 223 pp. *New York*

In this collection of stray essays on such problems as birth control, race suicide, the influence of the

Continued on page xxxii

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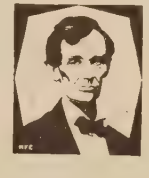

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

films, "sports as a socializer," and public ownership, Professor Ross proves once more that as a sociologist he possesses little insight. There is nothing in this book that has not been said at least ten thousand times before or that shows any extraordinary understanding of social matters. Babies, he says, are now being taken better care of than ever before, public education is spreading in all directions and that is something to be thankful for, laborers breed more rapidly than professional people and that is something to think about, women are gaining in economic and political freedom, there are certain parts in the United States where the inhabitants are not so civilized as are the inhabitants of New York City, some of the movies are not fit to be seen by young children and parents should make sure that the children do not see them, and so on, and so on.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS. *A Review of Politics, Personalities, and the Press.*
By Silas Bent. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 347 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bent here presents a collection of his magazine articles, mainly from *Scribner's*, the *Outlook*, the *Independent* and the *Century*. It includes character sketches of Hoover, Al Smith, Adolph S. Ochs, Andy Mellon, Charlie Dawes, Hearst and other worthies, and amusing chapters on the religious lobby at Washington, the ham-stringing of the Tariff Commission, the multiplication of independent Federal commissions of other sorts, the recent rise of new and enormous corporations, and the popular worship of such heroes as Babe Ruth, the late Valentino, and Lindbergh. The book is excellent journalism. It sorely lacks an index.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE.
By V. F. Calverton. *The Macaulay Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 341 pp. *New York*

The author argues that "the change of economic system and social environment alone have rendered monogamy a struggling fiction." It is, he believes, "part of an old age" and "it cannot be the marital basis of the new." To support this thesis he sets forth the evidence showing the collapse of the old standards in America and Western Europe. The experiments attempted in Russia, he believes, are bound to be repeated in the rest of the world. His book is well documented and plausibly written, but most readers, no doubt, will dissent from his hospitality toward the Russian ideas and his confidence in their success. There is a good index.

AMERICA'S SEX AND MARRIAGE PROBLEMS.
By William J. Robinson.
The Eugenics Publishing Company
$3 475 pp. *New York*

Dr. Robinson's conclusions, when they are unusual, are courageously maintained. He believes that the laws against abortion are in some respects harsh and irrational, that the eugenists sometimes set up standards of fitness that are absurd, that the prevention of conception ought to be permitted and taught, and that the marriage of luetics, under proper conditions, ought to be countenanced, though they should be forbidden parenthood. Unfortunately, he does not present his arguments in an orderly and scientific manner. His book is full of trivialities and irrelevances, and many of the cases that he sets forth are merely curious. The book is apparently made up of clippings from his magazine, the *Critic and Guide*. Some of them deserve republication, but others are trash. There is no index.

CARTELS, COMBINES AND TRUSTS IN POST-WAR GERMANY.
By Rudolf K. Michels. *The Columbia University Press*
$3.50 9 x 6; 183 pp. *New York*

The combination movement has been the outstanding industrial phenomenon in Germany in the last ten years. The most important factor in it has been the growth of the cartel, which is "a voluntary combination of business enterprises engaged in the same line of business and each retaining its independence, for the purpose of establishing monopolistic control of the market." The present book deals, in the main, with the various types of these cartels, but special attention is given to the four most important of them: the Rheinisch-Westfälisches Kohlensyndikat, the Stahlwerksverband, the Rohstahlgemeinschaft, and the Deutsches Kalisyndikat. Dr. Michels, who is instructor in economics at Hunter College, thinks that the cartels, regulated as they are now by the government, will prove of great benefit to Germany. Their main advantage lies in the fact that they have greatly reduced the wastes of competition, and this is of especial importance for Germany, "since the margin of profit generally is lower there than it is in the United States."

FAMILY LIFE TO-DAY.
Edited by Margaret E. Rich. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5⅛; 244 pp. *New York*

Fourteen papers presented at a conference in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of family social work in America. The authors include W. F. Ogburn,

Continued on page xxxiv

D'ARTAGNAN

The Sequel to "The Three Musketeers"
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Incorporating and augmenting a MS. by
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Ernest R. Groves, Herbert S. Jennings, Mary E. Richmond, Gordon Hamilton, Frank J. Bruno and Karl De Schweinitz. The papers cover the biology of the family; work, wages, and leisure; and the function of social work. They are, in the main, repetitious and conjectural, but there is one brilliant chapter on the biological basis of the family, by Dr. Jennings. The book has an index.

OUR RELATIONS TO THE NATIONS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.
By Charles Evans Hughes. The Princeton University Press
$1.75 8¼ x 5½; 124 pp. *Princeton, New Jersey*

Mr. Hughes here discusses the Monroe Doctrine in its application to the Western Hemisphere. "It may be doubted whether we need a permanent court of international justice for the States in this hemisphere," he concludes. "It is in the spirit of Pan-Americanism, in its desire for understanding and comradeship, in its aim to promote accord, in its wise use of the means available to these ends, in its abundant confidence that no mere barrier of race or language can stand in the way of unity of spirit and purpose, that we find in large measure the hope for the future of the American nations."

COMMON SENSE IN EDUCATION.
By Bernard Iddings Bell. William Morrow & Company
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 321 pp. *New York*

This book is heavy with the platitudes of the professional educator, but Dr. Bell has at least shifted the burden of his remarks from the long-suffering pedagogues to the ineffectual parents. "In this matter of teaching personnel," he declares, "as in every other phase of education, the problem in the last analysis resolves itself into one of parental interest and application. When fathers and mothers once understand that they, and they alone, are responsible before God and society for the proper upbringing of those to whom they have given life, most pedagogical problems will be well on their way to solution." There is a bibliography of books on education for parents at the end, but an index is lacking.

BIOGRAPHY

THE INTERPRETER GEDDES.
By Amelia Defries. Boni & Liveright
$3 8¼ x 5½; 334 pp. *New York*

"As a biologist," writes Lewis Mumford in his preface, "Patrick Geddes was a pupil of Huxley and Haeckel and the collaborator with J. A. Thomas on numerous books on evolution and sex; as a sociologist he followed Comte and LePlay; as a social geographer he was the friend and collaborator of Elisée Reclus and Kropotkin. Besides holding a chair in botany at St. Andrew's University, he has built student quarters in Edinburgh and London, was one of the first organizers of masques and pageants, helped re-establish the city planning movement in England, planned more than fifty cities in Europe and Asia, and now, at seventy-three, has built up an extra-mural college at Montpelier, France." Miss Defries has drawn an adequate picture of the man and his gospel, but her book would have been improved by the omission of the numerous eulogistic introductions by other hands. There is a selected list of books and pamphlets by Professor Geddes at the end.

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH.
By Beatrice Curtis Brown. The Viking Press
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 189 pp. *New York*

Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, was fifteen when she had her first love affair. According to a French account, says Miss Brown, she fell in love with a boy as handsome as Adonis, gallant and devoted. They plighted their troth; then Elizabeth caught the smallpox, wrote him frenzied letters imploring him to remain true, and recovered—characteristically as beautiful as before—only to learn that he had taken the disease and died of it. This news she received in a curious fashion; she laughed and cried, ate a good dinner, went to bed and slept soundly—and no more was said of Adonis. Thus began her eventful career, which rose to its height when she was tried and found guilty of bigamy and ended in her dramatic death in France when she was nearing seventy—a woman still of courage and resource. An interesting and vivid story. The book lacks an index but it contains a lengthy statement of sources.

LETIZIA BONAPARTE.
By Clement Shaw. The Viking Press
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 176 pp. *New York*

"Few women have known such tremendous vicissitudes," writes Mr. Shaw of the mother of Napoleon. "She was swept in ten years from a destitution to which forty laborious years had led her to within reach of the riches of Europe. No mother has accompanied her son to such stupendous heights and through such incredible catastrophe. Never has modest self-realization been more steadily pursued. Marvelously self-possessed, she moved through a world of fantastic exaggerations, undefeated by poverty and antagonistic fate, neither deluded nor diverted by one of the most

Continued on page xxxvi

TO THE PURE...

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WILLIAM SEAGLE

Two lawyers have revealed the case against censorship by a simple and lively statement of the facts—the ridiculous contradictions, the appalling absurdities, the follies of crusaders and vagaries of the courts. While its main emphasis is on literary censorship, this volume lifts the curtain on the whole comedy of errors of a social system — and offers a hopeful remedy. $3.00

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The most mysterious figure of modern times is here set forth to the life. *The New York Times* calls this "our first really deep-going account of the development of that extraordinary man and divine." It is the amazing and dramatic tale of the man who was at once "preacher and brawler, redeemer and debauchee," who changed the destinies of nations by the power of his eye. "Stimulating, uncanny and most informing."—THOMAS MANN. "Magnificent."—KNUT HAMSUN. With 92 illustrations. $5.00

A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS

By FORD MADOX FORD

Marshal Ney, le Beau Sabreur, lives again in this glowing romance of Napoleonic days. This narrative marks the completion of a project which the author and Joseph Conrad originally planned together. The collaboration was interrupted by the war, but from the idea sprang Conrad's unfinished novel, "Suspense", and this tale of the demi-gods and of a romantic English youth who worshipped at the twin shrines of greatness and love. $2.50

ADEPTS IN SELF-PORTRAITURE

Casanova
Stendhal
Tolstoy

By STEFAN ZWEIG

These three men have given us in its ultimate form the literature of self-confession: Casanova retelling his lusty affairs with the savour of an old roué; Stendhal unravelling the intricate psychology of the heart; Tolstoy exalting his vigorous passions in spiritual fervor. Zweig, acknowledged on the Continent as a master of analytical biography, peers into the hearts of men and brings to his readers his own vivid picture of those fascinating depths. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. $3.00

A SON OF EARTH

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

These collected poems form the poetic autobiography of a leading American poet, the author of *Two Lives*. It contains all of his important verse, published and unpublished, including many sonnets withheld from the published edition of *Two Lives*. $3.00.

There are still a few copies of the limited, autographed edition of 385 copies. $7.50

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

splendid dominions of history, and unshaken in ruin and disaster." A sympathetic and charmingly drawn portrait. The volume belongs to the Representative Women Series, edited by Francis Birrell. It has a bibliography, but an index is lacking.

LAW AND ORDER, LTD.
By Kyle S. Crichton. *The New Mexican Publishing Corporation*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 219 pp. *Santa Fé*

For fifty years Elfrego Baca has kept New Mexico stirred up with his deeds. He has nine notches on his gun, and he has been tried for murder three times. At one time he held eighty Texas cowboys at bay for thirty-three hours, killing four, wounding eight, and coming through without a scratch himself. A New Mexican, he took part in all the recent Mexican revolutions and knew Pancho Villa, Madero, Huerta, Orozco and Carranza. Mr. Crichton here recounts his adventures, and though the style in which they are set forth is somewhat labored, they make a thrilling story.

LENIN.
By Valeriu Marcu. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 412 pp. *New York*

The dramatic story of the chief prophet of the Russian revolution: his boyhood; his expulsion from the University of Kazan; his controversies with his opponents; his three years' exile in Siberia; his return and exile again; his years of work in shaping the communistic ideal; the Revolution of 1905, its failure, and twelve years more of unremitting work; the war, the Menshevik revolution and the overthrow of the Kerensky régime; his leadership of the Soviet Republic; the Republic's struggle for life; and his death, on January 21, 1924, at the age of fifty-six. An engrossing chronicle, in spite of the author's rhetorical style. The translation, by E. W. Dickes, is very good; there are numerous reproductions of photographs and an index.

FASCINATING WOMEN.
By Franz Blei. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 8 x 5¼; 225 pp. *New York*

Twenty-four biographical sketches of salient women, including such familiar figures as the Empress Theodora, Saint Theresa, Ninon de Lenclos, Christina of Sweden, Madame Dubarry, Marie Antoinette, Lady Hamilton and George Sand, together with others less celebrated. The translation by S. Guy Endore is only fair. There are many illustrations.

ALEXANDER.
By Konrad Bercovi. *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 335 pp. *New York*

A highly romanticized biography of Alexander, telling of his youth in Macedonia, his march across the Hellespont and his victory over the Persians, his kingship over the Persians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Jews and Indians, and his dramatic death. A very readable but not important work.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.
By Samuel Shellabarger. *The Century Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 391 pp. *New York*

This is a scholarly but readable biography of Bayard, the last famous knight of the Age of Chivalry. Dr. Shellabarger describes his youth in Dauphiné—the typical training of a young nobleman of the Fifteenth Century—,his various campaigns under Charles VIII and Francis I, the invasions of Italy, his governorship of Dauphiné, his last campaigns and his heroic death. There are numerous notes at the ends of the chapters, an appendix of supplementary material, an exhaustive bibliography, and an index. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

TAMERLANE.
By Harold Lamb. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$4 8⅝ x 5¾; 340 pp. *New York*

In everything he undertook Timur, called the Lame, was successful. In the beginning he was a gentleman of little consequence, master of no more than some cattle and land. But soon he had gathered together a people. One after the other, as Mr. Lamb chronicles in his absorbing biography, he overcame the armies of more than half the world. He tore down cities, and rebuilt them in the way he wished. Over his roads the caravans of two continents passed. Under his hands he gathered the wealth of empires, and spent it as he fancied. On mountain summits he made pleasure palaces—in a month. After five centuries it is clear that he was the last of the great conquerors. He died, undefeated, on the march toward the last power strong enough to oppose him. Mr. Lamb has reconstructed his career, so long neglected by the historians, in a thorough-going and brilliant manner. His book contains a lengthy bibliography, an index and many interesting illustrations.

SHAPES THAT PASS.
By Julian Hawthorne. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8⅞ x 5¾; 364 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Hawthorne is now in his eighties. He has traveled extensively, drunk tea at God knows how

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SEARS' SOLILOQUIES

IN Germany, at this moment, with one-third our population, they publish three times as many books each year as we do. In Denmark with 2,000,000 inhabitants a 40,000 sale for a novel is recorded many times a year. Fancy selling 120,000 copies of a book in New York City alone! We do not begin to read in this enlightened land of ours as much as the cow-milking Danes or the Freudian Germans.

But we are doing better as the years march along. In the days of the great New England literary era, when Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Dana and the rest were producing the best, The North American Review had a circulation of 500 copies per month and James Russell Lowell was its editor! *Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner,* daughter of "Two Years Before the Mast," was brought up as a little girl in daily intercourse with these Parnassan giants—the imposing Lowell, the gentle Longfellow, the somewhat terrifying Seward, the detached Emerson. It is a charming recollection of these Great Americans that she has written in this *Echo from Parnassus.*

Longfellow, by the way, would have been interested to know that a man who was brought up to be a pickpocket, two generations later in Boston and who went on through the bank robbery stage to serve a term of years in Sing Sing, came first to see that there was something better in life when he happened to read "The Children's Hour." His next step was Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Strange bed-fellows, Longfellow and Wilde—a queer team to draw *Jack Callahan* out of the mire and lead him to write his amazing life story *Man's Grim Justice.* Ex-Governor Whitman, who as district attorney of New York convicted Becker, has written a preface for it.

It is a mysterious world. Things that are wrong here now have been right there then. Different times, different manners. *Robert Welles Ritchie* in his *Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners* illustrates this graphically. In the gold camps of our West, less than a hundred years ago, a man who stole a horse was hung, while one who killed his fellow beings went free. It was a hard life, consisting mainly of alcohol, assignation and adventure which those prospectors and their scarlet women led. They had their trouble and their great moments, as we do, and as actors do, and as Pontius Pilate did two thousand years ago.

W. P. Crozier, editor of that huge British weekly, The Manchester Guardian, has drawn a picture of the Roman Governor's job in Palestine in his *Letters of Pontius Pilate,* that is as illuminating in its way as Ritchie's gold mining days book. The author, who is an authority on biblical history, by casting his story in the form of letters written by Pilate in Palestine to his friend Seneca in Rome, has given the reader today, in terms of today, a picture of what Pilate's problem really was. What would Governor General Stimson do if the same problem was presented to him in Manila today? What did the English do in India in the case of Ghandhi?

It is so modern, so intimate, that it brings home to us now what happened then; and so, too, does the ex-Kaiser's wife, *Hermine,* in her new book *An Empress in Exile,* bring home to us here in America the tragedy of the life at Doorn going on now day by day. How are the mighty fallen!

Most of the mighty fall sooner or later; and some statistician has figured out how soon we shall all—mighty and unmighty alike—fall, if we do not find a way to kill rats, mosquitos and disease bearing insects—something less than a thousand years will leave the world without a single human being in it—only rats and flying bugs. *Dr. Torrance—Arthur Torrance,* member of the Royal Society of Tropical Diseases in London, has written a remarkable account of his adventures in Siam, Cambodia, Sumatra, India and Central Africa during his search for the cause and cure of the plagues that spread thence over the world. He calls it, *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man.* It is a romance, an adventure greater than the tales of the buccaneers of old.

A good many years ago there was another enemy of men, this time a man. His name was *Samson.* With men Samson was hard. He ruled or slew them as he chose. The mistake he made was in attempting the same degree of confidence with women. He did not know how unrelated are the lips with which they speak to the lips with which they kiss. Perhaps it was his ignorance of this that makes *Robert Collyer Washburn's* novel, *Samson,* so "diabolically clever."

Nor are all the Samsons dead; there are a few left and a notable one lives out in the Middle West—old Giles Pennagan. *Eleanor Chase* in a really astonishing novel, *Pennagan Place,* has written about him and his brood over whose members—sons, daughters and grandchildren, he ruled with a rod of iron. What a grandfather! What a brood! All going their several ways with their several love stories just as their disreputable grand-dad directs!

It is not unlikely that the devil grinned when that grandfather came into the world, but it is a certainty that the angels smiled when Leona Canwick was born. Even so they must have had hysterics when this delectable morsel of femininity slept with an Army and bathed with the General Staff. Leona, in point of fact, learned about men from a million, which is probably the reason that *James G. Dunton's* book about her is called *A Maid and a Million Men.* Read it, and, in the words of the Chicago policeman, "be your age."

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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many swell homes, been at innumerable soirées, written some twenty or thirty books, and had for friends some of the leading literati and scientists of the last two generations, including such whales as Huxley, Carlyle, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Matthew Arnold and Spencer. One would expect that a book of reminiscences from such a fortunate man would be of the greatest interest. Unfortunately, however, it is not so. His book, indeed, is almost incredibly trivial. It is full of worthless gossip and puerile observations. Mr. Hawthorne was apparently a great deal in the company of Spencer, and here devotes more space to him than to anybody else. And yet all he seems to remember of that colossus is that he was dictatorial in company and generally queer, and that he was a bachelor. For the latter he somehow cannot forgive him: "Self-complacency is like a drug, which enables one to fast with impunity. But a time comes when real human food is needed, and then one is thankful for the love which is not disturbed by insight." As for Mr. Hawthorne's general observations on life, here are a few samples: (*a*) "Not similarities, but differences, are the basis for the soundest friendships; they unite us, for they beget life;" (*b*) "If the doer have imperfections, his deed is like a magnifying glass to exaggerate them, though to his own eyes it may obscure them;" (*c*) "Hygiene and athletics are creating new women. But these new women are cold, and the men, as a corollary, are becoming indifferent, for mystery and fascination live and die together, and birth control and divorce hasten their demise."

RELIGION

THE GOSPEL FOR ASIA.
By Kenneth Saunders. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 8½ x 5¾; 245 pp. *New York*

"To sum up," concludes Dr. Saunders, "we may say that the words of the Johannine Christ, 'I am come that they may have life and may have it abundantly,' are being richly fulfilled in the Orient, and would have seen more abundant fulfillment but for the poverty of much of our Western Christianity and the tragic failures of Christendom. The testimony of all Asia is that Jesus is worthy of homage and obedience. She will interpret Him in her own way, and we shall surely welcome her interpretation as an enrichment and not a menace to our Christology." The book has voluminous notes, an appendix of illustrative readings, and an index.

THE FRIEND OF JESUS.
By Ernest Sutherland Bates. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 9 x 6; 218 pp. *New York*

Judas tells this story. In it Jesus is revealed as an inspired young man who begins His career as a preacher of truth in opposition to Jehovah, a fiercely egotistical God who demands a flattering worship first from Israel and then from the world. But eventually, through His trials in the wilderness and His baptism by John, Jesus comes to preach the gospel of the very Jehovah he has attacked. Judas, in his account of all this, relates the circumstances of his own life, tells of his meeting with Jesus, and describes the trial and death of Jesus. "Whether it be well or ill for the world that He died as He died," he concludes, "that the centuries alone can tell. But my vanity is not so great as to deem that I could in aught transgress the laws of the Unknown God which moveth us to do all that we do. And I would that every murderer and every traitor had as clear a conscience as mine own: for I love my Master Whom I slew, nor would I have betrayed Him but that I loved even more the truth; and if I betrayed my Master, yet have I never betrayed the truth."

REPRINTS

JOURNAL D'UN POÈTE.
By Alfred De Vigny. *The Scholartis Press*
7/6 net 8¾ x 5¾; 264 pp. *London*

A new edition of De Vigny's "Journal of a Poet," containing many things not included in the original Ratisbonne edition of 1865, together with an interesting introduction and many notes by Fernand Baldensperger. The volume has a bibliography and is handsomely printed on antique laid paper.

MANSFIELD PARK.
By Jane Austen. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 8⅛ x 5; 396 pp. *New York*

SENSE & SENSIBILITY.
By Jane Austen. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 8⅛ x 5; 308 pp. *New York*

FLORENTINE NIGHTS.
By Heinrich Heine. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$7.50 8⅞ x 7; 79 pp. *New York*

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.
By Walter Bagehot. *The Oxford University Press*
80 cents 6⅛ x 3¾; 312 pp. *New York*

"Sense & Sensibility" contains an excellent biographical and critical introduction by Reginald Brimley Johnson. The superb Heine reprint is from the translation by Charles Godfrey Leland, and contains

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxviii

twelve illustrations in color by Felix de Ray. The Bagehot political classic has a rather long but inconsequential foreword by the Earl of Balfour.

THE DEATH OF SOCIETY.
By Romer Wilson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 303 pp. *New York*

This poetic novel, the story of two lovers caught up in the magic ecstacy of a single moment, gained the Hawthornden Prize when it was first published in 1921. It appears here in an attractively printed edition with an introduction by Hugh Walpole.

THYRZA.
By George Gissing. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 490 pp. *New York*

A poorly printed edition, with a dull introduction by Morley Roberts.

PSYCHE.
By Pierre Louys. *Covici-Friede*
$12.50 9¾ x 6¾; 199 pp. *New York*

This reprint of "Psyche," with notes by Claude Farrère, was designed by Robert S. Josephy and consists of thirteen copies on Van Gelder paper, and 1237 on Strathmore Saxonet. The illustrations, reproduced by the Knudsen process, are by Majeska.

THE PLEIADS.
By Arthur De Gobineau. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 359 pp. *New York*

This edition of Gobineau's most celebrated novel is the first since its publication in 1874. The translation, the work of J. F. Scanlon, is well done. The volume belongs to the Blue Jade Library.

THE ROMANCES OF VOLTAIRE.
Edited by Manuel Komroff. *The Dial Press*
$4 9¼ x 6; 350 pp. *New York*

A collection of Voltaire's tales in a well printed volume, belonging to the excellent Library of Living Classics. They include "Candide," "Zadig," "The Princess of Babylon," "The Child of Nature," "Micromegas," "Cosi-Sancta," "Memnon" and "The One-Eyed Porter."

THE FINE ARTS

LETTERS OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.
Edited by Hans Mersmann. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 8½ x 5⅝; 278 pp. *New York*

This is the first edition of Mozart's letters to appear in English since 1865. It is a translation, by M. M. Bozman, of the German selection of Hans Mersmann. There are 141 letters in all, and they range from one written by thirteen-year-old Wolfgang in 1769 to his last letter to his wife, twenty-two years later. In addition there are many letters about the composer by his father, his mother and others. At the end of the book there is a useful summary of the events of Mozart's life. There is also a good index.

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE.
By R. L. Duffus. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 321 pp. *New York*

Mr. Duffus here surveys, after an extensive tour through the country, the condition of the fine arts in America—the art schools and colleges, the museums and the arts dramatic, the community arts, and the art and craft of music. His conclusion is that "there can be no doubt that America, having expressed herself politically, mechanically and administratively, is on the point of attempting to express herself æsthetically. Wherever one touches the arts in America there is at least a sense of life. Our very crudities, our very vulgarities, are lusty. In manner, indeed, the foreign influence is still heavy upon us. But we are beginning to dream of walking alone." An informative and readable book.

MUSICAL MEANDERINGS.
By W. J. Turner. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 206 pp. *New York*

Mr. Turner is one of the better known music critics of London, and the present book is a collection of some of his criticisms, apparently gleaned from his journalistic work. He is a man of vast knowledge and original and intelligent judgment and commands an ingratiating style, and deserves to be better known in this country than he is. As with all men of his profession, he has his god among the composers, and in his case it is Wagner, to whom he devotes more space than to anybody else. Strangely enough, he finds less in Bach and Brahms than most. The first, he says, lacks magic, and the second lacks robust, virile emotion. But what is even more strange, he considers Berlioz one of the world's greatest musical geniuses. "I admit him to a place near Beethoven and Mozart in my affections. . . . It is a striking example of the day's perversity of taste to value the music of Bach so much more highly than the music of Berlioz. . . . Berlioz's 'Requiem' is as great a work as Bach's B minor Mass. . . . He surpasses Bach as Shakespeare surpasses Pope. . . . Berlioz has magic, Bach has none. Berlioz also had a far more original mind than Bach, and Berlioz's originality was so great that even today he is still in advance of all that has been invented since."

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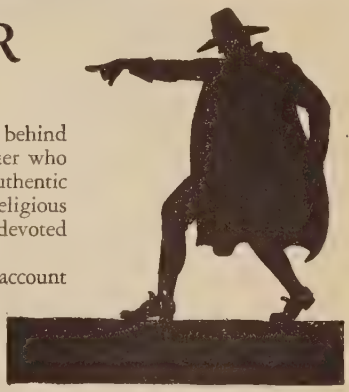
New HARPER Books

COTTON MATHER

by *Ralph* and *Louise Boas*



The vigorous and colorful biography of the moving spirit behind the Salem witch-killing. This book will fascinate every reader who wants his historical characters to live and move against an authentic background. Here are the grim and dangerous days of religious persecution, dominated by the forceful Mather, idealist, devoted father, and crusader of thin-lipped righteousness.

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"One feels the expert behind the line; McFee is sure and sound, and he has the profound feeling for the subject of his narrative that it is only possible for one seaman to have for another."—*N. Y. Times.* Illustrated $4.00

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by *Leonard Bacon*

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FRA ANGELICO.
By Wilhelm Hausenstein. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$9 10⅛ x 7; 182 pp. *New York*

Fra Angelico was a Dominican monk, and lived in the years 1387—1455. In character and piety he resembled St. Francis, but he is remembered mainly for his paintings. He is one of the lesser known masters of the great Italian tradition. Half of the present book is devoted to a rather simple discussion of his life—the little of it that is known—and paintings, and the other half is given over to sixty superb plates of his works. The translation from the German is by Agnes Blake.

TRAVEL

UNFATHOMED JAPAN.
By Harold W. Foght & Alice Robbins Foght. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8½ x 5¼; 438 pp. *New York*

Mr. and Mrs. Foght were the guests in Japan of the National Association for the Encouragement of Learning and of the *Kokumin Shimbun*, one of the country's great daily newspapers, so they had access to sources and sights hitherto denied to people not Japanese. Their book is the chronicle of their daily adventures in the very heart of Japan; their observations upon Japanese customs, dress, food, government, architecture, industry; their comment upon such problems and phenomena as education for women, the progress of sports, the new industrialism, the slum problem, the movement toward democracy, flapperism and rural life, with a digression on Buddhism and Shintoism. An illuminating book. It seriously lacks an index, but there are numerous illustrations and maps.

PERSIAN PICTURES.
By Gertrude Bell. *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8½ x 5¼; 198 pp. *New York*

These very charming sketches, which fill the gap in Miss Bell's life not recorded in her letters, range in subject from "An Eastern City" (the modern capital of Persia), "The Tower of Silence" and "The City of King Prusias" to "The King of Merchants," "The Shadow of Death" (the plague) and "In Praise of Gardens." There are others, more purely descriptive: "Shops and Shopkeepers," "A Persian Host," "Sheikh Hassan," "Three Noble Ladies," and "Travelling Companions." Sir E. Denison Ross has contributed an interesting introduction.

THE NEW RUSSIA.
By Dorothy Thompson. *Henry Holt & Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 330 pp. *New York*

"The only definite judgment which I brought out of Russia," says Miss Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair

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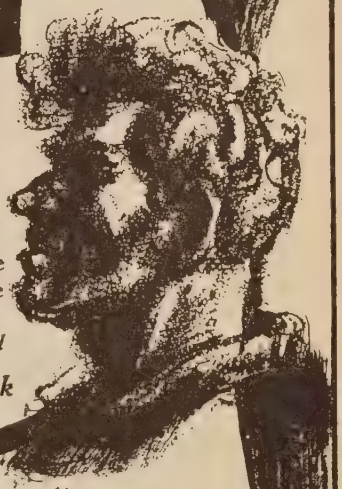

What's Wrong with Marriage?
by Dr. G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth Macgowan
This book has to do, among other matters, with the frictions and dissatisfactions of 200 husbands and wives, with evidence bearing out the theory of Freud on the Oedipus complex, with the personal adjustments involved in the sex life, with the effect of early training, sex curiosity, etc., on the ability of women to derive complete satisfaction from the physical side of marriage, and with the relationships of the thirteen hundred love affairs of these people to the happiness of their marriages.
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LIPPINCOTT

Check List of NEW BOOKS

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Lewis) "is of a country in mighty movement, of an experiment of far greater significance than the Western world dreams of, of problems, spiritual, mental, economic and administrative, greater than have ever concentrated themselves at once in any nation, and which are of profound meaning for the whole world, and of the impossibility of making at this time any estimate of this experiment likely to hold good for many years. . . . Isolated, spiritually, mentally and commercially from the rest of the world, a country which occupies one-seventh of the land surface of the earth, and includes a hundred and ninety-three nationalities with about as many languages, is attempting to lift itself by its own bootstraps in one generation from an economically and culturally backward and half oriental nature into a modern industrial state, fancying itself at the same time a missionary to the world." An extremely vivid and readable book. The greater part of it appeared originally as a series of articles in the New York *Evening Post*, but Miss Thompson has added new and important material. There are an index and nine illustrations from photographs.

TEXT-BOOKS

ART IN THE LIFE OF MANKIND. I. *A General View of Art.* II. *Art in Ancient Times.*
By Allen W. Seaby. *The Oxford University Press*
$1.75 each, 7½ x 4¾; 2 vols.; 105 + 114 pp. *New York*

These are the first two volumes in a projected series of handbooks of art designed primarily for novices. Volume I is a general discussion of such matters as taste, color, beauty and art, art as education, proportion, and decoration and furniture; volume II deals with prehistoric, Sumerian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian and Ægean art. The text throughout is clearly written, and there are numerous reproductions from photographs. Mr. Seaby is professor of fine art at the University of Reading.

OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS.
By Herdman Fitzgerald Cleland. *Coward-McCann, Inc.*
$5 8⅞ x 5⅞; 379 pp. *New York*

Dr. Cleland, who is professor of geology at Williams College, covers the whole field of pre-history, from the earliest appearance of eoliths to the end of the Le Tene epoch. His summary of the vast mass of facts now available is clear, accurate and excellent, and the pictures with which he illustrates his text, many of them from photographs made by himself, are very well chosen. His book is one of the best popular treatises upon early man so far published. He appends a good bibliography, a glossary of archeological terms, and an index.

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By H. M. Parshley

SCIENCE and GOOD BEHAVIOR

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CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA *and Other Stories.*
By Giovanni Verga. — *The Dial Press*
$2.50 — 7½ x 5; 301 pp. — *New York*

This volume, first published in 1880, is translated with an introduction by D. H. Lawrence. In addition to "Cavalleria Rusticana," there are "La Lupa," "Caprice," "Jeli the Herdsman," "Rosso Malpero," "Gramigna's Lover," "The War of Saints," "Brothpot," and "The How, When, and Wherefore."

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT.
By Werner Jansen. — *Brentanos*
$2.50 — 7½ x 5; 307 pp. — *New York*

A highly romanticized account of the life of Moses, written in the present tense, and creating the effect of a totally unmotivated continuity. William A. Drake has made an able translation, but he could contribute little toward improving such a text.

CASPAR HAUSER.
By Jacob Wassermann. — *Horace Liveright*
$3 — 7½ x 5; 467 pp. — *New York*

This powerful novel, first published in 1908, is here presented in an admirable translation, the work of Caroline Newton, with an introduction by Wasserman.

FICTION

THE CARDINAL'S MISTRESS
By Benito Mussolini. — *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2 — 7¼ x 4¾; 232 pp. — *New York*

Mussolini perpetrated this novel as a serial for a newspaper when he was twenty-six and living in Trient. It relates the tragedy of a great cardinal prince who endeavors to persuade the Pope to release him from his vows and allow him to marry the ravishing Claudia, for whom he has cherished a life-long passion. The Pope refuses, thus giving the young author an opportunity to expound his violent anticlericalism. There follows intrigue after intrigue, until one of Claudia's enemies succeeds in killing her, leaving the cardinal to an inconsolable old age. A trashy tale. Hiram Motherwell has made the indifferent translation.

SCARLET HEELS.
By Edith M. Stern. — *Horace Liveright*
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Continued on page xlviii

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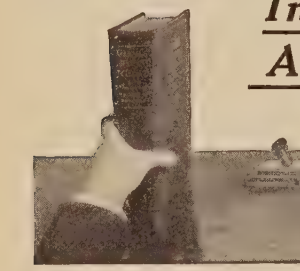

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BRIGHT METAL.
By T. S. Stribling. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 453 pp. *Garden City, N. Y.*

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THE WALLS OF JERICHO.
By Rudolph Fisher. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 307 pp. *New York*

This pungent and unusual novel describes realistically and yet with restraint three separate levels of Negro society. There is the world of Blubber Brown and Jinx Jenkins, who move through the pool-rooms and hootch joints in the wake of the Herculean Shine, the hero of the piece. There is the world of Linda, the uppity serving girl with the "ball-bearing movement" who condescends to marry Shine in the end. And there is the big-time world of Mr. Henry Patmore—acknowledged among his friends to be a perfect ladies' man—with its high society of bankers, cabaret owners and pool-room kings. In addition to the excellently drawn Negro characters there is the figure of Miss Agatha Cramp, a white social worker, consumed by a desire to reform the Negro race. The

Continued on page l

omeone always
illed his giants for him—

e was just another boy from the country but he became master his entire world. Poseur, dissimulator, arch-politician, using en and women ruthlessly for his own advantage, leaving a eacherous legacy of death behind him at the end—and yet loved women and men alike. Here in the most vivid of his novels fr. Davis has told the story of David, King of Israel.

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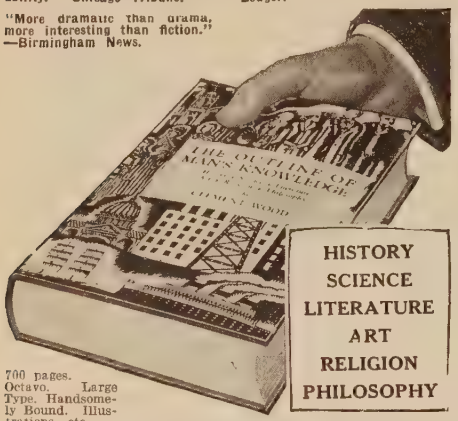

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By St. John G. Ervine. *The Macmillan Company*
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TAMMANY BOY.
By Dermot Cavanagh. *J. H. Sears & Company*
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THE MAN FROM THE RIVER.
By G. D. H. Cole & Margaret Cole.
The Macmillan Company
$2 7½ x 5; 302 pp. *New York*

The story of Michael Prendergast, who goes to the sleepy town of Steeple-Tollesbury on his vacation and becomes involved in the mysterious death of William Meston. There are some very plausible characters in the book—Kershaw, the village doctor; Nicholas Hanborough, suspected of the murder; Sylvia Meston, whose lover is another suspect; and Henry Wilson, who finally untangles the mystery. A good detective yarn.

LESS THAN KIND.
By Samuel Rogers. *Payson & Clark*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 314 pp. *New York*

Vincent Raymer is a helpless, worthless youth wholly dependent upon his sister Suzanne. In the course of time she marries Carter Deering, with whom she is very much in love, and Vincent, after a growing jealousy, shoots him—apparently accidentally. Suzanne covers his guilt but in the end he bolsters up, confesses, and heroically awaits his imprisonment.

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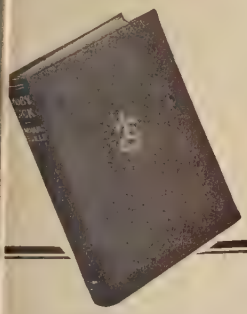

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Continued from page lii

DAY OF FORTUNE.
By Norman Matson. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 356 pp. *New York*

Peter Chezness's Norwegian forebears, in their struggle across the continent, dream of a day of fortune which the future is forever about to unfold. Peter inherits their dream, but the American environment in which he moves brings heavy disillusionment to him. He learns poverty, and unfaith, the pain of love and sorrow. An individual apart from his family, he is still inextricably bound by its destiny. An unusually meritorious novel.

OUR DAILY BREAD.
By Frederick Philip Grove. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 390 pp. *New York*

John Elliot, a Saskatchewan farmer of dominating and insatiable egotism, dedicates himself to the task of founding a family, and then, in his old age, is dismayed because his children haven't realized his ambitions for them. He goes to live with one of them after the other,—a disturbing element in their households, criticizing and terrorizing them, until, at last, in a mood of martyrdom, he walks back to his old home and conveniently dies, to the immeasurable relief of all.

VASCO.
By Marc Chadourne. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 282 pp. *New York*

Vasco, a young Frenchman, flees to the South Seas after the war to escape a life he detests in France. "To go: to go no matter where, so it be but to go," he tells his friend Philip, who tells the story. "To be reborn, free, the shackles off, naked like Adam on the shingles of the world's end." He accepts a position as manager of a nebulous company dealing in mother-of-pearl, copra and vanilla, and goes to Papeeta, the capital of Tahiti. There he drifts under the influence of Plessis, an American outcast who draws him into the native life. Soon the company's affairs slip through his fingers, he returns fr m a journey with Plessis and the woman who has become their joint mistress to find his position with it ended, and accepts, instead, a job of overseeing natives in peonage upon a desert island. All these tests he welcomes, together with the final one which sends him as missionary into a lepers' camp; but still he is no nearer the discovery of his lost soul. A rather tiresome story, but a good piece of writing. Eric Sutton has made the translation and Ford Madox Ford has contributed a rhapsodic preface.

THE REJECTED MESSIAH.
By Salomon Polfakoff. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2.50 7½ x 4¾; 289 pp. *New York*

This story deals with the life of Sabbatai Zevy, the most famous of the pseudo-Messiahs,—his rise to

Continued on page lvi

"A Man's Path Is Only One"

He took the single path—the road to conquest. In everything he attempted he was successful. His enemies called him a great, gray wolf, devouring the earth.

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A Saint's Summary

Of this story of Odo Le Noir, called "The Blessed", there have been printed 3250 numbered copies, set in Poliphilus type and printed on handmade, Italian paper. There are eight full page illustrations by Robert E. Locher. This advertisement is inserted as a matter of record, for the edition has been oversubscribed by the booksellers before publication.
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power, his love affair with Sarah, an enthralling young prostitute who he believes is destined to be his wife, and his final downfall. A melodramatic story, told with no distinction.

MRS. CONDOVER.
By John Metcalfe. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 319 pp. *New York*

Ken Bly falls in love with Vera Condover, a beautiful blind girl. He becomes engaged to her through the machinations of her repulsive old mother, a religious fanatic, who at the same time warns him he cannot be happy with her because she can never keep out of mischief with men. Ken discovers this for himself when he overhears Vera plotting to meet Blanchard, his friend. Shortly afterward, old Mrs. Condover kills herself, Vera marries Uncle Mat Verners, her guardian, and Ken goes on his way. The story contains realistic pictures of London suburban life, but is too long drawn out.

RYDER.
By Djuna Barnes. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 323 pp. *New York*

The story of Wendell Ryder, who "loved all women and understood all things; made no compromises and dared to brook no restrictions; who brought pain to those he loved most and was loved the more for it: who bent three tragic lives to his wilfulness, jousted wisely and wenched with beauty to the eternal damnation of his soul." Here are a few of the chapter heads: "Sophia and the Five Fine Chamber-Pots," "Sophia Tells Wendell How He Was Conceived," "Midwives' Lament, or, the Horrid Outcome of Wendell's First Infidelity," "If Some Strong Woman," "Amelia Tells a Bed-Time Story," "Amelia Hears from Her Sister on the Misfortunes of Women," "Timothy Strives Greatly with a Whore," "Fine Bitches All, and Molly Dance." In brief, a piece of rubbish.

EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN.
By Compton Mackenzie. *Macy-Masius*
$2.50 8½ x 5½; 392 pp. *New York*

"I offer you this little treatise," says Mr. Mackenzie in his dedication to Mr. Norman Douglas, "on what can hardly without a smile be called natural history as a kind of footnote to . . . your delightful commentary on the birds and beasts of the Greek Anthology." The theme with variations, as Mr. Mackenzie has chosen to call it, concerns the affairs of a group of women inverts on the Isle of Sirene. Here is the substance of the theme, as one of them states it,

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SEVEN DAYS WHIPPING.
By John Biggs, Jr. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5; 219 pp. *New York*

Judge Stawell Ball La Place sentences an old Indian, Joseph Ironquois, to be imprisoned in the workhouse for a year for poaching muskrats, and then hurries home to be near his wife in her confinement. Later in the afternoon he discovers Joseph Ironquois' son, named Seven Days Whipping, on his place. Seven Days Whipping begs him, the judge, to accept the carcass of a deer in return for the liberty of his father. The judge, in fear, orders him away, but the Indian persists in shadowing him. A storm arises, and the judge's fear increases until he rushes out in the night in a rage and shoots the Indian. In the next few hours his son is born, and the Indian is found by a posse and taken to a hospital. The judge escapes prosecution, but realizes that the episode has changed him irrevocably. "His tranquillity, his strength, was flowing back to him, but even these seemed different. He thought: 'I am not the same. I shall never be the same again.' " An unusual story, and well told.

THE HOUSE WITH THE ECHO.
By T. F. Powys. *The Viking Press.*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 235 pp. *New York*

Of the twenty-six stories in this volume, three—"I Came a Bride," "Mr. Tracey" and "Benjamin Jim"—are well done. The remainder, except in rare moments, are dull and characterless.

PAX, *the Adventurous Horse.*
By Muriel Hodder. *The Viking Press*
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Continued on page lx

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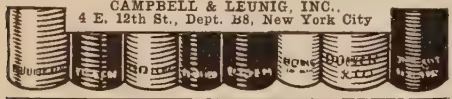

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of adventure and did not mind going out into the world to earn his oats; sometimes mixing with rich and sometimes with poor people, sometimes to be treated cruelly and sometimes with kindness." Amusing juvenilia.

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By Beth Brown. *Horace Liveright*
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ANOTHER COUNTRY.
By H. Du Coudray. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 295 pp. *New York*

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GAY.
By Ruth Pine Furniss. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 288 pp. *New York*

In this story of Gay Fairfield, with her talent for sculpture and her love for Paul, a morose solemn youth who commits suicide after their marriage and leaves her to begin life anew, Miss Furniss has achieved an excellent piece of characterization. Gay apparently sacrifices her career and her material prospects in her marriage, but Miss Furniss shows adroitly that for Gay this is no sacrifice; she loves Paul unselfishly, absorbedly, completely—and hence selfishly. The book has some minor faults in construction, but on the whole the performance is meritorious.

Continued in back advertising section, page lxxviii

2 "THE KING stood up, his movements were quick and assured, as though he had shaken off his drunkenness. Without a word, he kissed the shoulders of Necker's wife with the calm assurance of a possessor, and led her to the door, where he was confronted by

1 "ANNE, intoxicated and torn in two between her husband's will and the King's lust, weary with wine, fear and long-drawn tension, was sitting at Louis' bidding in front of him on the table, with her hair dishevelled and lack-lustre eyes, her face turned towards Oliver. Suddenly

4 "THE CARDINAL woke up yawning . . . In his red biretta he looked dignified, intelligent and pleasure-loving, and while his full-lipped mouth seemed almost feminine above his retreating double chin, his short, broad nose, his prominent brow and the hard line of his eyes were of a disconcerting energy and pitilessness."

3 "OLIVER, holding Anne's coif and gown in his hands, his face wild and hard set with determination. The veins in Louis' brow stood out like whipcord. 'Back' he cried, through clenched teeth.

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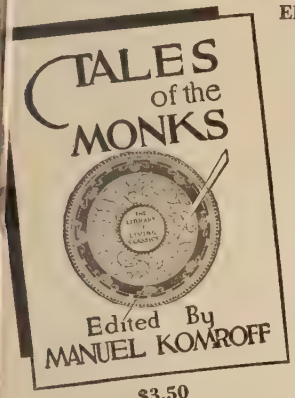

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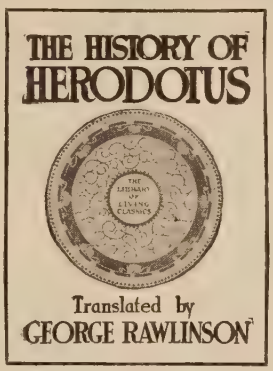

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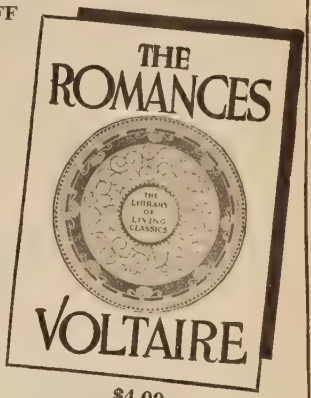

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THE SO-CALLED LOST BATTALION

BY HENRY O. SWINDLER

The siege of the so-called Lost Battalion is no doubt the most widely known and generally discussed incident of the American operations in the World War. It is likewise true that about no other incident is so much fiction firmly believed. This is unfortunate, for the heroic conduct of these men needs none of the embellishments of the story-teller. The plain recital of the facts of their valiant defense, while entirely cut off in the heart of an enemy army, is quite sufficient to make their memory immortal. It will be my endeavor to accurately record these facts.

The name, Lost Battalion, is itself a misnomer. The units concerned were not, in the strict sense of the word, a battalion. Nor were they at any time lost. The elements known by this name were Companies A, B, C, E, G and H of the 308th Infantry, Company K of the 307th Infantry, and two platoons of Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion, all of the 77th Division. These troops, under the command of Major Charles W. Whittlesey of the 308th Infantry, were entirely surrounded by the enemy during the Meuse-Argonne Operation from the morning of October 3 until the evening of October 7. Although suffering extreme hardships from exposure, and from lack of food, water, and medical attention, the force repulsed incessant attacks of the enemy for five days and four nights, and held, until relieved by our own troops, the objective to which it had been ordered.

At the beginning of the Meuse-Argonne Operation the 77th Division, of the American I Corps, was on the extreme left of the American First Army. It was between the 28th Division on its right and elements of the XXXVIII Corps of the French Fourth Army on its left.

Its zone of advance, about seven and one-half kilometers wide, embraced nearly the whole of the Argonne Forest, a thick tangle of underbrush and timber extending from La Harazée to Grand Pré. The sector had long been quiet, and its natural strength of heavily wooded ravines and ridges had been increased by all the devices known to the art of war.

Owing to its wide front, the division attacked with brigades and regiments abreast. The 154th Brigade was on the left, with the 307th Infantry on the right and the 308th on the left. The whole division advanced steadily against stiff resistance from the opening of the operation on September 26 until October 1.

On October 1 the division encountered an entrenched and heavily-wired position and was checked along its entire front. The enemy line extended from La Palette Pavilion, in front of the French, southeast across the ravine running south from

Charlevaux Mill, continued along the heights of Hill 198, and bent northeast along the high ground in the Bois de Naza, past the right of the division. The line was strongly held and protected by an outpost zone thickly studded with machine-guns concealed in underbrush interlaced with wire.

An attack on the morning of October 2 failed. Preparations were immediately begun for a concerted effort to be launched in conjunction with the French at 12:50 P.M. The objective was the line of the road and railroad running east from Charlevaux Mill to La Viergette. It was ordered that units follow the barrage closely, without regard to losses or the exposed condition of their flanks.

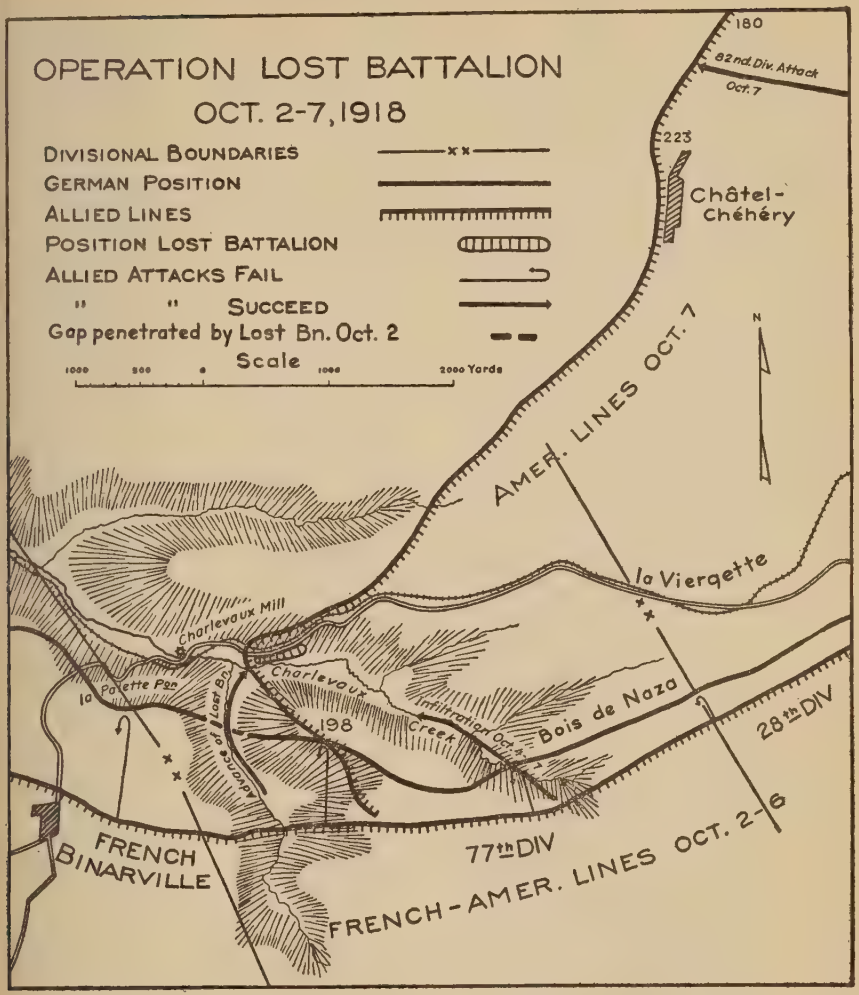
The western regimental sector of the 154th Brigade, which was occupied by the 308th Infantry, was divided near the center by a ravine running south from Charlevaux Mill. The enemy defenses were considerably stronger on the west of this ravine than on the east. Major Whittlesey, who was given command of the 1st and 2d Battalions, 308th Infantry, with two platoons (nine guns) of Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion, was ordered to leave two companies to occupy the attention of the enemy west of the ravine. With the remainder of his command, he was to break through the German line on the eastern slopes of the ravine and push on to Charlevaux Mill without regard to the progress of units on his right and left. Arriving at his objective, he was to halt, reorganize, gain liaison to right and left, and await orders. Having established himself near Charlevaux Mill, he was to send back one company to attack the enemy line in the rear, to the west of the ravine, and assist the two companies which had been left behind to come up.

The attack was launched at 12:50 P.M. Leaving Companies D and F of the 308th Infantry to occupy the attention of the enemy west of the ravine, Major Whittlesey broke through the enemy wire near the bottom of the ravine. Driving north along this depression, he arrived in the vicinity of Charlevaux Mill at 6 P.M., having captured two officers, twenty-eight other prisoners, and three machine-guns. Selecting a position about 450 meters east of Charlevaux Mill, he prepared it for defense.

The position selected by Major Whittlesey, which was to become the scene of the siege of the "Lost Battalion," was on the steep northern slope of the ravine which approached Charlevaux Mill from the east. Through it, from east to west, flows Charlevaux creek, a small marshy stream from which the ravine derives its name. Twelve hundred meters east of the mill the course of the stream bears to the southeast. The surrounding hills about this point, as viewed from the west, appear to close in the head of the valley. The slopes, especially the northern one, were covered in 1918 by thick undergrowth and young timber. One thousand meters east of Charlevaux Mill, the Charlevaux-La Viergette road and railway descended from the high ground north of the ravine, continued along the face of the northern slope, around a nose projecting into the valley four hundred and fifty meters east of Charlevaux Mill, and thence west to the mill. The left flank of the command rested on the projecting nose and was thrown back behind it. From this place the front continued along the road about 350 meters to the east. The companies of the 308th Infantry were placed in the following order from left to right: H. B. C. A. G and E. Fox holes were dug and the flanks covered by machine-guns. Outposts were sent out to the high ground to the north and to the flanks.

II

The position selected, though not ideal, was undoubtedly the best available in the vicinity of the objective, Charlevaux Mill. The command was protected from artillery fire from the north by the crest of the ridge north of the road. It was protected from fire from the west and northwest by the



nose, behind which the left flank rested. Concealment was given by the thick underbrush and timber. Water was available in a spring and in Charlevaux creek, immediately south of the position. The field of fire to the north was short. The hills to the east and south dominated the position. The field of fire to the south, across the more sparsely wooded bed of the ravine, was good to a distance of about 200 meters.

In considering the position taken up by Major Whittlesey it must be borne in mind that, when he selected it, he had no idea that he would be required to defend it for any great length of time. He expected momentarily that other troops of his division would advance on his right, that the French would come up on his left, and that the attack would be resumed. The great merit of the position lay in the fact that it was protected from the fire of the artillery of the main German position. This fact, no

doubt, saved the command from annihilation, for, could it have been reached by German artillery fire it surely would have been destroyed or captured.

Major Whittlesey maintained contact with the headquarters of his regiment by a chain of runner posts, which he had established as his command advanced. When he reached his objective the commanding officer of the 308th Infantry was immediately notified. This information was forwarded at once to brigade and division headquarters.

The French-American attack had failed at all other points, and, when word was received that Whittlesey had reached Charlevaux Mill, the dangerous situation of his command was at once apparent to higher authority. The division commander caused the 3d Battalion, 307th Infantry, which until this time had been held in reserve by the 154th Brigade, to be pushed forward along the route to Whittlesey's advance. But owing to darkness and the thick underbrush only one company succeeded in getting through. Company K, commanded by Captain Nelson M. Holderman, forced a passage through the ravine and bivouacked for the night about three hundred meters south of Whittlesey's position.

During the night of October 2–3, the enemy wired in the gap through which the Americans had passed and strengthened his defenses on either side of the ravine. The chain of runner posts was not disturbed until the morning of October 3, so that no warning came to Major Whittlesey during the night that his command was being isolated.

All was quiet in the Charlevaux ravine during the night of October 2–3. At dawn October 3, Major Whittlesey took steps to carry out the part of his orders which darkness had prevented him from accomplishing on the afternoon of October 2, *i.e.*, to establish contact to right and left and assist Companies D and F forward. Patrols were pushed out to the flanks to gain contact with elements of the 77th Division to the right and with the French to the left. Company E, commanded by Lieutenant Wilhelm, was ordered to attack in rear the enemy line in front of Companies D and F and assist them to come up. Ration details accompanied Company E. They never returned. At 7 A.M., Company K, 307th Infantry, crossed Charlevaux creek and was assigned the position on the right of the line which had previously been occupied by Company E, 308th Infantry.

At 8:30 A.M. enemy artillery began shelling from the northwest. It had little effect, because the position was on a steep reverse slope. At 8:50 A.M. Major Whittlesey released his first pigeon message, reporting that enemy artillery was firing on him from the northwest and requesting counter-battery fire. In this message, and in all succeeding messages sent by him, his position was given. This message was evidently delayed in transmission, for it was not received at the headquarters of the 154th Brigade until 2:40 P.M. General Johnson, commanding the brigade, at once requested counter-battery fire.

Until late in the morning Major Whittlesey had no reason to be apprehensive about the safety of his command. But a rapid succession of events soon left no doubt in his mind that it was in a very dangerous position. The patrols returned and reported the presence of the enemy on both flanks. At 10 A.M. a heavy trench mortar opened fire from 600 meters to the west. While it was in action, the enemy could be seen and heard filtering around the flanks of the position. He could also be seen on the slopes to the south. At the same hour Lieutenant Leake staggered into the position with eighteen men, all that remained of Company E. It had been surrounded by a superior force and a terrific encounter had ensued. Lieutenant Wilhelm had told Lieutenant Leake to cut his way out as best he could. The fate of the rest of the company was unknown.[1] At 10:30 A.M.

[1] Lieutenant Wilhelm forced his way through to the lines of the 77th Division with the remnants of Company E. This fact was not known by Major Whittlesey at the time.

word was received that the chain of runner posts had been cut by the enemy. The only means of communication now was by the five remaining carrier pigeons. A prisoner reported that his company (seventy men) had been brought up in trucks during the night and had moved to a position in rear of the American troops. A platoon sent to silence the enemy mortar met with heavy machine-gun fire and failed.

Major Whittlesey determined to attempt to establish communication with his regiment. Captain Holderman with Company K, 307th Infantry, was ordered to drive out the enemy south of the position and open up communication to the rear.

At 10:45 A.M. Major Whittlesey released his second pigeon bearing a note stating that the chain of runner posts had been cut and that Captain Holderman had been sent to reëstablish it.

Meanwhile steps were taken to strengthen the position. New fox holes were dug and old ones enlarged. Excavations were made in the center for the protection of the wounded. The companies were placed for all-around fire, with greater strength on the north front. The south line was more lightly held, since the field of fire was better in that direction.

At 1:30 P.M. Company K, 307th Infantry, returned. It had advanced far into the woods on Hill 198, encountered the enemy in force and fought its way back to avoid annihilation. It was now evident that the command was surrounded in force. Until the end of the siege, although continuous efforts were made to get patrols through to the rear, no attempt was made to force a passage. Every man had to be conserved for the defense of the position.

The stubborn resistance through the following five days was forecast by a message sent to all unit commanders by Major Whittlesey soon after the return of Company K.: "Our mission is to hold this position at all costs. Have this understood by every man in the command." The fulfillment of this order wrote one of the most brilliant pages of our military tradition.

III

At 4:05 P.M. a third pigeon message was released requesting ammunition. This message was received at the division message center at 4:55 P.M. Arrangements were made to bring up a supply of ammunition in the rear of the troops then attacking.

During the afternoon the enemy was reported pressing in close, was seen to be driving in American detachments, and soon was plainly heard to be forming his troops in the underbrush close at hand The trench mortar pounded the position. Machine-gun fire raked it from flanks and rear. At 5 P.M. the attack was launched. Potato-masher grenades were rained upon the American line from the cliff north of the road and the flanks were assailed by infantry groups. The Americans waited until the enemy was exposed at close range when, by command, they opened a terrific fire with rifles, Chauchat rifles, and machine-guns. The attack melted under the accurate fusillade of the Americans, and the cries of the enemy wounded could be plainly heard until they were removed by their comrades under cover of darkness.

During the morning the 154th Brigade had attacked but had not been able to penetrate the German wire. A concerted assault by both brigades in the afternoon had also failed.

The command, which had no medical officers, had brought forward its wounded with it. The three enlisted men of the Medical Corps cared for the wounded as best they could, but their scanty supply of bandages, as well as the first aid packets of the command, was entirely consumed during the night of October 3.

The night of October 3–4 was quiet. The men, especially the wounded, suffered from the cold, as no overcoats or blankets had been brought, and all began to feel the pinch of hunger. The command had gone into action the day before with only one day's rations, and some soldiers had been unable to get even this scanty supply before the attack started.

Patrolling during the night of October 3–4 had indicated that the enemy had withdrawn from around the position. Patrols were sent out early on October 4 to verify this information. At 7:25 A.M. Major Whittlesey released his fourth pigeon message, summarizing events up to that time and requesting rations. When the message was received steps were initiated to drop them by airplane.

During the night the enemy had installed two light trench mortars, one to the northeast and one to the northwest. One, it will be remembered, was already in place. At 8:30 all three opened fire and kept it up for about an hour.

The patrols which had been sent out to determine the position of the enemy returned and reported his presence in all directions. At 10:35 A.M. Whittlesey released his fifth pigeon message stating the results of this reconnaissance and asking for support.

Harassing fire was continued by both Germans and Americans until afternoon. A friendly airplane circled over the position and the location of the command was signalled to it with panels. Soon after this plane departed, another appeared and dropped messages, all of which fell within the enemy lines.

At 2:45 P.M. fire from friendly artillery from the southeast was put down on the slopes of Hill 198. It crept up to the position, on to it, and clung there. The enemy trench mortars and his machine-guns gleefully joined in. This fire lasted about one and a half hours and wrought havoc in the position, causing about thirty casualties. During the confusion, some men wandered away and were captured by the enemy. Major Whittlesey released his last pigeon with a message which read as follows:

To: C. O. 308th Infantry
From: 1st Bn. 308th Infantry.
We are along the road parallel 276.4; our artillery is dropping a barrage directly on us. For Heaven's sake stop it.

WHITTLESEY
Major 308th.

This message was received by the commander of the 154th Brigade, at 4:38 P.M., but the firing had already ceased.

At the conclusion of this preparation, the Germans attacked with grenades, supported by machine-guns. The assault was not pushed as vigorously as the attack on October 3, and was repulsed. At 9 P.M. a surprise attack was made by the light of flares thrown into the position from the hillside above. It was beaten off with rapid and well directed rifle and machine-gun-fire.

Vigorous attacks by the 77th Division during the day had failed to penetrate the German wire, but an attempt to filter small groups through a weak place in the enemy entanglements in the bottom of the ravine of Charlevaux creek, two thousand meters southeast of Whittlesey's position, was successful. By midnight of October 4 two companies of the 307th Infantry had got through.

The men by the night of October 4–5 were suffering severely from hunger and exposure. The wounded were in a very serious condition. The only dressings to be had were those taken from the dead and bits of clothing. Water could be obtained only with great difficulty and the little obtained cost many casualties. The enemy raked the water-holes with intermittent machine-gun fire both night and day. Guards were posted to prevent thirst-crazed men from attempting to get water in the daytime.

Patrols during the morning of October 5 reported about two hundred enemy troops moving past the right of the position to the heights to the south.

Unusually heavy firing was heard from the south during the entire day, indicating a vigorous effort by the Americans in the rear to break through the enemy lines. During the morning a friendly barrage dropped on the hill to the south and crept down into the ravine, throwing geysers of muddy water and torn bushes high into the air as it crossed the marshes bordering Charlevaux creek. No little anxiety was felt by the beleagured men as the wall of fire again rolled toward their position.

But, as they burrowed into their fox holes for protection against the impending storm of shell, the barrage lifted and came down squarely on the enemy on the crest of the hill, where it dealt death and destruction. The heavy trench mortar to the west was knocked out and the enemy did not rally for another attack until late in the afternoon. Hopes were high that friendly troops would break through during the day. But spirits sank again as time wore on. Toward evening the sound of the battle to the south died away.

A few ranging bursts were fired on the position early in the afternoon as the enemy placed more machine-guns in position. At 4 P.M. he opened a terrific fire and for twenty minutes a storm of bullets swept the entire position. Although the men kept well to their fox holes and few casualties occurred, Major Whittlesey regarded this fire as one of the most unpleasant experiences of the siege. At the end of this preparation the enemy again attacked with grenades from the high ground to the north. The Americans again held their fire until the enemy approached to close range and they repulsed the attack.

A determined effort by the French and Americans had been made on this day to break through. A coördinated attack was launched early in the morning and was pushed vigorously until about five o'clock in the afternoon. The French took and held La Palette Pavilion for over an hour, but were driven out by a heavy counterattack. The American attack on the left failed, although General Johnson of the 154th Brigade took personal command of it. The infiltration previously mentioned continued slowly and by midnight an entire battalion had got through the enemy wire in the Charlevaux ravine.

Anticipating a break-through, the division commander sent a message to Major Whittlesey on the morning of October 5, directing him to maintain his position. When the combined attack failed to penetrate the German wire he sent another message directing Whittlesey to attack the enemy line in the rear and cut through to his regiment. These messages were dropped by planes of the 50th Aero Squadron, but they, as well as packages of food, all fell into enemy territory.

IV

The condition of the command was now desperate. Had Major Whittlesey received the order to attack the enemy in rear, it is doubtful if he could have done so, so weakened were his men from hunger and exposure. They could fight only in their tracks. It was with great difficulty that enough men could be found with sufficient strength for patrol and outpost duty. The wounded were in a pitiful condition, festering under filthy rags. They could not possibly have been moved had the command changed position.

The night of October 5–6 passed quietly.

On October 6 an exceedingly determined effort was made to get patrols through to the rear, for the continued failure of the allied attacks had shaken the courage of the men. Many requested permission to work their way through individually. Permission was refused.

Firing on both sides began early and the day passed much as previous days. Lieutenants Peabody and Moon, in command of the machine-guns, were killed. Only one machine-gun of the nine remained in action at nightfall.

All available planes of the 50th Aero Squadron were used to drop supplies and ammunition to the command. From about noon until dark the planes of this squadron made a continuous succession of flights over the position, dropping food, medical supplies, ammunition, and pigeons. Although the pilots showed great courage and contempt for the enemy's fire, not one package fell within reach of Whittlesey's men. The enemy seized upon the packages of food and called out in English the articles which they contained.

So determined were the attempts of the 50th Aero Squadron to bring relief to the

battalion that during the day three planes were shot down by the enemy and one pilot, Lieutenant Goettler, and his observer, Lieutenant Bleckley, were killed.

Sounds of firing to the rear died away near sunset and night closed in. The fourth day of the siege had passed and still relief seemed far away. Continuous frontal pressure by the Americans in the rear had failed. The infiltration by friendly troops into the Charlevaux ravine, however, had gone on slowly.

Ammunition was now nearly exhausted. As soon as darkness came patrols were out collecting enemy rifles and ammunition from the dead lying too close to the American lines to be removed by their comrades. Scraps of food were eagerly sought in enemy haversacks. The hardships of the last four days, however, had been unable to quench the American thirst for souvenirs, and many pipes, mirrors, buttons, shoulder-straps, and other trinkets found their way into the American lines along with the precious arms and ammunition.

The position was a shambles. The dead of three days' fighting lay unburied. The living could scarcely drag themselves about the position to perform the necessary duties. The wounded were in frightful condition. In most cases gangrene had set in and many were slowly dying.

The night of October 6–7 finally passed and the fifth day of the siege dawned. Patrols sent out were immediately driven in. Discouragement was felt, when, during the morning, a few shells fell on the position from the southeast. It was assumed they were from friendly artillery, but it later appeared that they were from an enemy piece placed so that the position of the battalion could be reached with fire. Fortunately the firing soon ceased and was not repeated.

Shortly before noon an enemy attack supported by machine-guns and trench mortars was launched from the north. As on previous occasions, the Americans held their fire until the enemy had come within close range. Many wounded dragged themselves to the firing line. After a stiff fight the enemy attack was beaten off.

Harassing fire continued until the afternoon. At about 4 P.M. the enemy machine-guns abruptly ceased firing. An American soldier, carrying a white cloth on a stick, was seen limping towards the position from the left flank. It proved to be Private Hollingshead of Company H, 308th Infantry.

That morning he, with eight others, had left the American line to try to recover a package of food which had been dropped close by. In an encounter with the enemy, five of the nine were killed and the rest captured. Private Hollingshead reported to Major Whittlesey and handed him a message. It was neatly typed in English and read as follows:

To the Commanding Officer—Infantry, 77th American Division.

SIR: The bearer of this present, Private Lowell R. Hollingshead, has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German Intelligence Officer any answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing the honor to his Fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing that he is doing wrong to his country to carry forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the battalion of the 77th Division, with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present conditions.

The suffering of your wounded can be heard over here in the German lines and we appeal to your humane sentiments to stop. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree to these conditions. Please treat Private Lowell R. Hollingshead as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.

Legend has it that Major Whittlesey read the message and shouted to the Germans to go to hell. It is well established, however, that he said nothing, and that he never made any reply to the demand for surrender. He read the message and handed it to two officers who were present, and ordered two white airplane panels taken in from the hillside since they might be taken by the enemy as a token of surrender.

Preparations were immediately made to meet the impending attack. The men

manned the firing positions. Many severely wounded painfully dragged themselves to positions from which they could fire on the enemy. Other wounded, unable to fire, loaded spare pieces and placed them near those who could. Some men silently polished their bayonets in the damp soil.

Receiving no reply to their demand for surrender, the enemy attacked furiously; the Americans found themselves confronted with the most determined attack of the siege. The main blow fell on the center and right flank. Grenades rained from the hillside in front, trench mortars pounded the position, and machine-guns raked it from flanks and rear. Flame throwers were brought against the right, which only infuriated the Americans. Men, disregarding the withering fire of the enemy, darted out and killed the bearers of these weapons. It seemed that the enemy must surely overwhelm the few survivors, but by almost superhuman efforts the attack was repulsed.

It was never repeated. In the gathering dusk the enemy could be seen drifting by the position towards the north. Firing was distinctly heard from the south and at 7 P.M. elements of the 307th Infantry were reported coming through the ravine from the southeast. About 9 P.M. companies of that regiment appeared, passed to the front and outposted the position for the night.

There was no demonstration or cheering. The relieving companies turned over every scrap of food they had to the starving men who devoured it ravenously. Immediate attention was given to the wounded and the exhausted men threw themselves on the ground to rest.

V

The relief of Whittlesey's command was effected by an attack far to the northward. Troops of the 82nd American Division had been deployed, facing west, in a gap in the American line between the 1st and 28th Divisions. On the morning of October 7 they had attacked the eastern face of the Argonne between Chatel-Chehery and Cornay, and by evening had occupied Hills 223 and 180 north of Chatel-Chehery. The enemy in front of the 77th Division, whose lines had been pierced by the infiltration in the Charlevaux Ravine, was threatened from the rear and was forced to withdraw.

On the morning of October 8 Whittlesey's command was joined by the rest of the 308th Infantry. Food and stretchers were brought up. Ambulances came up by the Charlevaux-La Viergette road and at 3 P.M. the wounded were evacuated. The remnants of the command were marched to the rear for rest.

Out of the 463 men and officers who were cut off by the enemy on October 3, 69 had been killed or were missing, and 156 wounded were evacuated. The total casualties were 225 or 48.6% of the command.

It is believed by many that Major Whittlesey was censured and that steps were initiated to try him by court-martial for losing his way and allowing his command to be cut off. This belief cannot be substantiated from the records. On the contrary, Major Whittlesey, Captain McMurtry and Captain Holderman were awarded the highest honor that can be bestowed on an American soldier, the Congressional Medal of Honor. Other members of the command were awarded other decorations.

The troops under Major Whittlesey were never in any sense lost. They advanced under competent orders which directed that they push through to their objective without regard to the troops on either flank, and that they hold that objective until the general line was brought up to it. These orders were carried out in every detail by Major Whittlesey. Through circumstances over which he had no control, the troops on his flanks were not able to reach the objective for five days. During this time his command, though suffering terribly from lack of food and medical attention, held its position against repeated attacks of the enemy, refused honorable terms of surrender, and by its heroic conduct upheld the finest traditions of American arms.

THE HISTORY OF A PATRIOT

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

One can no more be born an American than one can be born a Presbyterian or a Kiwanian. One is born into a *race* and only *in* a country. This is particularly true of America, where the roots of a new national type have not yet even sprouted from the seed. There being, then, no such thing as a congenital and hence instinctive American, we have the amusing phenomenon of a country trying to make patriots of its own people by threats, drives, intensive school-drilling and other such devices of Americanization, which are not only launched upon the newly-arrived, but also upon those native-born who have other definitions of Americanization than that of the Ku Klux Klan or the Methodist Board of this, that or some other medieval *tic*.

As a matter of fact, even the born American has never been patriotic in the sense that a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman or a Japanese is. He has been literally kicked into every one of his country's wars, and in them he has always been secretly luke-warm. This applies, I believe, even to the Revolution. His tepid feeling about his country gives birth in the native-born to a feeling of shame, and he slews around for a defence-mechanism to hide it. This defence-mechanism is found in an exaggerated feeling of self-consciousness, in world-bawling and planet-terrorizing slogans, in the constant display and saluting of the flag, and in the oppressive and often murderous activities of hordes of "patriotic" societies. If patriotism in America was really organic all this would not be necessary. Patriotism should be profoundly mystical, like religion or the devastating Grand Passion in love. But among us it is still a coldly mental concept, and mainly a matter of dollars and cents. We are dreadfully ashamed of it.

I was born in Philadelphia of an "American" Jewish family. My mother was born in Philadelphia. Her ancestry was Bavarian and Hungarian. My father was born in Jamaica, B. W. I., of Anglo-Spanish-Portuguese ancestry. The family had lived in Jamaica for nearly five generations. My father came to America in 1855, at the age of fourteen. Although he had received his education in the English public schools in Kingston and had been brought up in the most ultra-conservative and Tory atmosphere and traditions, and was taught in youth that the aristocracy was of divine origin and that Queen Victoria was practically immune to fire, water and cooties, he tossed away, in a manner that to me has always been a miracle, all his ancestral fetiches and became the most hard-boiled, dyed-in-the-wool, eagle-screaming, firecracker and roman-candle American I have ever met. And a Republican, to boot (his first vote was for Lincoln in 1864), who never voted otherwise during his lifetime.

America and the Republican party became his religion. His many brothers and uncles all came to this country, married, begat and did business, but all remained fanatically loyal to the Crown. None of them ever took out papers. They looked on us with contempt and raised their hats reverently whenever they saw the British flag. My father used to call them "rotten British idolaters" and they always thought of my father as a traitor. It may be that my father's insisting on choosing his own

country in spite of the yelps of all of his forbears in his blood may shed some light on my own independent and past-bedamned make-up. For I not only at a very early age kicked my Judaism through the kitchen-window into the back alley but chose another country than the one into which I was born for my love and admiration, and nearly caused my father to swoon in the street when I knifed his beloved Republican party in the back with my first vote.

My mother was a regulation American of the Civil War period (Yankee-do-or-die!) and my uncle, my mother's brother, who lived at our house at the time I was born and for a quarter of a century afterward, was a veteran who had fought from Bull Run to Appomattox, whose sweetest memory was that as a drummer-boy Lincoln had patted him on the head and called him Little Jeff Davis (his name was Nathan Davis), whose religion was also summed up in the platforms of the national Republican conventions, and to whom America was the Holy Land. He always referred to the crowned heads of Europe as "those Big Stiffs."

Thus the solid 100% American and Republican family into which I was born. And Philadelphia was the place! Those Americans who were born in Philadelphia have lived at the Source. They are like Catholics born in the Vatican. You are an American and a Republican *ab ovo*, *in esse* and *ad infinitum*. Philadelphia is in a perpetual state of patriotic catalepsy. The Taj Mahal of the Word at Sixth and Chestnut streets radiates through the length and breadth of the city the ethereal embalming fluid of national infallibility. It is the Lourdes of all doubters. The Liberty Bell is its sacred King Tut. When it is taken out for a parade there is a sudden cæsura in the mathematical rhythms of the domestic and business life of the Schuylkill Athens. One can hear the fall of a soap-bubble in Oblivion. I have known private houses in Philadelphia that have kept the American flag flying day and night all the year round so that the inmates should never have any doubt about what country was really theirs. Fourth of July in New York and elsewhere is a holiday. In Philadelphia it is a holy day wherein the natives attain hypostatic union with the Founders, even when they have been lured into speakeasies to play stud casino. So I came forth into the world as sound an "American" in woof and seam as George Washington and as good a Republican as ever voted from six tombstones in the Federal street cemeteries.

II

It was the Fourth of July, naturally, that first evoked in me the feeling of country, patriotism and America. I, with thousands of other children, looked forward to the Fourth as the Big Day of all the year, for in those days it was still twenty-four hours of open-air Pandemonium. I was told "We celebrate the birthday of our country." I remember that sentence caused me my first exercise in reasoning. If a country had a birthday, just as I had, then a country must have been brought in a bag in the night by the doctor, as my mother explained to me I had been. That was my first notion of America—a piece of land without end that a doctor had brought in a bag in the night.

I recall seeing for the first time when I was about six years of age a revolving globe in an older boy's house. I took it for granted that that must be a map of the United States. (Ignorance or prophecy?) I, of course, at that age had no instinctive emotion or conception about patriotism, any more than I had about God or immortality. Which has since led me to the belief that all the Fundamental Verities are acquired or manufactured for us, and that the taste for drink and girls and all our other pleasant sins are inherited, for the taste of beer and a pretty dress made my eyes roll with pleasure, while the flag and the word God left me cold.

A year or two later I began to fill the

duty of every young Philadelphia male. On the Fourth of July precisely at noon the Mayor read the Declaration of Independence in Independence Square before a throng that stretched backward as far as Walnut street. My father took me there. I listened and could not make head or tail of the matter; but my father seemed to take a great joy in the swats at England, his old mother. I waved the flag when the crowd waved and set off a firecracker. I vaguely thought it must be a kind of public *bar-mitzvah* ceremony. In the evening there was a great display of fireworks from the Girard Avenue Bridge, which wound up with the name of George Washington in giant letters of fire. George Washington was as far as I could go in my conception of what God was, or at least should be. I had not yet reached the history and geography grades in school, so for some time my friend's revolving map of the world meant for me the United States and George Washington was God.

In 1881, however, when I was somewhat past my eighth birthday, an event happened that threw the whole world into such an uproar and struck me such a sharp blow that for the first time I began to have a definite idea about my country. It was the shooting and the subsequent death of President Garfield. "My God! the President has been shot!" yelled one of my many paternal uncles, a blooming, unconquered Britisher, as he rushed into our house with an evening paper. He then—how plainly I can still see him!—dusted a hair off his coat, put a bottle of beer under the cold-water faucet, and, I have no doubt, drank a silent toast to the good health and long life of Our Blessed Queen.

The day of mourning on which Garfield was buried, with every house draped in black, had such a profound effect on my just-awakening sensibilities that I went to see my friend's globe again and had him point out to me what chunk of color was the United States and what the other chunks meant. I had now for the first time a mental photograph of the contours of the United States. It was something that stood apart from something else! Its ruler had been assassinated! And at that moment patriotic indignation and love of country were born in me. My boy friend told me a little history—about England and a big war—and my eyes popped. I began vaguely to understand what that fellow was reading in Independence Square.

Now the Fourth of July, Memorial Day and Washington's Birthday were beginning to make deep prints on my *tabula rasa*. On Memorial Day (then called Decoration Day) each school-child took a plant to the school to be laid on a soldier's grave. On the day itself I was always taken by my mother and father to see the parades on Broad street. This habit of reviewing parades, especially in war-time, I have never got over. Washington's Birthday was rather a solemn affair in Philadelphia. To my mind, he was at that time the Immaculate One, a sort of colossal male virgin. These two days, with the Fourth, were outstanding factors which contributed to mould the little patriot Benjamin.

In my tenth year I went into the history grade in school. This "history" was exclusively the history of the United States written by a man by the name of Lawrence. I loved that book because Lawrence was a romantic liar of the first water, and I have always preferred an entertaining lie to a flat, unleavened truth. My teacher was a Miss Woodington of blessed memory. She, too, had a gorgeous imagination, was a 700% American Yankee, and taught us that England was the Scourge of Satan, that the South was England's bastard child, and that to be an American was practically equivalent to Redemption. I drank all this in—my imaginative-romantic nature beginning to bud at about that time—with wide-open eyes and thrills of patriotic pubescence. It was from Miss Woodington, *Mater Patriæ*, that I learned "The Ride of Paul Revere," which gave my patriotism a lyrical base, and which remained my favorite poem until I came across Swinburne's "Laus Veneris."

III

In 1884, in my eleventh year, I thus went into my first Presidential campaign. This was the famous affair between Blaine and Cleveland, in which the Rev. Dr. Burchard elected Cleveland by saying in the tacitly assenting presence of Blaine that the Democratic party was a farrago of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. My father indorsed this with both lungs, sang "Yankee-Doodle" and "John Brown's Body" at the top of his voice, and voted for Blaine, while I waved the great jingo's picture out of the window every time a ward-parade went by.

When Philadelphia woke up and discovered that a Democrat had been elected President, a man who had hired a substitute to fight for him in the Civil War and whose private life was slightly un-Philadelphian, it appeared as if God had slipped out of His Heaven. I can recall that sickly doubt about the glory of America and the preëstablished nature of patriotism that swept over me for a moment. America and the Republican party were synonymous with me. I knew a boy, by name Schimpf, who was a Democrat—the only specimen of the curious animal that I had yet met. He was a poor, ragged, tough kid, and I immediately laid the deplorable economic and ethical condition of the Schimpf family to the fact they were Democrats. And there grew up in my mind the natural connotation that everything that was Schimpfian was Democratic and all Democrats were ragged-behinded and tough Schimpfs. Besides which they were all tainted with treason, were all Southerners, enemies of the flag and drank beer out of growlers. By contrast, there gradually crystallized in my mind the connotation of Republican and aristocratic beards like Blaine's, riches, God-fearing, cleanly, upright persons, men who always rallied 'round the flag, died by the million for Abraham Lincoln and never entered a barroom. Blaine was my God and Oliver Optic my great pagan pleasure.

1887 was the Terrible Year for all Philadelphians, for it was then that Cleveland sent his famous free-trade message to Congress. In Philadelphia this event was a second Sumter and Cleveland was a Beauregard. I was now a close student of current events and read the newspapers, the *Press* and the *North American*, with Biblical devotion. I looked on the *Record*, the one Democratic newspaper, as a treasonable document and its proprietor, Bill Singerly, as a hell-toad.

When the campaign of 1888 came on, I, at fifteen, when most boys are beginning to feel the call of the girl, felt the call of My Country and My Party. I was now at the peak of my patriotic and partisan fury. Instead of a girl, my awakening idealizing sensibilities streamed toward our Standard-Bearer, Benjamin Harrison. He had the regulation messianic whiskers. He was a dark horse; therefore he had been hand-picked in the night by the Lord himself (in fact, Harrison told Quay three years afterward when the break occurred between Quay, who was the Republican national chairman in the 1888 campaign, and the President, "God elected me!" To which Ingersoll remarked, when Quay repeated to him Harrison's assertion, "I've heard some pretty tough things about God, but that's certainly the lowest!"). He was, in my budding adolescent imagination, the new Lincoln who was to deliver us from the Free Trade Menace in the White House. So, like Hamlet, I wiped away all trivial fond records, all saws of Dickens, Mayne Reade and Oliver Optic, all forms of sport, all pressures past, and went forth to battle for Benjamin Harrison.

The first thing I did was to inject my seriousness, enthusiasm and Call into the young son of the butcher across the street. I could talk like a Savonarola at that time when I was fired with the idea that a Crisis Was at Hand. In ten minutes Louis, my friend, understood the need for instant action if Our Country was to be saved. He dug up a very large American flag and we strung it right across Jefferson street (a

sinisterly named street for Republicans to live on!) from roof to roof. We had sewed on its bottom a strip of canvas on which was painted: "For President: Benjamin Harrison. For Vice-President: Levi P. Morton." In the evening, we gave a block party, at which old man Thilo, the corner grocer, made a speech in which he denounced in heaven-jarring notes the attempt to bring in tomatoes, apples, sugar-corn and radishes free of duty and thus destroy a thriving young American industry. I made a speech, passionate, glowing, patriotic—I was, indeed, the male Uldine Utley of the high tariff for a night.

But while my then blond and cracked voice swept the air, I saw, lurking at the corner, a portentous figure which gave me great uneasiness. It was Schimpf!—the bare-foot; Schimpf the ragged-behinded Democrat, sworn enemy of the Republican party, and hence in my mind an anarchist! That night he got onto the butcher's roof, cut the rope that held our flag, and in the morning the Flag of the Free, Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton lay in the rain-flooded gutter. Old man Thilo could say nothing because the Schimpfs owed him a bill. I would not "go after" Schimpf because of caste feeling—he was one of the *Chandala*. And I had to endure his evil, sardonic smile which said "Youse damned aristercrats!—put it up again, if you dare!"

We didn't dare. But Louis and I continued our Great Work by distributing thousands of protective tariff and All-American Republican pamphlets in the stores and houses of the neighborhood with a seriousness that trailed behind it clouds of Republican glory and earned for me a personal letter from Harrison, which I preserve to this day as proof of my congenital patriotism in case I should some day be seized in Los Angeles as a Japanese spy. The night Harrison was elected I howled myself into a camp-meeting frenzy till one o'clock in the morning from a Market street window. I was allowed to drink a whole bottle of beer to celebrate the death in America of English free trade.

IV

The hanging of the Chicago anarchists at somewhere around that time caused universal rejoicing among all good patriots. For a moment or two, however, it gave me pause. Just the shadow of a shadow of a doubt, vague, uncomfortable, unformulated, crept across my mind. It passed away quickly; but that vague feeling was the tiny seed of the critical faculty in matters patriotic and political that had dropped into the furrows of my Philadelphia soul. It was destined to be watered and warmed by underground springs and to sprout a giant.

My critical faculty had begun to work, too, along other lines, mainly religious. I began to analyze the Bible and to apply the facts of life as I saw it around me to the goody-goody things I had been taught about God, the reward of the upright and the just and such matters familiar to all orthodox-raised manikins. The result was, of course, that God and my home-made ethics began to feel the wear and tear of Facts.

I conclude, then, that patriotism is the most fundamental and necessary of all group-instincts because it is the last to crack under the pounding of the critical faculty. It is, in fact, never got rid of completely any more than is the religious instinct. But the latter is the more brittle. A man may get rid of God and morality (or sublimate them to what he superficially and credulously believes to be their opposites), but he must always have a country, or at least a race-group. If the country isn't chosen for him he will chose one, gravitate automatically to one, as Big Bill Haywood did to Russia, Houston Stewart Chamberlain to Germany, and Henry James to England.

There are atheists, but there is no such thing as an anarchist. Ingersoll, who at this time, approaching the eighteen-nineties, began to influence me powerfully, is a standing example of the critical faculty freeing a man of all superstitions except

the patriotic and party kinds. He was a fanatical Republican and American. He attacked all religious systems and all forms of intolerance, himself remaining a patriotic and party dervish. Swinburne, Huxley, Spencer and Bradlaugh were instances of this paradox in England, Victor Hugo and Voltaire in France, Goethe in Germany (Heine deliberately chose France as his country), and so on.

The "citizen of the world" is a pose. You may blaspheme God and Christ and Buddha and Allah and get away with it, and violate all the heaven-distilled moral codes; but don't spit on the flag or try to change the form of government under which you live in the same bloody manner in which it was born if you value your skin. And this is so just because patriotism is the sentimental body of the profoundest instincts of the race, theoretically the group-preservative manœuvre to protect the life of the individual against aggression and actually the conservation of property rights—instincts older than any God or moral code. So during these formative years in the early nineties I remained a hard-shell American and Republican the while I was silently cutting to shreds all the religious and ethical hokum that had been rammed into my soul in the same manner and precisely at the same time that the patriotic flap-doodle and Republican slaver was being fed to me.

Nevertheless, the critical side of me that was undermining Jehovah and the Ten Commandments and preëstablished Beneficence was sprouting subtle tentacles in the direction of My Country and the divinity of the Republican party. For in swinging toward a stupefying atheism (the absurdest dogma that ever got into the brain of man) I had discovered Europe!—Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, von Humboldt, Voltaire, Hugo, Büchner, Schopenhauer, D'Holbach, Diderot, Leopardi! I had discovered Europe! Look out America! Look out Republican party! Look out Cleveland, Harrison, John James Ingalls, *Press*, and *North American!* The sly devil of Comparative History was growing in my mental belly. The undermining had begun of the downfall of a made-in-the-egg patriot and a cradle-moulded Republican!

The centre-pole of my patriotism held while the tent of my religious and ethical belief blew away because I was and have always been a being of ecstatic enthusiasms. The ironic and destructive side of my nature is balanced by vast creative forces. I hate and I love with the same fury. So as my natal religious faith collapsed I raised up heroes of the intellectual and literary world—Byron, Schopenhauer, Voltaire, Spencer, Shelley. I hurled God off his throne and put Herbert Spencer in his place. I cannonaded Moses off of Horeb and put Schopenhauer there.

I have always been a hero-worshipper, and probably always will be. Along with my violent rebellions and psychic somersaults in my early twenties came a passionate kind of pity for the human race, especially for the underdogs. If all was not well with the Cosmos (and of that I was blasphemously certain), all was not so well, either, I began vaguely to feel, with the social microcosm. The figure of ragged-behinded, bare-footed, poverty-stricken Schimpf rose for a third time before me—this time as a symbol, a fact—a pediculous fact! It seemed My Country was full of Schimpfs, and worse. And not all of them were Democrats!

Strange phrases from the sesquepedalian, redundant and pleonastically platitudinous occupant of the White House, like "the communism of pelf," began, together with my studies in comparative history and literature and the slow poison of European culture, to produce fissures in my Republican densities. I began in 1895 to re-ponder the Haymarket riots, the stringing up of the Anarchists, the Homestead slaughter by the Pinkertons of the workers in the mills of Andrew Carnegie, Republican, high tariff advocate and author of "Triumphant Democracy", and also the "Debs Rebellion" in Chicago. America still, of course, "Liberty and Union, now and for-

ever, one and inseparable," and all that of course, of course—but let me see!—let me see!—let me see!—let me see!—

So I was all set, all dressed, waiting at the church for the coming of William Jennings Bryan in 1896. Out of the West he came, my Siegfried, my Saint George, my Moody-Sankey!; out of the West he came like a flaming ebon-haired comet, this Tremendous Lung with his transfiguring earfull, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns! You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" Hosannah! O sacred Buffalo Chips! "Karl Marx made a man of me!" shouted the senile Bernard Shaw at seventy. Well, Bryan made an ecstatic idiot of me at twenty-three. I fought like a demon in vast Philadelphia crowds to get near to Lincoln II. I lost two umbrellas and a Waterbury watch trying to get under the nimbus. I connected him with cosmic signs and premonitions. I distributed tons of pamphlets about the new miracle of Cana that was to change silver into double pay checks.

V

Election Day, 1896, was to me a sacred day. I really believed that if Bryan were not elected, it was to be the end of the United States. I believed Humanity was on trial for the last time. The Republican party had become the horned beast of the Apocalypse. I went Schimpf—one hundred per cent. It was my first Presidential vote. I went to the polls with my two lapels covered with white streamers, signifying Conqueror Silver, and huge buttons on which were mottoes and the face of the Avatar. I cast the only vote that was cast for Bryan in my precinct of the Thirty-second Ward. My father, who knew no shadow of turning and who calmly pronounced Bryan a "thieving lunatic," looked on me that day as something misbegotten.

The next day, the day after election, I wept and cursed God and Mark Hanna. But Bryan had performed a miracle for me—I was no longer a sound, 100% American, and began to study the "philosophies" of anarchy, Socialism, and God knows what Kropotkin slaver and Marxian dribble. The machine-made patriot was dead. But I was still at least a 75% American and elected Thomas Jefferson the great American political wiseacre. That government that governed least was the best government. The administrative nihilism of Herbert Spencer. The extreme of individual liberty consonant with physical order. All forms of government are the enemies of the individual. The worst and most brutal of all are socialistic states, communistic states. Rather an absolute monarchy tempered with assassination! As a road to the individualism of the Spencerian type the democracy of Jefferson, the America of Jefferson and the early democrats. Not equality, but the free and untrammeled competition of individuals inside the Spencerian-Jeffersonian arena, and the survival of the fittest, ethically and physically.

This was my new programme. At the root of this programme, as at the root of all political, social and religious programmes, lay that which I then did not know—nothing but my own sensibility, my own growing ego, roaring, plunging, militant; the mask of an "intellectual" programme for my own needs, physical, mental, cultural. But I was willing to extend to others—and always have been—what I demand for myself. I should vote hereafter, I thought, for the men who stood for the repeal of almost everything enacted in the last seventy-five years and who should veto, as executives, almost everything presented to them. (I have never found these men, and never will.) My New Patriotism and my New Americanism took a world-wide philosophical implication. I swam in the blue ether of another Ideal!

The Spanish-American War roused me again to a concrete but tempered patriotism and Americanism. It was a War of Liberation! *Cuba Libre!* Butcher Weyler!

America the self-sacrificing! I was philosophically fervid. "Remember the Maine!" I looked on secretly as bunk. I despised McKinley because he had to be kicked into the war. I was the loudest-mouthed warrior who never smelled powder and the most blatant freedom-loving fire-eater that ever faced a bartender.

Meantime comparative history and European culture continued in my subconscious regions the devilish work of sapping, mining and vaporizing the inestimable gift from God of being a native-born American. So much so that in 1901, when McKinley was assassinated and a *Sun* proofreader said to me, on hearing the news, "I know of no man that we could better do without," I was completely aghast at myself when I remembered an hour after the remark that for answer I had merely smiled at him and mumbled confusedly, "'s'foolish act." And then I remembered with a smile how I had once as a boy impulsively wished for the assassination of Grover Cleveland. But having been born only eight years after the assassination of one President and having lived through the assassination of two more, I naturally came to the very unnaturally American conclusion that it didn't make a damn bit of difference who was President. I voted in 1900 for Bryan perfunctorily and as a tribute to one of my most pleasurable phobias. So, altogether, the Devil was on the march in my soul and I was drifting straight toward mugwumpery and a sullen civic carelessness.

The Roosevelt Octad, which began when the accidentally be-martyred McKinley was laid away to the muted rumble of the elevated roads, did not help in the least my declining patriotic vigor. In fact, now that I cast a look backward, nothing did more to put out the last sputtering spark of the Celestial Fire in my soul than the contortions, antics and blaring vulgarity of the two-candle-power brain of the Wellington of San Juan Hill. I had always entertained a profound dislike for Roosevelt. And I began now, in about the third year of his reign, to understand why. He was the incarnation of everything in the American spirit that I—contemplative, mystical, poetical, philosophical—despised. He stood for speed, action, the strenuous life, bluff, blare, "progress," the family rabbit-warren, show-off, cults, mottoes, big sticks, hand-shaking, "enterprise," and morality. Then his cafeteria culture, his antics in the Sorbonne,—and Sacred Lobscouse!—his royal patronage of letters! This—Theodore Roosevelt—was the New America! As I analyzed him and analyzed myself, I saw that he was the perfect American—the Elbert Hubbard of politics—and that I was the imperfect American. The gulf between my country and myself began to widen. Bryan may have been a calliope, but Roosevelt was a colossal donkey-engine.

With the growth in me of taste, a passionate love of the beautiful, the expansion of the imagination and the divinization of the Artist and the Rebel, there grew in me also a parallel hatred of all machinery, standardization, industrialization, materialism. America was beginning at the time of Roosevelt's ascendency to travel away from her fundamental ideals toward the mighty, soulless machine that she is today. Centralization, Big Business, the mob-spirit, cynical contempt for individual rights began to loom. This was no longer the free-and-easy country into which I was born. A glamour was gone. Moloch had arrived.

So I set about building a country within a country, a country beyond a country: an interior sardonic individual. Nothing that I saw around me belonged to me. Everything was inimical to me. I no longer belonged to the time, the age. A barbarous, uncultured world of philistines and rotten materialists confronted me. Barrenness!—that's the word! Democracy was the rule of the swine by super-swine. Punk, Junk and Bunk, Slush, Gush and Mush, Lungs, Lunacy and Larceny were our Nine Muses. Did I take myself too seriously? No. I had taken America too seriously. After 1900

she began to show her *derrière* to the world. And the horror of it was that it was solid gold—and brass.

Now ancestral latencies began to float to the top of my psychic life. I began to study French. The Latin stirred in me. I was being un-naturalized. I was deporting myself, as an act of self-defence, back to my origins—to at least one, and that the most powerful, of my origins. Race is profounder than the accident of birth. There were culture, taste, vision, beauty Over There. I turned to Europe and the most cultured and civilized part of it—France. So little here, so much Over There! I still voted—and still do, because it amuses me immensely to be a participant in the greatest farce on earth. I saw a country growing up around me superposed on another and quite different country into which I had been born. I now understood the soul of barefoot, ragged-behinded Schimpf when he cut down my flag in 1888!

VI

1914 was the alchemic year in America. In the crucible of that overnight event we dissolved into our racial particles. Psychologically, America disappeared. We became Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, Hungarians, Russians, Poles, Finns, Irishmen, Austrians. The Wilsonian doctrine of neutrality was one of the most comical masks that a nation ever tried to put on. Mum-faces that took no sides were the funniest of all; they were seething in the ancestral vats so furiously that they kept quiet for fear of being slugged over the head by another racial reversionist. When we went into the war many of the holes closed up and the artificial layer of Americanism covered them up; but the layer was pretty thin in places and a practised eye could see through it. It was revealed to me then beyond all doubt that we were a manufactured people. The Treaty of Versailles was hardly dry before we dissolved again into our racial particles, seething and bubbling as furiously as they did before 1917. This was one of the causes of the regalvanization of the Ku-Klux-Klan. It was a frantic attempt to re-manufacture us.

In 1914 I dissolved completely into the most powerful of my ancestral psychic tugs. I discovered I was Latin to the core. I was pro-French, not pro-Ally. I was not opposed to Germany—to which I owed much intellectually—because she was at war with England and Russia. I found that I was opposed to her because it was she who happened to make war on France. If England or Russia or America had made war on France I would have been anti-English, anti-Russian, anti-American (in which latter case I would certainly have been imprisoned or executed). When France was attacked my *real patriotism* came to fever heat. The culture of France was *my* culture. My own ego had been attacked. I was pro-French because I was pro-self. This was not reasoned out. It was automatic. There was no French blood in me. But she was—is—the flower of Latinity. She was—and is—everything that is anti-American. I was a Mediterranean.

And when we went into the fray—"the war for democracy" be damned!—it was America fighting for my things, for France, for the things I loved above all things on earth. I was pro-American and pro-English for the same reason that every Frenchman was pro-American and pro-English. I was for America going into the war at the moment Germany invaded Belgium. If she had confined her war to Russia I would have been pro-German, as I have nothing in common with the Slavs. But when France was attacked, I was attacked.

After the war the hole did not close up in me. I was, and remain, pro-French, pro-Latin, pro-Mediterranean. France, may she always be right!—but France right or wrong! *Me voilà*, Decatur!

But today, pro-French and pro-Latin, I have a vague feeling of sadness at times when I look around at the ruins of the Republic, a nostalgia for the free, easy-going, democratic country into which I was born.

HOSPITALS

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

To me one of the most interesting and mysterious of our American institutions is the hospital. I am aware that it exists in other countries as well, but nowhere else does it enjoy the popular prestige accorded it by Americans. Nowadays, for the newly arrived young presidential possibility not to have uttered his first squawk in the delivery-room of a hospital calls for an explanation. That seems to be his inalienable right, along with citizenship.

As the head of a fairly large family I have been an observer and patron of hospitals for more than seventeen years, though never a patient. I recall eight of them distinctly, but I may have forgotten one or two. They are scattered all over the map from Texas to Massachusetts; one of my most vivid and painful recollections relates to a large one of excellent repute in Washington, D.C. On the whole I believe that the members of my family have received about the best the American hospitals have to give. Nevertheless, save in one case, I have been a deeply dissatisfied customer. It is their best that I intend here to criticise.

My first intimate acquaintance with a hospital came in 1912, when our first child was born. Like most young husbands I knew virtually nothing about the details of such an adventure; I knew in a hazy way that it involved pain, but I had no conception of how much pain nor the astounding length of the ordeal. In that case it was fourteen hours. I had asked a few questions but I got no information exact enough to prepare me. The result was that I reached the conclusion that my wife was doomed. Even now I would hesitate to confess such ignorance but for the fact that every husband with whom I have ever discussed the subject made the same confession—and few of them were married as young as I. Hour after hour there was an appalling scurrying about; nurses went in and out, all looking tense and worried. I held my peace as long as I could, but finally ventured into the corridor and indicated, hesitantly, that I would like to have a bulletin. The nurses showed me by their silence, by refusing to recognize my presence, that I was not entitled to any information. But, at that time I couldn't imagine such a point of view: I thought they were simply being merciful. The inference was obvious to me. My wife was about to die!

Eventually there was silence. Nurses still moved in and out mysteriously, but now they walked slowly. I thought I knew what that meant. In cruel agony I returned to the little room where I had been parked on arrival and fainted for the first and last time in my life. I remained there nearly an hour, mainly because I no longer had either the strength or the will to move. Then a beaming nurse came in to announce: "It's a girl." And I was ushered into my wife's room. I learned later that professional pride and tradition had prompted them to make everything ship-shape before letting me in. Sheets had been changed, the mother washed, the baby washed; in short, they had done everything except paint the building and plant a garden before informing me that mother and child were alive. It was plain from their bearing that I was expected to admire their efficiency. But I was too weak, by that time, to admire it.

Probably what I have described doesn't happen in every case—in fact, I feel reasonably sure that it doesn't—but it is by no means unusual. From what other men have told me I gather that it is just as usual as any other hospital procedure. I regret that truth demands that the hospital I speak of must be connected with a complaint that will never cease to rankle in me, for in courtesy, kindness, and gentle, unostentatious thoughtfulness to and for the patient it ranks first among all the hospitals I have known. But for some mysterious reason the people in a hospital almost always regard the husband of a woman having a child as an enemy of society. Since that unhappy first experience I have heard more than one trained nurse say: "Let him sweat; it's good for him." I have also seen them glance covertly at some miserable wretch who was getting the usual initiation into fatherhood and smile their enjoyment of the spectacle. The opinion seems to be general among them that they can somehow even the score between mother and father by making him as miserable as possible.

I wonder why it doesn't occur to them that if he really deserved such cruelty it would miss its mark by a hundred yards because he wouldn't give a damn. This senseless torture is made possible only by the fact that he does care. If he didn't he could hire a neighborhood midwife and save considerable money, and most assuredly he is under no external compulsion to be present. It is amazing to me that men tolerate the treatment they receive at such times in hospitals. If the situation were reversed, women would come armed with either a court order and a posse of deputies or their own private shooting irons. I can clearly understand why the doctor and nurses prefer not to have the husband present, but it is their comfort rather than that of the husband or wife which dictates their feeling. I think they ought to treat him like a fellow human being. It's no picnic for him. And when the party is over the wife has a baby but papa has a bill.

II

Having paid many hospital bills I would assume—if proof to the contrary were not overwhelming—that hospitals were about the most profitable institutions we have in America. Instead, nearly all of them seem to be dependent upon subsidies, gifts, and endowments, and even with these aids they are usually on the narrow edge of a deficit, if not deep in the red. I have never heard of one that wasn't hopeful of more donations. Their rates, as I have encountered them in recent years, range from ten to twenty dollars a day for a room of about the size one finds in fifth-rate hotels for one to two dollars. The walls of that room are bare and usually painted a deadly white that would drive me insane if I were penned between them for two weeks. Most of them are not equipped with private baths, they seldom have telephone connections, and the furnishings are few and painfully plain. I have never encountered a first-rate mattress on one of their beds. The best hospital room I have ever seen would be worth at most $3 a day if it were in a big city hotel—and I would not stop at that hotel if there were another one in town. It is true that they include food in their charges, but for fifteen dollars a day I feel that I am entitled to a free library, an excellent orchestra, and unlimited bell-boy service; in short, I think I ought to get at least all that the Statler hotels are glad to give me for five dollars a day.

Many hospital executives have tried to explain this mystery to me and I have listened attentively but I am not convinced. I am willing to forego the orchestra but I think it is just plain dumb for them not to have libraries—and good ones, too. The truth of the matter is that they haven't yet awakened to the fact that they are inescapably in the hotel business. I can see their noses go up at this, but it is true and some day they will find it out. When they do so calling a hospital by a telephone will not—as it now does—rank with shooting the moon. They will learn how

to put food on a tray with some semblance of the daintiness so easily learned and practised by the unlettered Bohunks in our hotels. And they may eventually even learn how to handle their customers' guests.

At present their notion quite plainly is that these nuisances ought to be shot. Why not face the fact that they can't be shot? Why not even admit that most of them are welcomed by the lonely patient and that handling them promptly and with courtesy is a proper and necessary function of a hospital? On this subject I can give a valuable tip. Years ago, when I was under the happy delusion that the impressively uniformed staffs of hospitals knew a great deal about their business, I used to stand hat in hand and give notice of my arrival. Sometimes I stood thus for fifteen minutes, only to learn in the end that my presence had been forgotten. Now I go right to the room and barge in. Nobody has ever so much as looked at me inquiringly. If I had been on the way to deliver a snappy left hook to the helpless patient's jaw she would certainly have been an easy victim.

I will undertake, as a sporting proposition, to walk into a large New York City hospital unannounced and enter the nursery where the new-born babies are kept (and where entrance is absolutely prohibited) in less time than it takes to send word up from the lobby to a patient that I am present and to get permission to visit his room. Any competent second assistant manager of a third-rate hotel could order all this better within a week. No one ought to be allowed to enter a hospital room in or out of visiting hours without the patient's permission, and no one ought to wait more than one minute to find out whether he is going to get it. As matters stand, the visitor is absolutely barred at such times as the institution doesn't want him, but at all other times he can walk in unannounced, regardless of the patient. At least, he can do it the first time, and that is one time too many.

One of the explanations of the top prices for hospital rooms is that they help support the wards downstairs. Hospital service is almost never offered on a business basis. The institution is born of humanitarianism. I should not object so strenuously to this system if the best rooms were really luxurious, but they aren't. A man earning $3,000 a year in a big city and occupying a small apartment will have a better bed and bedroom than he can get for fifteen dollars a day in a big city hospital. Consequently, when he goes to hospital he feels that he must have the best, not because it is grand, but because he doubts that he can endure anything less. The result is that he strips himself, possibly even begs or borrows, and takes a room that includes a donation to charity which he cannot afford.

I submit that this is all wrong. When a man or his wife or any other member of his family is in hospital is no time to ask him to give to charity, and certainly it is no time to force him to do so. Yet, as matters stand, that is what we do. Some other provision ought to be made for the steerage passengers, not only on economic grounds, but for other reasons no less vital. I have invaded the steerage quarters in several hospitals and both by observation and conversation picked up considerable information about them. It leads me to the conclusion that the ward patients don't always get a square deal. Hospitals are usually medical training schools and the ward patients will probably always have to put up with students—I see no way to avoid that—but unless I have been woefully misled they also serve entirely too often as guinea pigs. There used to be wild tales among the Negroes and po' white trash about the hospital black bottle. It was supposed to contain poison and to be used at convenient intervals to supply cadavers for the dissecting-room. Hundreds of thousands of poor people still talk of something of the sort.

But nowadays, when they tell the story of the black bottle, most of them know just as well as you do that it is not literally

true. It is simply their legend to express a general idea rather than a specific fact. And their general idea is not far wrong. They are subjected to a great deal of experimenting. Their legitimate complaints may not be neglected, but only too often they get medical and surgical attention that they don't need—or at least that no one is sure they need. The procedure with them is often high-handed. And they know it, too. I am reasonably sure of this, not only because poor patients have told me so, but because nurses, doctors, and surgeons have told me the same thing. What we need is hospitals with different tariffs just as we have hotels of different types. To have the Mill's Hotel in the basement of the Ritz-Carlton would be a mistake. Let the staff at the Mill's be just as eager to make good as the staff of the Plaza.

As life is now organized in this country, hospitals ought not to be sicklied o'er with the hypocrisy of charity. Well-conducted hospitals for the poorest of the poor are a public necessity, valuable to every stratum of society. If a drunken laborer's 1920 Ford smashes in front of my home at midnight I don't want to turn my dining-room into a hospital. I want the victims taken care of elsewhere. But I also want them taken care of. The public conscience in which I share demands it. Therefore I am more than willing to pay taxes to that end. That's the way such needs ought to be provided for, not by slapping a surtax on me when one of the children parts with its tonsils or appendix. In short, the very fundamental theory of our hospitals is out of date, out of tune with the times.

This fact, I believe, is fairly generally realized, and some progress, although entirely too little, is being made in the right direction; there are other and equally serious faults that do not seem to be realized at all. Indeed, I confidently expect that the publication of this article will bring indignant general denials, along with the assertion that the criticisms which I am now about to set down must apply to isolated cases. But such is not the fact; the specific details I shall mention are cited only to indicate the general point of view characteristic of hospital staffs.

I can sum up my criticism in the one statement that hospitals have a rigidity of rule that would be far more in place in a penitentiary. They are not human enough to deal with sick people. If a patient has slept very little during the night but is sleeping soundly at the hour for the morning bath nothing but a shot-gun will protect that patient from the aforementioned bath at the exact moment it is due. Likewise breakfast and other meals will banish sleep, not because that is good for the patient, but because it is convenient for the hospital. There may be happy exceptions to this—I hope that there may be many—but my general assertion is true.

III

Of the hospitals I have known, less than half were decently quiet, and the internal contribution to the noise was out of all reason. I have often heard groans and cries of pain when it was plain that the source was nearly half a city block away. That is absolutely unnecessary. The cost of doors that would muffle if not absolutely confine these sounds is surely not prohibitive. My impression is that hospital staffs simply do not realize the importance of them.

I am acquainted with one hospital where it is the rule to have all doors open, regardless of the wishes of the patients. This makes it easier for the nurses to glance in as they go about their work. The fact that it also opens the way for the curious glances of everybody else who happens to be wandering through the corridors evidently seems to the management a squeamish objection. I know of one large hospital which is equipped with mechanical loud-speakers stationed at strategic points in the corridors. They are for paging the doctors. Something tells me that the patients didn't vote for this stroke of modernization.

There is something so coldly mechanical about the procedure of many of these cher-

ished institutions that I think I would personally prefer, in case of a not too serious illness, to dig a nice cool hole under the shade of a tree and lie there until nature took its course. That idea first entered my mind on an afternoon when I accidentally encountered a woman in labor being interviewed by the statistical clerk of a large hospital before being conducted to her room. The procedure with regard to statistics varies over an enormous range. Some hospitals gather the few items that common sense indicates are necessary; others attack the sufferer with a blank form that resembles a corporation income-tax return.

On the occasion I refer to, the woman was in severe pain and the questionnaire was the most elaborate I have ever seen. She got through in the very nick of time, for her baby was born before the ink was dry. I may be too tender-hearted, but at the risk of being set down as captious I venture to remark that five long minutes for that woman at that time was too much: her baby was born twelve minutes later. The thought also occurs to me that I ought not to have witnessed that scene, but I couldn't help it. There were two doors to the little room where the interview took place and I was standing in a large adjoining office. No one thought of closing the doors.

In many hospitals there is an appalling lack of sensitiveness about the patient's privacy. I can readily understand that doctors and nurses could scarcely be prudish; neither am I. If I err, it is on the other side. Nevertheless I have seen sights that nearly turned my hair white. One I shall relate, although I refuse to believe it is typical. Surely it cannot be. I should not even mention it if it had occurred in some obscure, second-rate institution or under unusual circumstances, but it did not. What I am about to relate occurred in Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D. C., on September 4, 1920, when my daughter Cathleen was born.

There was considerable uneasiness as to whether the doctor would arrive in time. My wife, attired in a nightgown, was conducted to a large ante-room outside the delivery-room. Only one nurse seemed to be aware of the status of affairs and she was battling uphill against the usual hospital telephone service, first trying to reach the doctor and next trying to summon other help, none of which arrived, although the doctor finally got there just in time. I was invited to accompany my wife to the previously mentioned ante-room. I did so and remained with her until she walked into the delivery-room. Yes, she walked in. The child was born about seven minutes later. We had been alone together in the ante-room two hours! And during all of that time no one had appeared but the one nurse!

As soon as I was left alone I looked about the room for the first time—and discovered that there was another woman lying on a very narrow cot, attired in nothing but a nightgown. There was not even a sheet over her. She was in labor and groaning. There were cots available for other women,—I forget how many, but my recollection is two. The room began to interest me and I explored it. The only toilet facilities were under the lid of a wooden box; our grandparents would have called the unsightly thing a commode. I had seen only one before in my life: in a ranch-house in Mexico in 1907. I have never felt more like resigning from the human race than on that unhappy September afternoon. But I paid well for the precious services of that hospital, including a little margin for charity.

I leave to a candid world my criticism of the procedure in this instance: *a*, internes ought to have been present until the doctor arrived; *b*, that woman I discovered ought not to have been alone; *c*, not only should I not have been admitted to a room where a strange woman attired in a nightgown was in labor, but neither should another strange woman, and especially not another strange woman in labor.

I hope that this was a most unusual case, but I am not sure. No one seemed to

regard it as such, nor was there any comment upon it later from anyone connected with the hospital.

Before proceeding to other matters that have come more closely under my observation I wish to say just a few words about hospital orderlies; I have never had any personal experience with them nor has any member of my family, but I have heard them discussed by those who know them intimately. The consensus of opinion is that they are generally bums. They are paid about $30 a month and their board; they are supposed to be in training, but if one remains six months his case is considered unusual. There are few hospitals in which these gentry have not distinguished themselves by insulting nurses and abusing patients. If the police records were available, I think I could say all that is necessary to be said about them by showing how many have been charged with intoxication and assault and battery. I can remember such cases as not uncommon ever since I first saw the inside of a hospital, which was in the year 1905, when I was a cub reporter. Surely some means ought to be found for recruiting these necessary attendants from a better class of men. As matters stand—and have stood for a quarter of a century—the job of orderly is scarcely worth having. That is the basis of the trouble.

There are so many sound reasons for taking a maternity case to a hospital that I would not advise against it, but the reason that weighs heaviest with me is not one of those I have heard doctors advance. For them the hospital is simply more convenient. Everything they need is available, along with nurses. Moreover, it is the patient who comes hurrying through the night, and not the doctor, looking for a none too familiar house on a none too familiar street. Everything the average doctor does for the woman in the usual case could be done just as well in a comfortable uncrowded home if adequate preparations were made. The best argument for the hospital, as I see it, is that the woman will not have household activities thrust upon her attention for two weeks. As far as I have observed, that is about all the hospital really offers her at present—and it is a great deal.

My argument is not that the hospitals ought to be burned down, but that they could do a great deal more to earn their salt, and so could the doctors. The hours of labor in maternity cases can be and ought to be shortened. A few obstetricians are doing this by such simple and natural processes that, having observed them, I could almost put them into practise myself. That information about the skillful and scientific handling of such cases doesn't spread more rapidly—and that the science itself doesn't make greater progress—is due, I believe, to the fact that the vast majority of doctors simply aren't interested. Every doctor knows that these cases are rarely dangerous and seldom even difficult. Therefore, he is not confronted with the immediate danger of losing his patient. The child will be born and the woman will live. Why should he sweat unduly or burn the midnight oil? Child-bearing is a normal and natural function. Clean hands and a modicum of experience are the only absolutely essential requirements; nature will do the rest.

But real skill could be of vast importance if there were sufficient enthusiasm for acquiring and practising it. There is much talk about progress in obstetrics and women go to hospitals because they expect to find it there, but if my observations are worth anything it is mostly talk. Let me submit one tiny little item of proof that I don't believe the boldest defender of the medicos will be rash enough to question: a skillful man thoroughly conversant with the use of anesthetics can save a woman at least two hours of the last and by long odds the severest of her pains. Moreover these come when she is utterly worn down. To her those long last hours are ages. But most doctors are afraid; either they use no anesthetics at all or very, very little. They are afraid because they don't know

enough about anesthesia. And they don't go to the trouble to become experts because it isn't necessary. Only the woman suffers; they don't. If it were a diphtheria case and only ether would do the job they'd have to learn or lose their cases. But the child will be born without anesthetics and the mother will live.

IV

I have often wondered why so few doctors realize that severe and prolonged pain produces just as bad effects as poisonous toxins and ought to be fought as though it were a deadly germ. I believe that it ages its victims, and I have seen it produce changes in their appearance that either remained with them the rest of their lives or disappeared only after many months. I know a beautiful woman whose hair and eyes turned several shades darker after a painful operation. Her hair entirely lost its wave and glossy sheen and hung like strands of dirty rope for nearly a year; then it reclaimed its former glory. I know from personal experience that the shock of a very painful but really slight and superficial cut made me weak and unsteadied my nerves for a month.

It isn't enough to deliver a child and assure the mother that she will not die of blood poisoning from dirt. She is entitled to more than that. I have seen pain age women prematurely and sap their vitality. By every safe and reasonable means it ought to be reduced. It is the duty of doctors to fight it exactly as they have attacked yellow fever and smallpox. The means and knowledge necessary to this campaign ought to be housed in hospitals. That's what hospitals ought to mean in maternity cases. As a matter of fact that's what they do mean to the public, but it isn't there. Everything depends upon how much the individual doctor knows. The hospital staff will give him all the coöperation he demands and not one iota more.

When a woman goes to a first-rate hospital under the care of a first-rate physician she ought to be assured without any question of every aid that science has devised. Well, she isn't. As a rule she bears her child with the immemorial pain. Absolute cleanliness is the principal advantage she has over her great-grandmother. Considering the bill, that isn't enough.

In most of our great cities there is a steadily declining birth-rate. More than one factor, of course, enters into the situation, but surely not the least important one is that a baby can quite easily cost $1000, and not be registered under the name of Rockefeller, either. But let's drop below this figure and itemize a more ordinary bill. Let's put the room down at $10 a day; that's $140 for two weeks. There will be various extra charges and numerous incidentals not directly connected with the hospital that will bring the total to $200. The doctor's fee is not regarded as very high now if it is $250. Make allowance for extra expenses due to a temporarily disrupted household and the total will be $500. This figure will be familiar to thousands of New York City bookkeepers and clerks.

That's quite a lot of money, I think, considering what it ordinarily buys. It seems to me that it ought to buy all the obstetrical science there is on earth. But if you want it all you must move into the realm of the $1000 specialists. In all this, I submit, there is a violation of sound public policy. It would be all right for monkey gland operations; most of us can worry along without them, but all of us have to be born of women. And the women go on suffering.

FORT LARAMIE, 1834-1928

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

Skylike grew delphiniums
Through the planking cracks in the two-inch floor;
This is Wyoming walking in,
I said, through an open door.

Wyoming is old as a rotting plank
That is not humus yet,
Blue flowers walk through an open door,
They grow through puncheons in the floor,
Petals blow on the trapper's hearth.
Under this floor and in the earth,
I said, is a taproot net,
And the roof is a thing the sun shines through
To make Wyoming flowers blue.

I touched the frame, there was no door,
It was a place where a door had been;
I said there was a time before
These bluest flowers came walking in
When such a quiet opening
In a strong wall in the afternoon,
With no one here and a strong door gone,
Would have been a fearful thing.

(I said Cheyennes and Sioux left more
Than silent flowers upon a floor.)

I watched the pigeons roar and pound
And drag their tails upon the ground,
And I said these walls are thicker than
The arm's length of a prairie man,
But I said a pigeon circles through
These four white walls of stony mud
As if no smoky pane had ever
Turned the sun to pigeon's blood,
I said does anyone recall
When birds did not fly through this wall?
My hand touched the bud of a blue flower's coming
And I heard a pigeon's mating drumming;
What is Fort Laramie? I said,
There flows the Platte, here are the dead:
They lie in a fold of the greasewood ground,
A few were killed and some were drowned,
And some had reasons for knowing why
Any place was a place to die,
And I looked to see if any stone
Said *Better die here than in Oregon*,
And I looked for letters that could be pieced
Into *We died here on our way back East*.

But I found no words from the honest dead
For the living had marked the stones instead.

Lone men grow honest when they die,
You can sometimes tell by the way they lie
Where they were going and why they stopped,
But these, I said, have all been propped
In cottonwood boxes of compromise
With coppered eyes on paradise
And backs set tight against the world,
With arms well crossed and fingers curled;
How many death-set arms were cracked
To build a sign the living lacked?
How many honest muscles sprung
To fit a hymn that must be sung?
What is a cross upon a breast
That does not face the East or West,
Here under me
At Laramie?

Fort Laramie is Nature now:
I said if there is any trace
Of how many millions passed this place
Under canvas tilts with faces drawn
On the bitter dream of Oregon,
Then any man is natural
As a prairie dog or a coral thing
Or a wind that blows a mountain down.

Bill Sublette was a coral thing,
This is your reef, too, Broken Hand;
Bob Campbell was a prairie dog,
This is your mound of earth, Bob Campbell;
Jim Bridger was a blowing wind,
This is a mountain's bone, Old Gabe;
Kit Carson, did you write a will?
This graveyard, Kit, is also Nature;
Dreamers, fighters, cowards, lovers,
Here is a plank a blossom covers,
Here is Wyoming walking in
With a blue flower and a pigeon's wing.

EDITORIAL

FRANZ SCHUBERT, at least in Anglo-Saxondom, has evaded the indignity of too much popularity. Even his lovely "Serenade," perhaps the most moving love-song ever written, has escaped being mauled at weddings in the manner of Mendelssohn's march from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Wagner's from "Lohengrin." It is familiar, but not threadbare: I have listened to it within the past week with new delight in its noble and poignant melody, its rhythmic and harmonic ingenuity, its indescribable Schubertian flavor. Nor is there anything stale about nine-tenths of his piano music, or the songs. The former is played very little—far, far too little. The latter are yowled in all the music studios of the world, but the populace remains unaware of them, and so they manage to hold their dignity and charm. Perhaps "The Erl King" and "Who is Sylvia?" have got upon the air by now, but surely not many of the remaining six hundred.

Schubert, indeed, was far too fine an artist to write for the mob. When he tried to do it in the theatre he failed miserably, and more than once he even failed in the concert-hall. There is the case, for example, of "Heidenröslein," to Goethe's words. Goethe wrote them in 1773 and J. F. Reichardt set them in 1793. In 1815, a year after Reichardt's death, Schubert made a new setting. Was it better—that is, considering the homely words? No; it was harder to sing, but not better. Twelve years later the text was reset again by Heinrich Werner, a composer so obscure that even Grove's Dictionary is silent about him, but a man, obviously, with all the gift for simple, transparent melody of a Friedrich Silcher. When "Heidenröslein" is sung today it is to Werner's melody, not Schubert's.

Great stretches of Schubert's music, indeed, remain almost unknown, even to musicians. Perhaps a hundred of his songs are heard regularly in the concert-hall; the rest get upon programmes only rarely. Of his chamber music little is heard at all, not even the two superb piano trios and the quintette with the two 'cellos. Of his symphonies the orchestras play the Unfinished incessantly—but never too often!—and the huge C major now and then, but the Tragic only once in a blue moon. Yet the Tragic remains one of Schubert's masterpieces, and in its slow movement, at least, it rises to the full height of the Unfinished. There are not six such slow movements in the whole range of music. It has an eloquence that has never been surpassed, not even by Beethoven, but there is no rhetoric in it, no heroics, no exhibitionism. It begins quietly and simply and it passes out in a whisper, but its beauty remains overwhelming. I defy anyone with ears to listen to it without being moved profoundly, as by the spectacle of great grief.

Schubert paid the price that all artists pay for trying to improve upon the world made by the gods. "My compositions," he once wrote in his diary, "spring from my sorrow." Biographers, finding that sorrow in the lives of their victims, search for its sources in objective experience. They hunt, commonly, for the woman. Thus such a colossus as Beethoven is explained in terms of the trashy Giulietta Guicciardi. It is not necessary to resort to these puerilities. The life of an artist is a life of frustrations and disasters. Storms rage endlessly within his own soul. His quest is for the perfect beauty that is always elusive, always just beyond the sky-rim. He tries to contrive what the gods themselves have failed to contrive. When, in some moment

of great illumination, he comes within reach of his heart's desire, his happiness is of a kind never experienced by ordinary men, nor even suspected, but that happens only seldom. More often he falls short, and in his falling short there is agony almost beyond endurance.

We know little directly about what Schubert thought of his compositions. He was, for a musician, strangely reserved. But indirectly there is the legend that, in his last days, he thought of taking lessons in counterpoint from Simon Sechter. The story has always appealed pleasantly to the musical biographers; mainly asses, they delight in discovering deficiencies in artists. My guess is that Schubert, if he actually proposed to seek the studio of Sechter, did it in a sportive spirit. Going to school to a pedant would have appealed charmingly to his sardonic humor. What Sechter had to teach him was precisely what an Arnold Bennett might have taught Joseph Conrad, no less and no more.

II

It is astonishing how voluptuously criticism cherishes imbecilities. This notion that Schubert lacked skill at counterpoint seems destined to go on afflicting his fame forever, despite the plain evidence to the contrary in his most familiar works. How can anyone believe it who has so much as glanced at the score of the Unfinished? That score is quite as remarkable for its adroit and lovely combinations of melodies as it is for its magnificent modulations. It is seldom that one is heard alone. They come in two by two, and they are woven into a fabric that is at once simple and complicated, and always beautiful. Here is contrapuntal writing at its very best, for the means are concealed by a perfect effect. Here is the complete antithesis of the sort of counterpoint that is taught by the Sechters.

No doubt the superstition that Schubert had no skill at polyphony gets some support from the plain fact that he seldom wrote a formal fugue. There is one at the end of his cantata, "Miriams Siegesgesang," and in his last year he wrote another for piano duet. But the strict form was out of accord with the natural bent of his invention: he did not think of terse, epigrammatic subjects, as Bach did and Beethoven afterward; he thought of complete melodies, the most ravishing ever heard in this world. It would be hard to imagine him making anything of the four austere notes which Beethoven turned into the first movement of the C minor symphony. He would have gone on to develop them melodically before ever he set himself to manipulating them contrapuntally. But that was not a sign of his inferiority to Beethoven; it was, in its way, a sign of his superiority. He was infinitely below old Ludwig as a technician; he lacked the sheer brain-power that went into such masterpieces as the first movement and the *allegretto* of the Seventh. Such dizzy feats of pure craftsmanship were beyond him. But where he fell short as an artisan he was unsurpassed as an artist. He invented more beautiful musical ideas in his thirty-one years than even Mozart or Haydn, and he proclaimed them with an instinctive skill that was certainly not inferior to any mere virtuosity, however dazzling and however profound.

This instinctive skill is visible quite as clearly in his counterpoint as it is in his harmony. Throwing off the pedantic fetters that bound even Bach, he got into polyphony all the ease and naturalness of simple melody. His subjects and countersubjects are never tortured to meet the rules; they flow on with a grace like that of wheat rippled by the wind. The defect of prettiness is not in them. They show, at their most trivial, all the fine dignity of Schubert the man. Beautiful always in their simple statement, they take on fresh and ever more enchanting beauties when one supports another. There are passages in the Unfinished, especially in the first movement, that are almost unparalleled in music, and there are passages equally fine

in compositions that are seldom heard, notably the quintette. When Schubert died the art of writing thus seemed to pass out of the world. It was not until the colossal figure of Brahms arose that it found another master.

III

Schubert died on November 19, 1828, a hundred years ago. No man of his generation remains more alive today. He was, to music, its great heart, as Beethoven was its great mind. All the rest begin to seem a bit archaic, but he continues to be a contemporary. He was essentially a modern, though he was born in the Eighteenth Century. In his earliest compositions there was something far beyond the naïve idiom of Mozart and Haydn. Already in "The Erl King" there was an echo of Beethoven's fury; later on it was to be transformed into a quieter mood, but one none the less austere. The man lived his inner life upon a high level. Outwardly a simple and unpretentious fellow, and condemned by poverty to an uneventful routine, he yet walked with the gods. His contacts with the world brought him only defeat and dismay. He failed at all the enterprises whereby the musicians of his day got fame and money. But out of every failure there flowed a masterpiece.

In all the history of music there has never been another man of such stupendous natural talents. It would be difficult, indeed, to match him in any of the other fine arts. He was the artist *par excellence*, moved by a powerful instinct to create beauty, and equipped by a prodigal nature with the precise and perfect tools. The gabble about his defective training probably comes down to us from his innocent friends and fellows in Vienna. They never estimated him at his true stature, but they at least saw that there was something extraordinary and even miraculous about him—that what he did could not be accounted for logically, but lay far beyond the common bounds of cause and effect. We know next to nothing about his mental processes. He was surrounded by third-raters who noted with wonder how savagely he worked, how many hours a day he put in at his writing-table, and what wonders he achieved, but were too dull to be interested in what went on inside his head. Schubert himself was silent on that subject. From him there issued not even the fragmentary revelation that came from Mozart. All we know is that his ideas flowed like a cataract—that he knew nothing of Beethoven's tortured wooing of beauty—that his first thoughts, more often than not, were complete, perfect and incomparable.

Dead a hundred years, he remains in his peculiarly exhilarating and lovely way the greatest of them all. No composer of the first rank has failed to surpass him in this way or that, but he stands above all of them as a contriver of sheer beauty, as a maker of music in the purest sense. There is no more smell of the lamp in his work than there is in the lyrics of Shakespeare. It is infinitely artless and spontaneous. But in its artlessness there is no sign of that intellectual poverty which so often shows itself, for example, in Haydn. Few composers, not even Beethoven and Bach, have been so seldom banal. He can be repetitious and even tedious, but it seems a sheer impossibility for him to be obvious or hollow. Such defects get into works of art when the composer's lust to create is unaccompanied by a sufficiency of sound and charming ideas. But Schubert never lacked ideas. Within the limits of his interests and curiosities he hatched more good ideas in his thirty-one years than all the rest of mankind has hatched since the beginning of time.

Music is kind to its disciples. When they bring high talents to its service they are not forgotten. They survive among the durably salient men, the really great men, the remembered men. Schubert belongs in that rare and enviable company. Life used him harshly, but time has made up for it. Dead a century, he lives on. He is one of the great glories of the human race.

H. L. M.

CASE HISTORY

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

Soon after I came to San Pedro, five years ago, I noticed a shabbily dressed middle-aged man with a small mongrel dog pass by my dwelling two or three times a day, headed for the eucalyptus grove a stone's throw up the road. In time we came to know each other by sight and exchanged conventional greetings and remarks about the weather. The man obviously was a foreigner, perhaps a Slav.

One day I heard him call to his dog, whose name, it appeared, was Complex; and as I casually remarked on the unusualness of the title, he explained, laughing broadly, that the dog was an unusual dog: he had a complex. He had acquired him, he said, a few months before from a friend who used to live in one of the shacks in the grove, and betimes discovered that the trunk of a certain blue-gum eucalyptus near the cottage was, to all seeming, the only object in the world against which . . . "Well, sir, it's a somewhat delicate matter," he told me. Three times a day he had to take the dog to the grove, else the poor animal would pass out in agony. It was a problem for psychoanalysis, no doubt, but so far that science had not tackled canine psychology.

We both laughed as though the case of the wretched dog was the drollest thing in the world. Then we exchanged a few personal questions and, to our mutual surprise, learned that by origin we were both South-Slavs, hailing, indeed, from the same province. The stranger had been in America over twenty-five years, spoke good English, appeared widely (but irregularly) read, and otherwise impressed me as an uncommon Bohunk.

Before long Lenard Podgornik began dropping into my quarters two or three times a week for an evening's talk or a game of chess, or to borrow a book or share a drink with me. We became intimate in a loose, detached sort of way. He seemed glad to have me to talk with, and I found him a pleasant, interesting fellow; a professional lazy man who, as I learned by and by, had worked hard the greater part of his life and then perceived the unwisdom of labor; a wondering, somewhat befuddled cogitator, the kind that one encounters in the most unlikely places; a quaint blending of bum and gentleman.

He had come to America at nineteen, and for the first five years worked in Pennsylvania coal mines and iron foundries. At the end of that time he had saved twelve hundred dollars. A saloonkeeper friend of his urged him to buy an interest in the establishment, but while he was considering the proposition the bank failed and he lost his savings. "Chances are that if I had gone into business," Podgornik remarked to me later, "I'd have lost it too, and perhaps not as neatly." But in those younger days he was less philosophical, and so, returning from work one evening, he picked up a brick lying in the street, went to the bank, and heaved it through the great window on which the name of the wrecked institution was inscribed in gilt letters. The sound of falling glass made him feel good; but passers-by, thinking he was insane, seized him and called a policeman.

In his broken English Podgornik tried to justify his act, but the judge who tried him reacted unsympathetically to his loss of five years' savings and sent him up for

six months. Actually, that judge did him a favor, for except for a few short strikes and a brief illness, this was Podgornik's first rest in America. Moreover, in the lock-up he became acquainted with another Bohunk, a young Bohemian poet named John Novák, a Villonesque sort of character who claimed to have a degree from the University of Prague, to be a political exile from Austria, and to be sought, in addition, by the police of Paris, Vienna, Cleveland, San Francisco, and Reno. Just now he was in jail for stealing a few books from a shop in Pittsburgh, and he happened to be released at about the same time as Podgornik.

They had taken a liking to each other, and when Podgornik remarked that he guessed he would see if he could not return to work, the vagabond-poet advised him strongly against such folly. Why not come with him? He was going West.

So they became partners, bumming through the West, and working occasionally as farm-hands, as saloon porters or as laborers on construction gangs; now and then the resourceful poet even pulled a job which temporarily put them on Easy Street.

One night there was a brawl in a saloon in a mining-town in Montana and Novák caught a stray bullet in his chest. He died saying something in Latin, which Podgornik, having had but two years in the *Gymnasium*, did not understand.

Having buried his partner, Podgornik moved on, but soon discovered that bumming alone was not to his taste: he could not hope to find a partner to take the place of Novák. He drifted to Sunny California, and in Los Angeles he heard of the breakwater that the Federal government was building at San Pedro harbor. He went to the port and found work on the trestle, rolling boulders off flat-cars into the Pacific.

San Pedro, although not one-sixth the size it is now, was even then a lively town, with Front street a solid row of saloons and Happy Hollow a place dedicated to undisguised sin; but Podgornik's tastes, while not of an ascetic nature, found little satisfaction in that direction. He missed John Novák and his crazy, highfalutin talk. Among the people with whom he came into contact he found no one to take the poet's place. He knew a few Dalmatian Croats, but he could not bring himself to enter into intimate friendship with any of them. As for the dagoes, the squareheads, and the native Americans, they were out of the question.

Podgornik was lonesome. He re-subscribed to *Glas Naroda*, a Slovene newspaper published in New York, which he had been getting in Pennsylvania. One day he noticed the wife-wanted ad of a Slovene workman in Colorado, and it occurred to him that maybe it was time he thought of marriage himself: he would soon be thirty, and at that age one should settle down. So he composed and sent off a little advertisement announcing his wish to correspond with a "good, diligent Slovene maiden or young widow without children," and, hinting delicately that he inclined to matrimony, suggested that applicants enclose their photographs.

To his dismay, several hundred Slovene maidens and childless widows all over America answered the advertisement and most of them enclosed their pictures. Lenard spent two months reading the letters and looking at the portraits, comparing the girls' virtues as described by themselves, and classifying them under various headings. At the end he sifted the problem down to six applicants whose virtues appealed to him about equally, and dumped the pictures and letters of the rest into the Pacific. Then he donned his best clothes, went to a barber-shop, and thence to a photographer, and a few days later mailed a copy of his likeness, with a polite request for further particulars, to each of the half-dozen Bohunk maidens. Four of them answered, and in about six weeks, after he had given yet more thought to their merits, as set forth by themselves in greater detail, Podgornik wrote to Agnes Judnich, of Cleveland, Ohio, to come to

California as soon as she saw fit, and invited her, if it turned out to be agreeable to her, to become his wedded wife. She need have no fear, he assured her: true, he was no angel, but in fairness to himself he must say that his habits were fairly regular, that he had a steady job on the breakwater, which would take two more years to complete, that San Pedro was a nice place to live in, right next to the ocean, with the sun shining nearly every day, and that if she made him a good wife, which he thought she doubtless would, he would treat her right.

According to the best testimony, matrimony was a gamble; and Lenard figured that perhaps this was as good a way of getting a wife as any.

II

They exchanged a few more letters. Agnes was a prudent, circumspect girl. His letters were convincing enough, but how could she be sure the man was not a scoundrel aiming to do her evil? Four more months passed, and Podgornik, in his lonely singleness, developed a great longing for a sight of his unknown picture-bride-to-be and finally sent her the fare to California.

Agnes decided to take a chance and Lenard took a day off and met her at the station in Los Angeles. A week later they were married in the Christian manner.

True, Agnes was not the good-looker represented in the photograph, but she was a healthy and competent young woman. She had been in America only two years, working as a milliner in New York and Cleveland, but, as Lenard soon perceived, she possessed considerable information about America. After they had become better acquainted, she told him that the reason she had answered his advertisement in *Glas Naroda* was because she had heard so many wonderful things about California (which, Podgornik reflected, had doubtless been the motive of his other correspondents), adding, however, that she had nothing to regret.

By and large, Agnes made Lenard Podgornik a good wife. She was resourceful and industrious, and possessed most of the other virtues she had specified in her letters. Indeed, she was well-nigh everything that a poor man's wife should be. Although her English was still none too fluent, she found a job as a waitress in a lunch-room almost immediately and worked at it until her first child was born.

Lenard worked on the breakwater till its completion. They managed to save a little and presently bought a lot on part-payments and built a house. From the breakwater Lenard went to longshoring and, although work on the docks was irregular, he managed to keep up the payments on the property and provide Agnes with good medical attention in her annual confinements.

Just before the war he took out his citizenship papers and in the wartime, although an Austrian or Bohunk by origin, he worked at the shipyard in East San Pedro, making big money, while Agnes raised the children. He joined the Elks, cleared the indebtedness on his property, and as the family increased, put up an addition to the house and a shed for the Ford. He listened uncritically to four-minute speakers and bought Liberty Bonds till it hurt.

The war over, he stayed in the yard at a smaller wage, which, however, yielded him enough to provide for his family according to American standards and now and then put a little by. San Pedro was booming, and Lenard and Agnes, lying in bed at night, spent many an hour discussing how they might best take advantage of the boom. They had three thousand dollars in the bank and another thousand in Liberty Bonds. Agnes favored buying a corner lot on Pacific avenue; she had heard that a Jewish merchant downtown had recently acquired several, which surely was a sign that something was soon to happen. Lenard, on the other hand, was inclined to consider a proposition he had been let in on by a fellow named Joe Miller, whom he

knew in the yard. A certain ship-master, Joe, and two other men were getting together to acquire two lumber-schooners that lay anchored in the Outer Harbor and were for sale dirt cheap; they proposed to start carrying lumber from Puget Sound. It was a big thing: after they got going they would all be making money hand over fist, for there was no doubt that a boom would soon strike the whole of Southern California, with the result that shiploads and shiploads of lumber would be required for building.

Podgornik had three days in which to consider the proposition. On the third day Joe Miller happened to pass by him. Well, had he decided yet to get in on the deal or not? Lenard hesitated. Joe shrugged his shoulders; it was immaterial to him one way or another; he could do as he pleased; they could get all the money they wanted in Los Angeles and Long Beach; he had merely suggested it because Lenard was a permanent citizen in San Pedro, and they wanted to give the home folks the first chance.

At lunch-time Podgornik went to the bank, withdrew twenty-five hundred dollars, which was the minumum Joe Miller would consider taking, and, in exchange for a receipt, handed it over. That was the last he ever saw of either Joe Miller or the cash. Two weeks later he learned that the whole thing had been a bunco scheme, whereby eight or ten other workmen in the yard had been similarly swindled out of their savings.

Agnes, of course, was furious. She told Lenard in forceful terms what she thought of him, and he silently agreed with her. The bunco outfit had no window into which he might hurl a brick, and he brooded over his folly. At home he scarcely ate or spoke; in the yard he hardly knew what he was about. At times he walked in a daze.

This was the beginning of a streak of ill-luck. The week before Thanksgiving, soon after they had lost the twenty-five hundred dollars, Agnes won a live turkey in a raffle conducted as an advertising stunt by a grocery-store downtown; and on the eve of the holiday she sent Lenard to fetch the bird. He set out immediately, intending conscientiously to comply with the command, but on returning he met a fellow he knew who lured him into taking a drink out of his bottle. Prohibition and bootlegging were then still in their infancy and the rotgut which Lenard imbibed presently put him in doubt whether he was going or coming. He managed to walk, but in doing so he held the turkey by its legs, so that its squawking head dragged on the sidewalk.

Then a large automobile drew up alongside and he heard himself addressed by a severe female voice which for the first half-minute he was unable to distinguish from the turkey's yapping. The lady in the car appeared to object strenuously to the manner in which he carried the fowl. That seemed strange to Lenard, and, uncomprehending, he walked on. But presently the dame's Negro chauffeur came after him and led him back to the car. Meanwhile the dame had ordered an urchin to hunt up a policeman, and when the latter appeared, she informed him that she was Mrs. So-and-So of Pasadena, wife of Mr. So-and-So, the financier and philanthropist, and second vice-president of the Southern California branch of the Humane Society of the United States. She was also a deputy sheriff of the county of Los Angeles and, opening her beautiful beaded handbag, she produced a gold badge. She had arrested this inhumane wretch, who, on top of his shocking treatment of the turkey, was also drunk: would the officer kindly take him into custody? She was in a hurry for a dinner engagement at the Yacht Club, but would later call at the police headquarters and attend to the case.

Lenard spent four nights and three days in the San Pedro bastille. What became of the turkey remains a mystery; instead of turkey meat, Agnes and the children had boiled beef and potatoes for Thanksgiving dinner; and when Lenard returned home, he found, to his relief, that his wife's

anger had reached the point of speechlessness.

He returned to work in the yard and for days his fellow-workers kidded him about the turkey, for his adventure with the humane Pasadena dame had been duly reported in the *Daily Pilot*. Lenard was annoyed, but tried to appear to take their jibes goodnaturedly. He moved about in a sort of self conscious stupor and one nice day he stumbled going down a narrow gangplank, fell, landed on a fender-log between the dock and the ship, bumped his head against a pile, and then rolled into the water. They fished him out with a broken leg, two fractured ribs, and a cut on the side of his head.

III

He was laid up for three months, and had his second rest in America. Agnes toned down her reproaches; the children were told to let him alone, and now and then a few of the fellows from the yard came to see him in the evening or on Sundays. One of them, Jim Culley, a timid-looking, smiling Irish rigger who, if he knew one, liked to "talk about ideas" and was on that account often suspected of radicalism, brought him a little packet of literature, as he called it, suggesting that Lenard give it the once-over.

Podgornik had not been much of a reader. Years before Novák had stolen books from public libraries and bookshops and made him read them, but he had enjoyed only two or three, and these only moderately. Perhaps Novák's tastes in books had been too high for him. He was getting the Los Angeles *Examiner*, the San Pedro *Daily Pilot*, and the Slovene-language *Glas Naroda* from New York, and occasionally he bought the *Literary Digest* or the *Saturday Evening Post*, to sort of keep up with events, although not infrequently he had a sneaking notion that things were happening in the world that were not mentioned in these prints; that, indeed, everything was not as it seemed; that although he was an Elk and the father of five children and had a document to show that he was a citizen of the greatest country under the sun, he was but a paltry bit of nothing within an elaborate scheme; and that this radical talk one heard from Jim Culley and other fellows possibly was not all hooey, as some of the men thought. He felt all this confusedly without ever molding the feeling into the silent formulae of thought. He had little time for reading and less for thinking. Evenings he was too tired, or there was an Elk meeting; on Sundays, if he had nothing else to do, the kids wanted him to explain the funnies, or take them to the beach and play with them.

He glanced at the titles of Jim Culley's booklets. One caught his eye—"The Right to be Lazy," translated into English from the French of one Paul Lafargue. Podgornik read it. It was a learned Socialistic tract, full of footnotes, references to and quotations from Tacitus, Salvianus, Descartes, Plato, Monsignor Le Play, Saint Matthew, Napoleon, de Villermé, Goethe, and others, most of whom Podgornik had never heard of, unless it was that Novák had mentioned them to him years ago in his discourses on the road, which somehow had failed to touch him very deeply. He read it again; then put it aside and looked at the ceiling.

The right to be lazy! The *right!* . . . Podgornik understood the brochure only in spots, and these were far apart; but as remotely as he perceived the writer's argument, he experienced an inner excitation. A vague thrill passed through his entrails. In view of the arduousness and grimness of his labors in the past and the loss of his savings on two occasions, the philosophy of laziness struck him as very charming and worthy of one's thoughtful consideration. His labors, he suddenly realized, had been unproductive for himself of any beneficial results: here he lay, an old man at forty-one, tired, his body broken, his savings gone. No wonder he had lost his money; no wonder a woman could get him locked up for three and a half days for

carrying upside down a turkey that had been raised to be killed and eaten! He was stupid. His endless labors had made him stupid, a fit object upon which crooks and busybodies might practice their arts. Suddenly he rebelled against work.

Later he told me: "I was so keyed up over this new notion that I sat up and felt no pain in my injured parts, although I was not supposed to move violently. My mind seemed to be flooded with a light—as if the Holy Ghost himself had come over me. I decided that I'd never work again—that is, hold down a job like I used to for twelve or fifteen years. I'd be lazy! Let the others work; they didn't know any better. I laughed out loud. Agnes came in wondering if I had gone crazy or what. I told her to get the hell out, shut the door and let me alone. I was a bit surprised at my own boldness, talking to her that way, and laughed some more. She was sure I had lost my mind and for a while treated me not alone with caution, but with gentleness."

Lenard had Jim Culley bring him more literature, both from his own collection and from the public library. He read Upton Sinclair's indignations about the stockyards, high life in New York, newspapers, and the religious business; Plutarch's lives, Lecky's "History of European Morals," Plato, Gibbon's "Rome," Schopenhauer, Dreiser, Nietzsche, Santayana, and St. Augustine. He read anything and everything.

Long afterward he said to me: "Although I understood hardly one-third of what I read, I felt like a new man. The more I read the more I understood, or thought I did. My English was still very limited, but Jim got me a dictionary; and sometimes when I found out the meaning of some word and all at once things sort o' cleared up in my mind, I experienced a kind of holy thrill—oh, laugh, I don't care!" he exclaimed, laughing himself. "It occurred to me that I was just beginning to live. Jim Culley, who was a sort of poet, insisted that my soul was reborn; Agnes, on the other hand, contended that I was just queer because in falling off the gangplank I had bumped my head. In fact, she believes to this day that a screw was loosened in my cranium—which for all I know may be correct."

From Agnes's viewpoint, Lenard's queerness manifested itself in increasingly deplorable ways, the most appalling of which was his announcement, soon after his much delayed recovery, that he would not return to his old job, waiting for him at the yard. He left the house at eight-thirty in the morning and returned toward evening, having spent most of the time at the library or in Jim Culley's shack in the eucalyptus grove, reading everything from "Susan Lenox" to "The Winning of Barbara Worth," from the *Atlantic Monthly* to the *Smart Set;* or sitting in the park on the bluff overlooking the harbor, walking around, dropping into pool-rooms, talking with Jim Culley's friends, most of whom, like Jim, as Lenard learned, were I.W.W.'s, and, by and by, became his friends too. He liked to listen to these fellows and occasionally put in a word of his own newly acquired book wisdom.

"I was beginning to live," he said to me three years later, "*live*, if you know what I mean. I was getting at the underside of life. And I heard and saw things I had not even dreamed of before, although they were all around me. I could watch flying sea-gulls by the hour. I went on the breakwater with bags of stale bread and fed it to the birds; in time they recognized me before I even opened the bag and flew screeching about me. Or, going over to Jim's shack, sometimes I imagined those eucalyptus-trees to be living beings, as they actually were, moving, waving their arms, assuming all sorts of shapes in the changing light. My faculties seemed to be keyed to a higher pitch. I was living."

Agnes, naturally, could not be expected to appreciate Lenard's new interests. She raised hell. How did he expect the family to exist? Had he no pride? Wasn't he a man? Who would provide for their support?

There was but a few hundred dollars left in the bank, the taxes on the house would soon be due, the children needed clothing, she had nothing decent to wear, and he himself walked around shamefully like a tramp. It was a disgrace for a family man to behave that way. Didn't he want to see his children started out right in life?

Podgornik knew that Agnes was right, but he said nothing; just then he was excited by Dr. Freud's findings, or it may have been by Walt Whitman, the poet of loafing, or by Jurgen, the poet-pawnbroker. But when, some time later, Agnes informed him that the bank balance was less than one hundred dollars, he began to look for a job. He drove an ice-wagon for a month, but gave it up in favor of the milk-route of a creamery concern, which suited him better; he did most of the work early in the morning and then had time for loafing and reading—living. But the young man who delivered milk for a rival company was a go-getter and soon took most of Lenard's customers. Subsequently Lenard tried lobster-fishing in the bay, running a cigar-stand, operating a pop-corn machine, and so on: in one way or another, in the three years following the accident, or the "rebirth of his soul," as he called it, he managed to earn enough to keep Agnes and the kids in food and clothes, to pay taxes and insurance dues, and to still find time now and then to "live"—that is, to read, loaf, feed the gulls, watch the ships, the changing light on the bay, the color of the sky at sunset, and stroll in the eucalyptus grove, smelling the perfume of the trees.

As to Agnes, to his children he was queer; the older boy, indeed, was a bit more drastic and on occasion declared him goofy, while the girl, who was going to high-school, one day came home crying because some urchins in the neighborhood had shouted after her that her old man was a Bohunk and a nut.

This jogged Lenard considerably. He obviously could not be himself and do as he liked: he owed the children a duty, and promised that he would do something.

IV

Six months before I met him, his fortune had suddenly taken a brilliant turn. Favorable circumstances had got him on the good side of Nick Velikanovich, a Dalmatian-American, ostensibly a fisherman, owner of a sizeable smack and a set of purse seines, but really an enterprising member of a booze-running outfit operating a fleet of speed-boats from San Pedro. Lenard suggested that he would like to try the game, and Nick gave him a long look and said O.K.

For three months Lenard drove a prehistoric Ford truck bearing the legend "Fresh Fish—Caught Yesterday," delivering the stuff to Nick's customers in Los Angeles. It was an ideal job. Ordinarily Lenard made his deliveries by noon and spent the rest of the day in the public library or his favorite bookshop next to the police-station, where he met bookish fellows in shabby clothes whose pockets bulged with pamphlets and papers, and who now staggered him with their erudition and then caused him to question the soundness of their minds. Occasionally he took in a matinée or a lecture, or mixed with the crowd of musty old atheists and anarchists in Pershing Square, arguing with young students from the Bible Institute.

The "fish business" had in it an element of risk; but then, Lenard understood that Nick Velikanovich had considerable drag, which he used if one of his people got into difficulties. It was interesting work, like reading a good, honest book; indeed, far more revealing of things-as-they-were than the works of America's foremost muckrakers. Almost weekly he came upon some eye-opener. In a bawdy-house which was among his best customers, for example, he once saw the ladies not otherwise engaged sitting in the reception-room folding the campaign literature of the candidate for reëlection as district attorney.

It was, moreover, the most remunerative occupation Podgornik had ever engaged in.

But then, just as Agnes's hope that they might yet own a corner lot on Pacific avenue was reviving, he strayed again into trouble.

In the Spring of 1923 the I.W.W. longshoremen of San Pedro organized a strike and, tying up the port, gave the shipping interests on the Coast a good scare. Scarcely a vessel moved for two weeks and the go-getters were getting panicky. The situation was a tense one. Policemen, uniformed and in plain clothes, almost outnumbered the strikers.

Lenard was not a radical in the conventional sense of the word. He shared the wobblies' antipathy to work, but was attracted to them chiefly because his friend Jim Culley was one of their leaders. The idea that then intruded itself most insistently on his mind was that life was a futile, elaborate muddle, but vastly interesting as a spectacle—indeed, beyond improvement. In the three years since his "rebirth" he had achieved a jovial sort of cynicism, and had no great difficulty keeping himself from taking sides or getting violently indignant over things.

Sometimes he sat on some wharf in the Outer Harbor or on the breakwater watching hell-divers and pelicans dive for fish, and somehow he could not help thinking of the I.W.W. The bird shot down and in a moment came up with a helpless fish wedged in its beak. That was life: bird ate fish, somebody else ate bird, and so on. Among the animals, members of one species did not, as a rule, feast upon their fellows because the law of the survival of the fittest tended to equality, which in turn led to mutual respect. In human society, however, the weak were preserved and propagated; there were classes among humans that had nothing in common with the classes on the opposite extreme; the go-getting capitalist and the poor working stiff belonged to two different species as widely separated as the hell-diver and the fish. Lenard thought there was nothing that could be done about it: the fish, it appeared, were unable to develop any understanding of what the hell-divers and pelicans were doing, or any means to stop them. The I.W.W. movement was merely analogous to the wrigglings of the fish in the bird's beak.

But he liked Jim Culley above anyone else under the sun. Jim was the midwife who had attended at his "rebirth"; and, besides, Lenard thought that they had a good deal in common. At times he suspected that Jim was only a wobbly agitator out for mischief, for the sheer thrill he got out of stirring things up, rather than a man of deep conviction. It was the Irish in him. Several times before and during the strike he tried to make Jim admit that that was the case.

One night in the second week of the strike Lenard sat with him in the latter's shack. They talked of the situation.

Jim smiled wrily and said: "Well, I'll tell you, Len—far as I can make out, and strictly between you and me, we are striking for the hell of it, showing off our power, going through motions. You had me figured out right. I know that at present it's like throwing rocks at the moon."

Lenard stared at his friend and was about to let out a whoop of cynical delight when the door was pushed abruptly open, admitting four detectives of the Radical Squad who, after placing both Podgornik and Culley under arrest for being Reds, ransacked the shack and seized the small library, everything from the wobbly songbook to Wells' "Outline of History," as evidence.

Two hours later they were in a tank at the Los Angeles city jail. Lenard stayed there three weeks and barely escaped being railroaded, along with Jim Culley, to San Quentin.

V

Meanwhile, Agnes gave the *Daily Pilot* an interview in which she denounced the I.W.W.'s in no uncertain way, came out in favor of American institutions barring none, suggested that all those who didn't

like this country go back where they came from, and regretted powerfully that her poor husband, once a loyal American citizen and faithful breadwinner for his family, had strayed among these obscene radicals. She blamed his misstep, however, not on his innate evil nature, but on the fact that three and a half years before he had suffered a severe bump on his head, which resulted in his becoming queer and not entirely responsible for his actions.

She made no effort to get him out of jail; indeed, she later admitted to him that she had hoped they would keep him in as long as possible: he was worthless, anyhow.

Instead, she went to Nick Velikanovich and arranged with him to take over her husband's work. And—to make a long story short—by the time that Lenard emerged from the lockup, Agnes was doing five times the business that he had done.

Free again, the first thing that he did was to comply with Jim Culley's request to go to the vacant shack in the eucalyptus grove, find his dog and take care of it until Jim came out of San Quentin. He found the animal the second day and took it home. But he soon discovered that the mutt had the unfortunate and unmentionable complex already referred to, and re-named it accordingly.

It was soon after this that I made Lenard Podgornik's acquaintance. We became friendly, as I have said; he told me of Agnes's flourishing business and confessed to assisting her on her busy days; and he seldom visited me without bringing a sample of his best goods. I enjoyed his quaint ways and his talk. Later, one day he took me to the house and I met Agnes, a strapping, capable woman who spoke fairly good American. I came into her confidence and it was amusing to hear her tell me what a wonderful man Lenard had been before and during the war, and propound her bump-on-the-head theory of his present queerness.

As a booticienne Agnes was a vast success. In a year she was in position to buy a large apartment-house in Los Angeles. So she moved with her family, except Lenard, to the city, and thereafter conducted her operations from there, and with even greater profit.

Lenard remained in San Pedro. He had no particular love for Los Angeles. Besides, there was Complex, who had to be taken to the eucalyptus grove three times a day, which would have been impossible had they taken him to the city. Having promised Jim to take care of him during his sojourn in San Quentin, Lenard was unwilling to turn him over to anyone else. And then, too, he felt that Agnes was just as happy, if not happier, without him. He would have to have been blind not to see that she and Nick Velikanovich had become great friends.

He lived in the old house on the bluff, took walks on the breakwater to feed the gulls, bootlegged just enough to make his living expenses and buy an armful of books whenever he went to Los Angeles, played billiards in his favorite downtown hangout, saw that Complex was happy, and came to see me.

One day Complex was run over by an automobile, which saddened Lenard considerably.

Soon afterward Jim Culley returned from San Quentin, and I met him. He was not quite the gay young Irishman Lenard had described to me. He seemed a bit abrupt, distrustful, bitter, impatient; only now and then did his jovial Irish nature come to the surface for a while with the aid of a few drinks.

He told me he had enough of America and was planning to go to Mexico as soon as he had made a stake. He had lived there throughout the war, dodging the draft, he told me; he had learned the language and found the Mexican manner of living, especially in the small, out-of-the-way places, most charming. People there were still human. They lived simply, spontaneously, believed in sin and song. Mexican women knew how to love, and the men were not all wrapped up in business and work.

Then, for some time, I saw very little of either Lenard or Jim. As I learned later from Nick Velikanovich, they were going hot after the shekels, making a stake. One afternoon they came to say goodbye.

"Yes, I'm going with Jim to Mexico," said Podgornik. "Jim tells me it's a real place where a man can live. A man with a soul. I believe him. We'll be partners. If I like it, maybe I'll never come back. Don't say anything to Agnes, though, if you see her. I told her I'm going to Mexico, but she doesn't know I may not return. I don't want to make her too happy all at once. She and the kids will be better off without me. They're Americans. Agnes is, too. She has the American idea. Some day she'll be a rich woman. I—I don't know what I am. I'm nothing, I guess; not even a Bohunk any more. Jim used to say that I have a soul. I don't know. . . . Well, *adios!* You see," he laughed, "I *habla Español* already. *Adios, amigo!*" Evidently, he had had a few drinks.

That was the last time I saw Lenard Podgornik. A while later I received a short note from a place in the state of Sonora. "Boy, I'm *living!*" he wrote. "Everybody here hates work. People here are wise without knowing it. I'm getting younger. Don't say anything to Agnes if you see her. Jim sends regards."

One day not long ago I ran into Agnes on the boulevard in Hollywood. She did not appear particularly happy at meeting me, but I was interested and asked her to lunch. I learned that she had given up bootlegging for more respectable pursuits. She had been caught, but managed to get out of it; and then, as it came to me from another source, she had quarreled with Nick Velikanovich. . . . But she was reluctant to talk of her past. The children were just fine, thank you. The oldest girl was in a school-for-girls in Pasadena. The oldest boy was taking up law. And so on.

"I guess you know that my husband is dead," she said with amazing casualness. "Yes, I got a report from Sonora, Mexico. Official report. A snake bit 'im." We finished our lunch. "Say, what do you think of theosophy? I think it's wonderful, don't you? You heard of Krishnamurti, didn't you?"

I had; but I was more interested in the date of Lenard Podgornik's decease as reported by the Mexican authorities. She told it to me. Later I examined the letter I had received from Sonora. It was undated, but the postmark, although slightly blurred, shows that it was mailed five days after Podgornik's "official" death.

Mexican officials are most obliging. I'd not be surprised to hear from Lenard again.

STOCK MARKET POOLS

BY FRED C. KELLY

Though the chances for success of a stock market pool depend in a large measure on its secrecy, almost anybody—and particularly the man in the chair next to you at your broker's office—will volunteer to tell you exactly what a given pool is up to. Indeed, it seems doubtful if any other subject produces such vast stores of misinformation, all within easy reach of even the humblest seeker.

Beside all the undependable rumors about the actual and concrete plans of this or that pool, there is a widespread myth about a pool's miraculous powers. In the minds of amateur speculators, every pool is rarely gifted (at foreordination and omniscience) and has a magic wand with which it can put the price of a stock wherever it sees fit.

One speculator whispers to another the name of a stock.

"There's a *pool* in it," he says. "They're going to shove it up 30 points. Better get aboard now."

At the word pool the other speculator has pricked up his ears.

"Is it accumulating stock now?" he inquires.

"Sure. It's apt to move any day."

Maybe the truth is that the pool, if one exists, has been feeding out misinformation about a forthcoming move in that stock for the very purpose of unloading its own holdings.

Men who form and operate pools do not have 100 % infallibility. When they succeed in beating the market it is not always or entirely because they have inside information about a particular stock, but mainly, perhaps, because they have learned by experience and observation more about crowd psychology than the general run of speculators. In other words, they are able to anticipate what thousands of others in the market are most likely to do, and to outplay them.

Shrewd pool managers long ago learned that, because man is by nature a bargain hunter, it is easy to sell him stocks when prices are declining. For this reason probably a majority of them sell their stocks to the public on the way down instead of on the way up. In other words, most of us in our zeal for bargains are poor judges of bargains. We may think a stock is cheap simply because the price is lower than it was yesterday, disregarding the possibility that it may be still lower tomorrow. Wise men do not buy a stock until it has been through severe tests and shown an unwillingness to go any lower. But most of us are too impatient to wait for a stock to show its mettle—and consequently we are a great help to the pools.

We see a certain stock climb from, say, $65 a share to $88. Each time it registers a little higher than it has been before we wish we had bought it sooner. The human mind is inclined to assume that whatever has been happening will continue to happen. Hence we decide that a stock that has been on the up-grade will keep right on in the same direction. We are greatly assisted in this belief by rumors that the pool is planning to put it above $100 a share.

The pool has carefully contrived to have just such rumors floating about. Unless there is a widespread notion that the stock is going much higher, who will rush in to buy it?

If we believe that the stock is to sell at more than $100, naturally it looks like a real snap if it is much under its previous top price of $88. You and I and many others say: "If it drops down to $85 again, we'll buy it." So we put in what is called an open order with a broker to buy as many shares as we can afford, at $85.

These open orders to buy at a point a trifle below present price are what the pool managers dote on, for they provide a ready market for the stock they have to sell. Not only does the low price look attractive to the public seeking bargains, but as the price declines farther, more and more people are able to buy, just as more buyers are always available for a low-priced automobile than for a more expensive one. The pool would like to sell all the stock it has at the exact top, but knowing this to be impossible, its managers don't mind feeding out shares on the way down, so long as the average price they receive is considerably above what they paid.

They may start buying at 40, with the intention of making an average of 30 points profit. To do this they may force the price momentarily to 90. But they know they can't hope to sell much stock at that figure, and are glad enough to keep on selling as the price declines until they may sell their last stock at what the public regards as a rare bargain, maybe well under 70.

II

When a group of men form a pool to speculate in the stock of a corporation, they like to include in their number someone who can furnish advance inside information about the company. Maybe this insider is a member of the board of directors. He knows, many weeks before the public has any chance to find out, if his company is going to report increased earnings. By the time the public hears that such good news is soon to appear carefully directed rumors say that the pool is buying. Probably the pool has already picked up most of the stock it wants and is now buying only enough to give support—that is, to keep the price steady and thus make the stock look attractive.

One member of a well-organized pool may be a banker. Indeed, a banker comes in handy, no matter what one is trying to do in a business way. He not only knows where the money bins are and how much money is available, but is in position to peek behind the scenes and discover which other folks hold certain stocks and what they may be up to. But most important of all in each pool is the manager, the man who determines when to buy and sell and in what quantities. Whatever the manager does, if he is competent, this much is certain: he will maintain great secrecy. If anything leaks out about what the pool is doing it is usually because it suits the purpose of the pool to have such information abroad.

When we hear that a pool is about to put a stock up, it would be more accurate to say that the pool is about to have the *public* put the price up. All that the pool manager can do is to use his knowledge of crowd psychology to make the public do as he desires.

When the time is ripe for the pool to stimulate interest in its stock, it begins to advertise, just as a merchant advertises when he wishes to attract customers for a new line of goods. The pool manager employs one of the greatest advertising mediums on earth—the ticker tape. The advantage of this over ordinary newspaper advertising is that it is sure to be seen mainly by possible customers—those who watch stock price movements. It is class advertising. Moreover, once one has placed one's advertisement on the ticker tape, it is reprinted on the financial pages of newspapers, which thus provide a tremendous volume of free publicity. Of course, no advertising space is actually offered for sale on the ticker tape. It carries only the little abbreviated price quotations, such as GM 4.188⅝. But that is all the advertising a pool needs. Its members

know that when their favorite stock begins to look active on the tape, with a decidedly upward trend in price, traders in all parts of the country will instantly observe the fact and murmur to one another: "Looks as if Suchandsuch is about to have its move."

Amateur traders are always saying that this stock or that hasn't yet had its move, and always implying that sooner or later it just naturally must move upward. Indeed, their confidence almost suggests that there are laws, rigidly enforced, which *require* every stock on the board to sell at higher prices when its turn comes. The real explanation is that, whether in the stock market or elsewhere, we are always expecting the things to happen that we hope will happen.

Amateur traders usually buy more readily than they sell, and this isn't surprising. If you buy a stock that you believe is going to sell higher you make money; but when you sell there is no longer a chance for profit. Since everybody is looking for profits, it is natural that people are prompt to accept the first sign of higher prices as a signal to buy. Hence the pool has comparatively little difficulty in putting up prices. It is an old saying that stocks do not *go* up but are *put* up. But, I repeat, if they are put up by pools it is only because the pools are clever at a kind of silent ballyhoo intended to lure the public. The real motive power which forces higher prices is the buying by thousands of small investors and small speculators. You and I, and all the rest like us, are the ones who put prices up. Without us the pools would be helpless.

Since each pool has a manager and he is just a human being, it naturally follows that pools have individual human traits which sometimes show themselves in their methods of operation. Shrewd speculators who are close observers of pool activities sometimes declare that they can identify the manager of a pool by the way a stock behaves. Having observed how a stock has acted in the course of a previous operation under the direction of this same manager, they try to foretell what the current stock may be expected to do later on. If such deductions were dependable one would know just when to sell out ahead of the crowd.

Many clever operators play the market by means of charts which show the movements of a stock, day by day, or even hourly, over a period of many months, together with the daily volume of sales and their relation to price fluctuations. A study of such charts often indicates the support levels and accumulating levels of certain stocks.

The chart for Radio Corporation, prior to its sensational move upward of more than 100 points, would have shown an observer that the stock had twice sold above $100 a share and then sunk back to about $85 without ever going below the 85 mark. Evidently the pool was prepared to support the stock at 85 and buy all the public cared to offer at that figure.

According to the chart, Radio should have been bought at or near $85, and anyone who so bought it would have doubled his money within a few weeks. But other charts showing similar support levels may only serve to lure a person into buying a stock that is soon to go much lower. Hudson Motor had a habit of fluctuating in the 90's for several weeks. Whenever it went down to 91, it seemed to lose interest in going any lower. Many bought Hudson because of the way it looked on the chart. Then a day came when Hudson never stopped going down until it was well under 80. By that time many who had bought in the 90's became alarmed and sold out at a serious loss.

In other words, it is easier to keep a chart than to interpret its story. Even experienced chart-players confess that it is difficult to distinguish between accumulation and distribution. The pool manager may be contriving to make a stock look as if it is a good purchase for the very purpose of creating a ready market for shares the pool desires to sell.

III

To guess what the pool is doing by means of charts would be easy enough if the pool manager were invariably stupid, and did not know that the public is constantly trying to surmise, by graphs and whatever other means are available, what he is about to do. But, knowing that his every move is being watched, the pool manager is naturally on the alert to cover his tracks and make it appear that he is doing exactly the opposite of what he is actually doing. Frequently he is able to make his stock look more desirable at the very time when he knows it has exhausted its immediate possibilities. Equally important, he can often make it look worse just before it starts to rise—when the pool itself needs a little more stock at low prices and desires to frighten timid holders into selling.

Every little while a stock makes a quick advance of from 5 to 10 points and then shortly afterward loses half of this gain. The reason is so-called profit-taking. Traders are not content to wait indefinitely for the ultimate high price they expect, but are glad to clinch a small profit while they have it, and take their chances on getting the same stock back again at a slightly lower price. If a pool considered only its final goal, and had to buy all the stock offered from time to time by others who wish to take small but quick profits, the operation might be too expensive.

If it kept right on forcing prices upward, with no temporary recessions, it would make more money for the public than for itself—which is the last thing on earth a God-fearing pool desires to do.

Knowing that others will take profits after a brisk upward move, the pool beats them to it and sells part of its own stock before an intermediate recession has been completed. Suppose that a stock has been lurking for some time at, say, $44 a share and then suddenly climbs within a few days to $55. The top price of $55 is forced solely for advertising purposes and is maintained only momentarily. For several days thereafter, perhaps, the price is $52, holding there with decided firmness. The public says:

"Oh, goody, goody! Here's a chance to get it for 52, three points below its high, and they say it's going to 80."

But as soon as the public has bought all it desires at 52, the pool quietly permits the price to recede to 48, where it may start in buying again for its own account.

Beside the profits it makes on the major up-swing in a stock, a pool aims also to gain a return from buying and selling at the right time on these minor fluctuations. Hence it is frequently necessary for it to hoodwink the public into buying or selling at the wrong time. When the pool has more stock than it wants, the stock must be made to look so attractive that the public will reach for it. But just before important favorable news is to appear and the pool wants more stock for a sharp advance, the public must be induced to sell part of the stock it has been patiently holding.

When little stock is in the public's hands, that stock is said to be in good technical position. But if the public is loaded up with a certain stock then wise observers say that while it may be intrinsically good its technical position is poor. "Too much stock is hanging over the market." At such a time wise speculators aim to let that stock alone. They wait until the public has tired of it and sold. Thousands of us regularly assist the pools by furnishing the capital for margin and carrying charges until such time as the pool is ready to take the stock over.

Two methods are always available for dislodging stock from the public's hands: by scaring it loose, and by wearing it loose. In other words, we may be frightened into selling when we shouldn't, due to fear of a possible loss, or we may sell simply because our patience is worn down. After holding a stock for several months in expectation of a rise which fails to come, it is natural to think: "That blamed old stock is never going to move. I'm prac-

ically even on it. I might as well sell and put my money into something that *will* move."

Pool managers have learned by experience and observation just how long human patience can hold out in a given market situation and they quietly out-wait the public. The time required to discourage those who are holding an inactive stock often runs from four to seven months—sometimes even longer.

IV

In New York is a statistical student who has enough friendships in leading brokerage offices to obtain from time to time a statement of the number of shares held on margin of a score or more of stocks in which he is usually interested. For eleven years now he has carefully tabulated the total of these lists, and by a study of them he has come to know just what may be considered a normal marginal holding of these stocks. By his observation not only of these figures but of the accompanying market performances in the past, he is able to say with confidence that when the public holding of a given stock is above a certain point—which point his experience enables him to recognize—that stock will *not* move upward.

Since it is impossible for most of us to find out from brokers' records how much of the floating supply of a stock is in public hands, I asked this statistical student if there were any short-cut method by which one could detect too heavy public holding just by looking at the newspaper reports of market transactions.

"You may at least be fairly sure of this much," he replied. "When a stock climbs briskly several points higher than it has been before and then *stays* at or near that high point, the public is sure to buy it and hold it until they finally change their minds about its being about ready to go still higher."

When the papers are full of reports about a certain industry being in a thriving condition, the public may rush in to buy stocks in that industry and such public holding is the very thing that may prevent the stocks, during several weeks or months, from fully responding to good news about the industry.

If you have held a good stock for a long time, but finally grew discouraged because it wouldn't advance, and sold, then the stock is almost sure to take a sudden interest in life once again and start sensationally upward. While you held on, it was just playing 'possum. The pool wasn't just waiting for your stock. The explanation is simply that since human nature is everywhere much the same, a normal person has just an average store of patience and hence we all behave about alike. When you and I have become wearied from holding a stock that seems hopelessly disinclined to come up to our optimistic expectations, and tell our broker to sell, it is almost certain that hundreds of other holders in the same impatient mood are likewise selling. Closing out our stocks at the wrong time is the penalty we pay for being just average.

In accumulating the stock it wants, a well-managed pool has a methodical way of bidding just so much each day and not a fraction more. If it is willing to pay $40 a share for whatever is offered, it bids exactly 40 and pays no attention to offerings at 40⅛. In the language of the stock exchanges, it does not reach for stock. There may come a time, however, when it may suddenly and unexpectedly bid several points higher. Its method of doing so serves as a good example of how a pool manager may use his knowledge of mental processes in the human animal.

If you are seated in a broker's office, day after day, looking at the figures on a great area of blackboard representing the constantly changing prices of various stocks, or if you are looking at the quotations as they appear on the tape, you may observe some morning that a certain stock, long quiet and selling within a narrow price range, has suddenly become active. Not

only active, but at sharply advancing prices. Each sale of several hundred shares is a fraction above the previous sale and after only a few minutes the stock sells four or five points higher than it did when this brisk little movement started. Then prices begin to recede once more and perhaps after half an hour the stock is quiet again. Probably the best price you can obtain, if you try to sell, is the same that has been prevailing for many days.

Here is the explanation: Mr. Pool Manager knows that the average man likes to tickle his own vanity by getting a little better price for whatever he has to sell than other people are getting. When a stock has been selling for a long time invariably around $40, a number of holders of such stock are likely to say to themselves: "I'm not going to sell at $40 but I'll take $43." Others may put their selling price $44 or $45. They don't wait until the stock is selling at the higher figures before trying to sell, but place their selling orders in advance. These open orders may be on the brokers' books for weeks before they can be executed.

The pool manager perhaps makes it worth while for the specialist handling that particular stock on the floor of the Stock Exchange to tell him just how many open orders to sell are on his books, and at what prices. Perhaps the total number is not enough to be worth thinking about. But eventually the number will become important. Then, some fine balmy morning, the pool manager says to his broker, or brokers, "Buy all the stock that is offered between 40 and 45."

That brings about the sudden run-up, somewhat suggestive of a mouse darting out of its hole after a piece of cheese and right back into its hole again. The stock is bid up from 40 to 45, all within a few minutes, and then promptly begins to recede. If the enterprise were not quickly carried out, many who had orders in at 42 would change their minds and raise their price. The pool must clean up all open orders on the various brokers' books before the public has time to learn what is going on. A few traders, noting that the stock recently offered at 40 is now selling at 45, offer their holdings "at the market," that is, without specifying the price. But to their great disgust, the price has probably dropped two or three points by the time their orders are executed.

V

Just as stocks are said not to go up so often as they are *put* up, likewise many stocks do not go down much until they are forced down by pool operation. Pool managers are quick to take advantage of any unfavorable news and to make such news seem more disastrous than it really is. A while ago, the head of a big steel company died suddenly. Though he had been nominally president of his company, he had for a year or two been comparatively inactive. Indeed, his death was in reality an immediate benefit to the company because it placed complete authority in the hands of younger and more aggressive men. But the pool began to dump stock of that company for the purpose of spreading fear and driving down the price of the stock. Other stockholders, noting the sharp decline in prices, began to offer their shares for whatever they could get. The price dropped within a few hours more than 30 points. At that low level the pool bought all the stock offered and then let the news leak out through its publicity channels that the death of the steel man hadn't been so harmful to his company after all.

Because an extremely low price is thus forced by pool manipulation, and is part of a plan to acquire, cheaply, blocks of stock expected to sell higher, many observers are inclined to follow this rule:

When a stock drops sharply and actively to the lowest price in a long time, but during three months thereafter fails to go still lower, then it is probably going, not lower, but higher.

Pool managers even reckon with such human factors as people's number habits.

Most of us unconsciously have definite number habits that enter into our thinking processes. Ask almost anybody suddenly to write down a number between one and ten and the chances are two out of three that he will write seven. For some unknown reason seven is a favorite number with a majority of us. Likewise numbers ending in either five or zero are handy numbers. Our preference for them probably goes back to the days when we were learning the multiplication table and found that we could use multiples of five much more rapidly than other numbers.

According to the census figures, there are always more people aged thirty-five than either thirty-four or thirty-six, simply because it is so easy to say thirty-five to the census man for any age near that figure. Judges sentence many men to ten years in the penitentiary but few to nine years. Even wage scales show the influence of number habits. A man seldom receives $26 a week, but he often receives $25 or $30, or $27.50, which is a compromise between two multiples of five.

Now, these same number habits naturally are felt in stock transactions—and the pools know it. If you will look at a newspaper giving the high and low prices of all stocks on the New York Stock Exchange for an entire year, you may observe a surprising number of stocks whose high for the year was a figure ending in a 4 or a 9, or, in other words, just under a multiple of five. Stocks make a high price of 124 or 149 far oftener than they reach 125 or 150. The reason is that we think round numbers and try to sell at a round number but don't always succeed.

Imagine a room with buyers on one side and sellers on the other side. The majority of sellers are asking, let us suppose, 150 for a stock, but the best bid is only 149. Finally, enough sellers decide to take 149 to fill at least part of the demand. Then the price drops to 148 and lower. All who held out for 150 now wish they had accepted 149. Pool managers are clever enough not to wait for round numbers but to sell ahead of the price asked by others.

Reversing the process, the low price of your favorite stock for the year is fairly likely to be just above a five or a zero. More stocks sell down to 91 or 101 than to 90 or 100. We say of a favorite stock: "If it goes back to 90 I'm going to buy it." But more experienced buyers may get in ahead by bidding 90⅞ or 91.

Inasmuch as a pool endeavors to sell stocks to the public at a price level not likely to be long maintained, it knows the buyers are going to lose money at least temporarily. If you had a neighbor who engaged in the grocery business and constantly sought to unload goods which would disappoint customers and cost them serious loss, you would probably hold such a fellow in contempt. He would have a hard time staying in business. But the pool doesn't deal directly with its customers and doesn't even know who they are, so its ethical standards do not always bear close scrutiny. The truth is, however, that every one of us who fools with the market tries to carry out the same technique employed by the pools—to buy cheap and sell dear. And we do this with no thought of unfair tactics.

Moreover, to give the devil his due, many pool operations probably have a benign influence, for they help to keep prices steady. Many of the most riotous and most dangerous advances in stock prices during this last year were made, not when a pool was operating, but when the uninformed public got excited and kept on bidding up a stock, thinking not of its value, but only that it might sell still higher tomorrow. When realization suddenly comes that a price is too high, then a drop of 20 or 30 points may occur in a single day. The pools often get the blame when the real fault is the greediness of the public.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

BROTHER J. L. BROWN rushes into the *Baptist and Commoner*, of Little Rock, with a defense and disclaimer:

> Some liar circulated the report at Spring Hill that I demanded $150 for holding the meeting. All he lacked of telling the truth was just the whole thing. I made no demands, the church made me no promises, but out of the goodness of their hearts they gave me $54. Bro. Boon, the clerk, thought it was fifty, but on counting I found it to be fifty-four, for which I thank them heartily.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the same celebrated gazette disposes of the Higher Criticism in one round:

> The Jewish people with their laws and customs stand as an unanswerable testimony to the truthfulness of the Bible. The Bible tells us of their origin and history—no other book has evidence to dispute it.
>
> If there was no Abraham why do they hold him as Father?
>
> If God did not make a covenant with him, what started circumcision?
>
> If there was no Moses who gave them their laws?
>
> If there never was a Jacob, who dug the well that is in Palestine that bears his name today?
>
> The Sabbath day is here. When and where did it start, and who started it?
>
> The Bible answers the questions. No infidel can answer them.

COLORADO

THE illustrious Pueblo *Times* advises its readers on a scientific subject:

> That Pasteur was a great scientist is granted by every thinking man and woman. He was a leader of the deep-seeking men of his time and to him and his theories we owe much. His treatment of milk, by which he is best known, one of his lesser discoveries, by the way, has been a God-send to humanity in the days gone by.
>
> Today, however, with Colorado inspecting milch cows regularly, with independent and other milk producers of the State breeding the finest and healthiest cows in the history of the Silver State, the advantages offered by Pasteurized milk are not what they were.
>
> It is not the desire of the Pueblo *Times* to come forward and say that Pasteurization is not beneficial in some cases. We do feel, however, that in this State Pasteurization does not better the milk, primarily because the milk here does not need bettering.
>
> *To look at the matter in another light: If treating cow's milk with 145 degrees of heat improved the milk nature would have put a heating plant in the udder of each and every cow.*

THE HON. ALAN STREETER, writing in the renowned *Author and Journalist*, of Denver:

> A thorough knowledge of how to sell vacuum cleaners is, I believe, one of the most important elements of a literary training. I know that if I were asked to select, from the twelve years that I have spent writing—and selling—copy of almost every kind, the one period that ultimately proved most profitable to me, I would unhesitatingly specify those three weeks that I spent selling vacuum cleaners on a straight cold turkey canvass.

FLORIDA

EDUCATIONAL notice in the Orlando *Morning Sentinel:*

> LETTER FROM DR. BOB JONES
>
> "Dr. Robert S. Woodworth, of Columbia University, says that the median score for college freshmen at 'several colleges of high standing' as shown by the Alpha test is 150. The median score of the freshmen enrolled in the Bob Jones College during the 1927-28 session was 158.55. This means that the students in the Bob Jones College last year were 8.55 points higher in intelligence than the average freshmen in the several colleges of high standing."
>
> The above is a quotation from a recent report which was made by Dean W. E. Patterson, of the Bob Jones College. This is most interesting. Last year the students in the Bob Jones College came from about ten States, but the majority of them were from North Florida and Alabama.
>
> The Bob Jones College is an orthodox institution. We believe the Bible from cover to cover. We still believe that the fish swallowed Jonah, and we believe that Jonah stayed inside the fish for three days and came out alive. "If the Bible said that Jonah swallowed the fish we would believe it."
>
> Please note. Our freshmen ranked 8.55 points higher than the freshmen in the "several colleges of high standing." Here is the significant thing. There were only two students in the Bob Jones College last year who had any question about the authority of the Bible. One of these students was a sophomore who had come to us

from another institution. The other student was in our preparatory department. Both of these boys were converted, and all their doubts were dissolved.

If you fathers and mothers who read these lines will send your sons and daughters to the Bob Jones College, your sons and daughters will have for associates fine intelligent Christian boys and girls. Your sons and daughters will also have godly, scholarly, Christian teachers.

Yours sincerely,

Bob Jones,
Lynn Haven, Florida.

ILLINOIS

Associated Press dispatch from the grand old town of Bloomington, seat of Illinois Wesleyan University:

Two Illinois men vaccinating hogs were accidentally vaccinated recently, but hog virus has had no effect on them. Dr. O. B. White of Stanford, near here, was working with two men on a hog when the animal lunged and broke away. The three were tumbled into a heap and when they got to their feet Dr. White discovered he had injected the virus into the arm of one. Dr. W. H. Welch of Lexington, also near here, vaccinated himself recently when a hog broke away as he was about to administer the virus. No harm resulted.

The survival of Victorian ideas in Evanston:

Invitation

It is our pleasure to advise you that Mr. William Alvin Dudley will give a Lecture at the Evanston Theatre especially for Ladies of the North Shore at three o'clock in the afternoon, on Thursday, and another for adults at 8:30 in the evening of the same day.

Very truly yours,

Paramount Realty Corporation

A. Glenn Pickett, *Pres.* Charles L. R. Holt, *Sec.-Treas.*

LOUISIANA

News item in the *Grant Parish Enterprise*, of the great town of Colfax:

A very unusual accident occurred here Thursday morning. The baby of Mr. and Mrs. Vercher, a child of about six months, was crawling on the floor and managed someway to get the screen open, and to get out on to the front porch, from there it fell into the yard and when it was discovered was completely unconscious. No marks could be found anywhere on its little body, no scratches on its head, but it lingered between life and death for five hours, with not even the practicising physician expecting its recovery. However, it is now steadily improving in spite of the fact that it must have suffered a fatal injury in its fall Thursday.

MICHIGAN

Law Enforcement news from the magnificent city of Detroit:

Moonshine mash clogs the sewers in Wyandotte and prevents proper drainage, Charles Specht, former inspector of streets and sanitation for the city engineering department, testified before the board hearing testimony regarding the proposed $2,000,000 sewer installation. When asked by W. Lee Cahalan, attorney representing taxpayers favoring the project, whether that condition was to be found in all sections of the city, Specht replied affirmatively.

MISSISSIPPI

Brother J. L. Williams, of Enterprise, describes the Law Enforcement ideal in the eminent *Baptist Record*, of Jackson:

If what our missionaries tell us is true, and I do not doubt it, we would learn a valuable lesson in the execution of law from dark, benighted Africa. Over there the accused is held guilty until he proves his innocence. If he fails to prove he is not guilty there is only one penalty—his head is cut off, stuck on a long pole, hoisted in a public place, and remains there thirty days.

MISSOURI

Handbill circulated on the eve of a municipal election in the fair city of St. Louis:

BEAT THE
NIGGER
SEGREGATE 'EM
White Men
SAVE YOUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS
SCRATCH THE
NIGGER
Here is their names

A. Courtney Davis James W. McIntyre
Freeman L. Martin John Keene
Evelyn Scott J. C. Thomas Edgar J. Hall

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Educational news from Durham, seat of the State University, as released to the nation by the International News Service:

What is believed to be the first rolling pin throwing contest ever held in the East was to be staged today under the auspices of the University of New Hampshire in connection with the farm and home week celebration. The target of the rolling pins is a life-size dummy of a husband and the contestants are thirty women trained by Miss Ann Beggs of the home economics department of the university.

NEW JERSEY

News item in the celebrated Elizabeth *Times:*

Thousands of persons have trekked to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Fitzgerald, 151 Fourth street, to view the miracle that appeared before their son, Edward, 32, in the form of an image of St. Theresa etched out of the remains of jello in a dessert dish.

The long stream of men, women and children which has stretched of evenings from the Fitzgerald doorstep to the sidewalk was there again last night. Since only a few could be accommodated in the little parlor where the image is on view, hundreds were forced to remain outdoors. A cold penetrating rain lashed their faces and soaked their clothes and a wind tore at their umbrellas, yet they patiently waited their turn.

The figure, coalesced jello, is not quite an inch high. The eye catches a side view of it. So sharply is it outlined on the glass that it can be distinguished even without the aid of a magnifying glass which was used occasionally last night. The head is seen to be dropped in an attitude of meditation. Falling from the shoulders are the robes of a nun which under a gas light appeared to take on the hue of a Burgundy wine. On close scrutiny, the eye discerns the suggestions of arms holding a spray of roses.

Edward first saw the image as he was seated with members of his family around the supper table. "Look, mom," he said, calling the attention of his mother to it. She and then her husband looked on it in awe. His mother told her neighbors the next day and gradually the word passed around that a miracle had been performed in the name of St. Theresa.

Edward is employed at the plant of the Barrett Manufacturing Company, 86 Elizabeth avenue. He is not married. He is said to be deeply religious, and long had been meditating on the miracles credited to the saint. Only the day before, he is reported to have sent a donation of $25 toward the building of a shrine in San Antonio, Tex.

Progress in a favorite sport among 100% American women, as reported by the enterprising East Orange correspondent of the Newark *Ledger:*

Wives of East Orange Rotarians will carry their favorite rolling pins when they attend, with their husbands, the Rotary meeting to be held at the spacious home of Nelson Knapp in Hibernia. A huge target resembling the head and shoulders of a man will be erected. The women will line up and the sham battle will begin. A grand prize will be awarded the wife who best proves her ability as a marksman with this type of weapon over a twenty-five-yard course.

NORTH CAROLINA

The Hon. L. E. Cooper, music critic of the Asheville *Times*, reviewing a performance of "Aïda":

Miss Glade [who played the part of Amneris] is pretty enough to make a wonderful singer some day.

The gifted S. P. Stapp favors the *Biblical Recorder* of Raleigh with a new hymn:

Tune: "Living for Jesus"

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus
Numbers, Deuteronomy,—Listen to us!
Joshua and Judges and beautiful Ruth
Two books of Samuel, the prophet of truth.

Chorus

Then 1st and 2nd Kings, and Chronicles one and two
Ezra and Nehemiah and Esther brave and true,
Then Job and the Psalms of David, and Proverbs for the Son;
Next comes Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon.

Isaiah the prophet and then Jeremiah,
Then Lamentations with weeping so dire,
Ezekiel and Daniel so faithful and bold
Who lived in the lion's den, by the Book we are told.

Chorus

Hosea, Joel, Amos, and next comes Obadiah,
Jonah and then comes Micah, who told us God's desire
Nahum, and next Habakkuk, and Zephaniah, then
Comes Haggai and Zechariah, and Malachi the End.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, the Gospels did write,
The Acts of the Apostles Luke too did indite.
Romans, Corinthians with books one and two,
Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians too.

Chorus

Colossians, two Thessalonians, and Timothy one and two,
Then Titus and Philemon, Hebrews and James so true.
Then First and Second Peter, and John 1, 2 and 3,
Then Jude and Revelation last, so great in mystery.

From an article entitled "North Carolina Baptists and World Conquest," by the Rev. Charles E. Maddry, D.D., in the same eminent journal:

The great problem of the Almighty since the beginning has been to find a race through which He could bless and lift up all races. . . . The Anglo-Saxon is the summing up of all the races. Into the melting-pot God has for centuries been pouring the best of all races, and out of the fusion of all He has evolved His one supreme world race, His second Israel to be a blessing to all the races. . . . The last home of the Anglo-Saxon in his purity is in the South.

OHIO

The eminent *Press*, of the rising town of Huron, advises its readers on a literary subject:

> Don't fail to see "Les Miserables" at the Huron Theatre tonight. Although it has the same name, "Les Miserables," the picture is quite different from the book. The book is not recommended.

PENNSYLVANIA

Episode in the life of a 100% American household of Chester, as reported by the local correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

> A real live devil was worsted in an encounter with three residents of the western section of the city early today. An awesome-looking creature, "three feet high, with red flesh and horns," awakened Mrs. Andrew Turk, a daughter of Mrs. Mary Stitcher, of 2222 West Third street, from her sleep when it flew against a curtain and into her bedroom.
>
> "Shortly after my husband and I retired," Mrs. Turk said, "I was awakened by the rustling of a curtain. I aroused my husband and asked him to investigate the sound, telling him there was something behind the curtain. Mr. Turk drew back the curtain and we were amazed to see this thing, about three feet in height, lying on the floor under the window. My husband picked up a piece of clothing and tried to hold the creature back, but it came closer to him and as he retreated he took a stick lying in the room and pressed it upon the thing, holding it firmly to the floor. All the time the devil kept emitting a peculiar buzzing noise. By this time all of the roomers in the house were in our room and saw the creature which was lying on a rug. Its wings were spread to their full width. Two men took hold of the rug and hurled it out the window, without attempting to remove the devil. The household was relieved at riddance of the thing. Mr. Turk told several neighbors about the thing and they agreed with him it was a Jersey devil."

Thrilling experience of a free citizen of Quakertown as recorded by the Sellersville *Herald:*

> Charles Kiesele, of Quakertown, who is employed at the Item Publishing Company plant, had a miraculous escape from being cremated Wednesday morning, when the Chevrolet sedan he was driving mysteriously caught fire. He noticed clouds of smoke pouring from what he thought was his pet pipe, but upon investigation discovered the upholstering on the side of the car was ablaze. Mr. Kiesele, with rare presence of mind, held his hand over the burning spot, and stepped on the gas, getting to Rocky Ridge in record-breaking time. When the fire alarm was sounded, he discovered the Rocky Ridge Fire Department was out harvesting oats, so again using his presence of mind, he expectorated generously on the blazing upholstering. The damage as a whole, was a mere hole in the up"hol"stering, about the size of a Canadian dime. The loss is fully covered by insurance. Later investigation resulted in the supposition that a spark from his pipe, ignited the inflammable material.

The celebrated Scranton *Republican* gives a welcome to the author of the dictum that Calvin Coolidge is "the greatest personal and political force in the world today":

> Simeon D. Fess, Welcome to Scranton!
>
> There comes among us today one of the half-dozen most substantial American statesmen, not on affairs of state; a leader among the many millions of Republicans, not to canvass us for votes; a leader in the United States Senate, a friend close in the confidence and counsels of the President of the United States, with the toga and the mantle of national politics and international diplomacy for the moment doffed.
>
> How truly characteristic of American habit of mind that this leader can come to us to speak of the subjects of his first love—of Education to Educators in Teachers' Institute assembled.
>
> Teacher, lawyer, college professor, college president, institute lecturer, Dr. Simeon D. Fess comes to us today as he did eighteen years ago, when unknown except of educators, he spoke to teachers of Scranton; now, as then, in response to the invitation of the Superintendent of Schools of Scranton.
>
> In these eighteen years Scranton has changed by growth, education in Scranton has developed in keeping pace with mighty evolution of American education, and now, in Scranton, is more nearly perfected than it has ever been, the teachers to whom Dr. Fess will speak are more than doubled in number, have come to be recognized as of a high profession, and in personnel and preparation they, too, have kept the pace and helped set the pace.
>
> The changes have been indeed momentous. But the change and forward march of Dr. Fess to Senator Fess have perhaps outstripped all these other changes.
>
> Ripe in wisdom, with experience as an economist, a master of statecraft, as temporary chairman and keynote speaker of the great Kansas City Convention, as the man who eloquently notified Senator Charles Curtis of his nomination, he comes to us today; and Scranton is proud to welcome him.
>
> He is indeed a distinguished guest.

SOUTH CAROLINA

A talented Greenville constable breaks into the columns of the eminent *News* thereof:

> Reports that drunken men have appeared in the neighborhood of the girls' camp at Glen Grove and have bothered persons there were yester-

day afternoon investigated by State Constable Joe Robinson and Deputy Sheriff Ernest Cothran, and arrangements made to furnish regular protection for the persons in camp. While no one was found who could be shown to have bothered the campers, warnings were issued and a resident of the section deputized to keep strict watch over the camp and prevent any trouble.

After their official investigation was over, Constable Robinson entertained the girls in the camp with dances and song, put over in professional style. A heavy downpour of rain did not halt the performance, and the officer did jigs and reels and sang comic songs for about an hour.

TENNESSEE

SPIRITUAL exercises in the Gospel and Chigger Belt, as described by the *Baptist and Reflector* of Nashville:

Some twelve months ago the local church of Christ (Campbellite) challenged the local Baptist church of Christ at Grant for a discussion. The challenge was accepted, and Elder Sam Edwards of Cookeville was chosen to represent the Baptists and the Rev. J. L. Hines of Texas was chosen to represent the followers of A. Campbell. The discussion lasted eight days.

The first four days general church propositions were discussed, as follows: "The church of which I, Sam Edwards, am a member, known by my brethren as a Baptist church, is scriptural in origin, doctrine and practice." Hines led off with a great deal of gusto, stating the church of which he was a member was organized on the day of Pentecost in the city of Jerusalem at 9 A.M., Sunday morning, A.D. 33. It was real amusing to see the embarrassment of Hines and his backers when Brother Edwards informed the people that no mention was made in the Bible of any sort of a church being organized on the day of Pentecost, and then showed beyond the possibility of a doubt that Hines' church is a sectarian denomination and dated no further back than 1827, and that the variety of sect to which Hines belongs had a more recent origin since they split off from Campbell's sect. He proved this beyond question.

When Edwards led Mr. Hines rushed in with Whitsitt's book and stated that John Smith organized the Baptist church by sprinkling himself in 1609; but when Edwards got through with him and John Smith, he looked like he wished he had staid at home. Anyway, he was sick as it was, and his folks sicker still. Brother Edwards took Hines' own writers and the founders of his sect and the scholars of all denominations and carried the Baptists back to apostolic times and Hines just couldn't help it.

The last two days Hines affirmed "The Scriptures teach that the believer on Christ will be damned unless immersed." The general trend of so-called arguments were produced by him, but melted like snow in sunshine when tested by the word of God. Brother Edwards the last two days affirmed, "The believer on Christ will be justified and saved before and without baptism." He sustained his proposition beyond controversy.

The debate was moderately well attended. There were eighteen Baptist ministers present all or a part of the time, while six or eight of Hines' brethren were in and out now and then.

The debate was seriously hurt by the ugly demeanor of the speakers and congregation. Hedge's rules of logic were adopted by the debaters to control their conduct, but these rules were thrown to the moles and bats the first day by Mr. Hines, whose conduct won for himself the condemnation of all respectable people and was seriously criticized by some of his own brother ministers, two of whom said such debating is why religious discussions are now unpopular. For instance, when Brother Edwards asked him when and how did the apostles get into the church, his reply was: "You are a liar." Again, when he asked, "Are there two plans of salvation?" Hines answered, "You wouldn't know if I should tell you."

Brother Edwards raised a storm among "the Christians only" when he boldly asserted there are only two places where there is no instrumental music and that is "in a Campbellite church and in Hell." Hines then got a move on him and said: "The damnable doctrines of the Baptists has landed more people in the penitentiary than all other sects combined and taught Frank Norris that he had a right to shoot men to death in cold blood," and "hell hounds" had been after A. Campbell ever since he restored the dead church of Christ. Presbyterians, Methodists and others were unanimously outspoken in their indorsements of Brother Edwards. Hines undertook to break up this indorsement by shouting: "Yes, Judge Edwards will defend you; but when he comes to the Lord's table, he kicks you out of the house of God." Judge Edwards replied: "Hines not only kicks you out of the church and refuses to commune with you, but kicks you into Hell unless he or some other Campbellite preacher like himself dips you into some creek or pond." This retort brought down the house.

Judge Edwards fought a remarkable battle and under existing circumstances covered himself with honor and Christian conduct, while Hines left for his home in Texas, carrying with him the condemnation of the public as a man without courtesy, manners, fairness, truth, religion—in a word, a regular "wrangling Campbellite," never to be invited again to represent his people here. His conduct was reprehensible in the superlative degree.

CULTURAL item in the Jefferson City *Weekly Standard:*

Sam Massengill, of Jefferson City, says he has the best violin in the world. It is an old Stradveres, and was made in Germany. He has been offered $300 for it. It can be seen at the Service Shoe Shop in Jefferson City.

HANDBILL of a local divine, widely circulated on and about Lookout Mountain:

LOOK! LOOK! & LISTEN!

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CITIZENS OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

I have started a Barbecue pit.

From now on Each & Everyone can get Barbecue Meat Every Saturday. Lamb, Pork, Veal, & once a week Chickens.

For 25 years I have been barbecuing here on the Mountain and around the whole community, for the conventions that has been held in Chattanooga.

I have barbecued over a 1000000 pounds of Meat for Mr. Charlie Willingham for these conventions. If any information you would like to know call Mr. Willingham or any citizen of the Mountain that knows of my cooking. The Mountain is one of the greatest places on earth and we hope to make it the greatest in everything. So when you want a first class piece of Meat call F.925-J. My pit is on Pine St. Notify me a day ahead.

I will come to your home and barbecue for you, and for church barbecuing I do not make any charges. I'm always ready.

I am your's very truly,

REV. E. H. DIAL

TEXAS

PASTOR W. W. STOGNER in the far-famed *Baptist Progress* of Dallas:

The man who can stand up and say without blinking his eye, "I am a Baptist," says a mouthful, and says enough.

VIRGINIA

THE HON. BENJAMIN E. RUFFIN, of Richmond, speaking before the Lynchburg Lions, as reported by the *Daily Advance:*

Touching upon the religious phase of Lionism, Mr. Ruffin said in effect that Christ was truly a "Lion of Juda," and he favorably compared the Saviour's healing of the crippled and blind with corrective work being done by Lions Clubs of America. The calling of the Disciples by their first names and the "singing and talking as they gathered at their suppers" was held by Mr. Ruffin to be a direct forerunner of Lionism.

MEXICO

THE eminent *Diario del Sur*, published at Oaxaca de Juárez, Oaxaca, welcomes the American Ambassador:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE AMBASSADOR OF

THE UNITED STATES

Most Excellent Monsieur Ambassador:

Now that you are anointed with the glittering munificence of this sky of Oaxaca, you have roused from sleep at the same time you are breathing the fragrance of a land which is far from being similar to yours, your country where the huge factors of industry go beyond, singing the victory of progress through the fields of North America. . . . No, this piece of our country, is quiet, peaceful, but full of hopes which await with supreme anxiety the crystallization of approach ideals—basis of the material approximation—that enliven the vehement desires of the most Characterized and heartily disposed thinkers of our times.

Now that you are living in a calm parenthesis, in the tangible stillness of this provincial manor-seat, will arrive to your ears and to those of the personages who accompany you, the sweetest songs, which breaking into a healthful merriness, are the peace-bearers of the people of Oaxaca, which carry the national message of peace and fraternity to the people of North America, the very message which the unfortunate and glorious Quijote of the Airs, Emilio Carranza, carried as far as the Capitol of Washington, and who attached to your notable and astonishing Lindbergh, wrote with gold stars on the blue sky of the Continent, the name of Mexico and United States.

El Diario del Sur, the valiant knight, the only speaking-trumpet of the Oaxacan public opinion, gives to your excellency and to the honorable gentlemen who accompany you, his open hearted welcome, and with the firmness of the mythological hero, exclaims: SALUTE, heralds, messengers of progress! . . . Come near us, and joined, let us labor for the welfare of our children, for the welfare of humanity! . . .

PEOPLE OF THE RIGHT KIND

BY MAURICE S. SULLIVAN

The Filipino laborer was talking. He was not pleased with the effect of the land of the free upon the little brown brother.

"When I came down United States," he said, "on the boat was lawyers, four; engineers, six; chemists, three. Each one had six hundred dollar. Now all gamblers—gambole at Stockton. If I could make spaitch I would go home to Philippine Islands and say: 'Filipino young men come down United States study to be lawyer no study lawyer. Study gambole. To be engineer no study engineer. Study shoot pole. To be chemist no study chemist. Study to be bum.' My brother was bachelor of arts Philippine Islands. He teach there. This country he shoot crap. I saw wood—so! He owe me three hundred dollar. I never get."

The pensive Italian near the end of the table looked up from his food and caught the speaker's eye. He drew the back of his hand across a frowzy mustache, and shook his head commiseratingly as one who knows all's not well with the world. Then he raised a finger in the manner of the late Dr. Munyon, and said:

"Mussolini! No dam' good!"

Thirteen of us sat on benches at a long, oilcloth-covered table in a tent on the Coahuilla Indian Reservation. The malefic potency of the number interfered with no appetite. Imminent and more perilous forces were at work, because to arrive at table a few minutes late was a sign of bad luck immediately fulfilled.

The company changed according to the vicissitudes of labor, the zeal of the authorities, or the call of the Tullian jungle. Naturally, as the tent was pitched on Indian property, no Indians were present; but from time to time we had with us the little Filipino, the Dago, the Bohunk, the man who told the United States Senator where to get off, the Red whose mission in life was wising up the workers, the village bootlegger, the youth who was trying to pass himself off as a Negro, and several other brethren, both colored and white.

While it was agreed that all Indians are a lazy lot, and have no business holding land they make no use of, there was otherwise a most lamentable lack of 100% Americanism in the gathering. Seditious statements were uttered about Charles Evans Hughes, the Postoffice Department, and other cherished American institutions. Not a single orator delivered an address hymning the Land of Opportunity. The spirit of topolatry was not in evidence. An inquiring representative of the Los Angeles Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association would have discovered that there was some doubt among the lads that California is now or ever shall be God's Own Country.

Witness the Filipino, who, in company with a Negro, had turned aside from the highway and taken a job operating a buck-saw. He had seen, as he said, civilized young men leave the Philippine Islands for California, intending to become lawyers, engineers, or chemists, only to go native in the pool cue forests of Stockton. And the Bohunk complained: "This country—nothin' but pay, pay, pay. You work. You get money. Then you pay somebody for somethin'."

When those at the table had engulfed

sufficient to keep body and soul together until next meal-time, and the plates had been pushed away, there was a general lessening of tension. Conversation, argument and oratory began.

"I see they're tryin' to get the Bible into the schools," said Horace the Bolshevik. He seldom shaved; bristles matted his cheeks and neck. Small eyes set deep in his head had a reddish, menacing tinge.

It was a theory of Horace, never expressed but quite apparent, that every topic of discussion, every event in the news, bore a definite relation to the tiff between capital and labor. He moved back, sat sideways, put a thumb in an overall suspender, and adopted his best School of Social Science manner.

"The Bible," he announced, "is a London institution. There are two forces behind this move. London and Rome. Their game is to put this Bible over on the workers."

Now, Horace was a devout atheist, so he warmed up to his subject.

"They want to put over such stories as the one about David and Goliath. Just think! (The workers has to think, nowadays, or they'll get the worst of it every time). A little fella named David comes back to his army with a story that he has killed a big ji'nt named Goliath, by peggin' a stone at him. This ji'nt was about twelve feet high and covered with brass and he had a sword like a telegraph pole. Everybody in them days was a-scared of him. Yet this young fella goes out without any sword or any armor, and then comes back with the story he killed this ji'nt by peggin' a stone at him.

"David couldn't get on the platform with that story now. No, sir! He couldn't tell that on the platform. Why, they wouldn't let him and his slingshot on the platform at all, in this day. The workers are gettin' wise. They think for theirselves, now."

Nobody spoke up for David. Newcomers supposed at that first meeting that Horace was quite as ferocious as he looked.

Someone asked: "What really happened to this ji'nt?"

"I don't know the straight of it," admitted Horace. "But it's my opinion he just took a notion and died."

He scratched his back luxuriously on a square pole just behind the bench.

"Y'understand," he expounded, "them stories were got up by London and Rome to keep the workers in the place they wanted them. What must we do? The workers must be educated. They must learn about things. Then these fellas won't be able to pull the wool over their eyes. I was like you fellas once. My family wasn't much on schools. I saw what I was lackin' in. So I went out and got an education."

One or two of the company were amused; but several were not a little irritated by the implication. The pensive Italian near the end of the table stopped eating, leaned forward and attracted Horace's attention. He shook his head sadly, and said:

"Mussolini! No dam' good!"

II

Although geographically Palm Springs lies in the Watch-Us-Grow Belt, for a long time it was protected from Los Angeles by a hundred miles of space and a mountain range. True, mere miles have never deterred the boosters of El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula; a resort in the heart of Death Valley, 275 versts away, was claimed immediately it was established, and the Eastern rotogravure newspapers have been beguiled into publishing illustrations of Los Angeles scenic attractions which are in fact as distant from the city as Philadelphia is from New York. But the delights of Palm Springs, over the hills and far away in the Colorado Desert, partook of the esoteric until very lately.

From time immemorial it had been the home of the Agua Caliente branch of the Coahuilla Indian tribe. A mountain 10,000 feet in height, tapering off into lesser hills, wrapped granite arms about them. Inhos-

pitable desert helped make the paths to their oasis relatively untrodden ways. In Summer, sun rays in a temperature of 120° were a scourge to the rind of *el norteamericano*. The Indians were gathered around palm-fringed medicinal hot springs, sousing in them for such homely humours and poxes as fell to their lot.

Gradually, however, the paleface, lured by the gentle warmth in Winter, got a good hand-holt on a desirable part of the oasis. An inn, a postoffice, and a store became necessary, and hence were tolerated. But so recently as ten years ago the settlement was still Arcadian. Consider the words of a literary resident, one Joseph Smeaton Chase, as recorded in the book, "Our Araby," dated 1920:

> Village is a pretty word, though ambitious settlements are keen to disclaim the implied rusticity and to graduate into the rank of a town or city. Palm Springs has no such aims, and is well content to remain far down the list in census returns. We decline to take part in the race for Improvements, and are (so we feel, anyway) wise enough to know when we are well off. Rural free delivery does not entice us. . . . Electric lights? No, thanks. . . . To us cement sidewalks would be a calamity.

Alas for all dreams of simplicity! Artists, smocked in lavender, began to infest canyon, crag and dune. Sinfully rich persons built costly homes in the sands at the foot of the mountain. Hordes of the enlightened fetched thither the complicated murrains and distempers to which civilized man is heir. Charging only two bits the bath, the Indians reaped a pretty profit.

Lots were held at $50 a front foot. It was apparent that the natives had a good thing. Those springs should be developed by someone who knew how to make proper use of them. The right man could get a dollar, easily, from every spavined Hollywoodite who applied for a dip in the healing waters.

Wires were pulled at Washington. But it seems things have changed. Time was, when Indian lands in California became desirable, the autochthones were gathered and told that it was the wish of the Great White Father that they move farther out into the desert; and singularly, the Great White Father always got his wish. But in these degenerate days, ladies who are not aware that women's place is in the home form Indian Affairs Committees and butt into matters which they should leave to men. Consequently it is very hard, now, for a forward-looking man to get justice in such negotiations. That is why, perhaps, the holdings of the paleface at Palm Springs, blocked by the mountains on one side, are restricted to small compass by a definitely marked and firmly held reservation on the other.

Thus there is contrast. The inevitable million dollar hotel, and elaborate homes costing a fortune, are reared within a few hundred yards of Indian shacks, and of tenthouses for which poor whites and Mexicans pay the Indians ground rent. A man who doesn't know where his next meal is coming from may stand in the door of his cabin, and, if he feels the urge, heave a rock which will break an expensive window and bean either (*a*) a millionaire from New York, nursing a Charley-horse, or (*b*) a cinema star from Hollywood, recuperating from a hangover.

"This little book," explained Mr. Chase, "is designed to serve three ends." The second and third end do not matter, but this was the first: "to invite people of the right kind—not too many—to a region that is meant for the discerning few."

Such a short time ago as the close of the period of Don't-Bite-the-Hand-That's-Feeding-You that invitation was issued. Possibly the readers of the book failed to note the qualifying clause. At any rate, some of the discerning few who accepted the invitation detected a few flaws in Araby. Pavements were called for. The lantern which was good enough for the first white inhabitants was discarded for the Edison light. Progress marched with unfaltering stride until a pool-room and a waffle-shop became essential. Telephones and a bootlegger were installed. Finally the acme of civilization was reached, and it became possible, with economic security, to hang on a restaurant wall a tasty sign: "WE SOLICIT WHITE TRADE ONLY."

In brief, Araby began to be damaged by improvements. A refugee from Los Angeles, passing through, would never guess that this was the ancestral home of the Coahuillas, unless he peered into the village billiard parlor, or turned one block to the left, where he would cross the reservation line.

III

Thirteen of us, then, people of the right kind—not too many—, sat at table in a tent on the reservation. One of our number, a colored brother, the night before had tried to toss a brick through a restaurant window, the while he reached into his bosom for a handy appliance hung on a string from his neck.

Wishing a ham sandwich, he had been told—in flagrant defiance of the Constitution, which says plainly that, in the United States, all men are free and equal—to go around to the back door. One word led to another, and he walked out in a huff. The brick missed fire. Friends intervened.

One of these friends, just emerged from the *calabozo*, where he had been detained for trying to sell a Prohibition agent a poor grade of whisky, was telling us the manner of his deliverance:

"It looked right bad for me. Yes, *sir!* Sure did. They had me in a town about twenny-fi' miles over yander, and the Ku Klux are pretty strong there. No use for a colored man *at*tall. I sat back in the courtroom and watched this judge. What I heard didn't make me feel any better. No, *sir!* But all of a sudden I had a growth of brain, and was ready when he called me."

Thin John chuckled. He was exhilarated by a few snifters out of stock.

"The judge looked me over pretty toughlike. He says:

"'Your name John Pettybone?'

"'Yessir, Judge, your Honor, that's my name,' I says.

"'What's your occupation?'

"'I'm a seafarin' man, your Honor,' I says, very humble."

Mirth nearly floored Thin John. He recovered his seat and turned grave.

"'Humph,' the judge says. 'A seafarin' man on the desert. You're charged with bootleggin'. What have you got to say?'

"Well, sir, you know, if they don't let me talk I'm helpless, plumb helpless. But I'm a powerful man if I can talk.

"So I looked up at this judge and I says, 'Judge, your Honor,' I says, 'I been sittin' over there in that corner watchin' you try your cases and I saw the way you handed out justice. You were stern with them that were guilty without no good excuse, like that hit-and-run driver. You were merciful to them that done wrong when they didn't mean to do wrong. And them that were innocent you were just to, and sent them away rejoicin', followed by a kind word.

"'And sittin' there I says to myself: "There's a man I would trust with my life. If he says I'm guilty, why I just *know* I'm guilty, and I'm willin' to take what's comin' to me. But if he says I'm innocent, or didn't mean no harm, that's all right with me, too." Justice, judge, your Honor; no more, no less. That's what I knew I'd get in this court.'

"The judge he kinda turned a little red and looked down and fiddled with a pencil on his desk. Then he cleared his throat, and he says:

"'Well, John,' he says, 'there's no doubt you're guilty. But there may have been extenuatin' circumstances—*ex*tenuatin' circumstances. Hm-m. A first offense, it seems. I'll give you ninety days with suspended judgment; but don't ever let me ketch you in this court again.'

"The Prohibition agent was fit to be tied; yes sir, fit—to—be—tied!"

Thin John threw back his head and laughed, waving a hand in front of his face as if beating off a pestilent fly. Everyone else joined in the merriment—everyone but the Dago near the end of the table. He looked from face to face, tristfully, then informed the company:

"Mussolini! No dam' good!"

IV

The noble red man of Palm Springs is a shade more noble than red; his color more nearly resembles that of a Mexican than it resembles the hue of a plains Indian. He is industrious. He has, on the whole, rather more schooling than the owners of lighter pelts with whom he comes in contact: the younger members of the tribe have attended the Sherman Institute at Riverside. Pants, of course, not blankets, are being worn, and the flivver is favored over the pony by the rising generation. The glorious work of Americanization has proceeded apace, so that now, when the Genuine Lisle agent is preparing to break into the smile that precedes "Is the lady of the house at home?" he can hear plainly through the tent-house walls: "Tell him I'm not in."

Despite these accultural symptoms, some of the lads at our table didn't think it right that Indians should have so much land.

"Profits, taxes and rent," commented Horace. "That's what's the matter with the system we're livin' under in this country."

The Bohunk protested: "This country—nothin' but pay, pay, pay. You work. You get money. Then you pay somebody for somethin'."

"It's the system," said Horace. "Get wise; *get* wise." He affected an air of amusement mingled with pity.

"I'd like to debate the matter with you," challenged Thin John. "But not tonight. Not tonight. Wednesday night. If they don't let me talk I'm helpless. But if I can talk I'm a powerful man."

The expounder of Neo-Milwaukeean philosophy admonished Thin John.

"Drink is not good for the workers. What you need is education."

Unwittingly, Horace had touched upon a subject close to the heart of Wisley.

The Great War, as is commonly known, set civilization back many years, brought Gen. Dawes to the public notice, and left other scars upon a weary world. Of these calamities not the least was the one that befell Wisley. The war ruined his vocabulary.

Wisley dressed as a cowboy. Around his neck he wore a large yellow kerchief. His upper teeth were not all present, but his nose most ostentatiously was.

"That's what I say," he approved, as Horace recommended education for the workers' ills. "I never had much education; that is, in schools. I only went three or four years when I went. But now I've got lots more education than fellas that has been in school twicet as long as me.

"Before I went in the Service I used to could use some big words, like vollaberry—you see! I can't say it now on account of my nose and teeth. I mean where now I would say, 'That guy don't speak very good English,' I used to say, 'That man hasn't got a very good vobba—wait a minute—vocabulary.'

"It's nice for a fella to be able to use big words, just to show he isn't ignorant like some fellas. I used to use words like el*ee*gible. If I wanted to say, 'How long does a fella have to be in the Service to become el*ee*gible for a homestead?' I could say it—el*ee*gible—correct, like that. Sometimes now, though, I have trouble sayin' it correct.

"But the war done for me. Yes, sir. It done for me. My nose has never been right to this day."

There was no harm in examining the injured member, but delicacy forbade inquiring into the manner of the hurt.

"I used to be good at mam—wait a minute—mathematics, too, before I went in the Service. My father learned me. He was a mammathematical expert. Things like addin' 49 and 57 I didn't need to figger more than a minute. I used to take 9 and 7—that's 16—and 4 and 5—that's 9—and multiply them, making an answer of—let's see now—136.

"There's a trick to it, but you got to practice all the time. I ain't so good now because I don't practice.

"I never was a fella to be wastin' time. Ridin' on a freight I always had a pencil

out figgerin'. But I ain't so good since the war.

"Take spellin'. I was down in Coachella the other day writin' a letter, and I had to go out and run up and down the street lookin' for a sign on a store or somethin'. I used to could spell names like that easy."

"Let me read you this editorial from the *Leader*," said Horace. "It says here—"

"The way I look at it though," Wisley went on, "you're just as good as me even if I have got more education; and I'm just as good as the next fella, no matter how big they come.

"Sometimes I wisht I wasn't so independent. This Jack Holt, the Western movie star—I see him givin' me and my pony the eye, but I never said nothin'. I'm not like some of these people around here, crazy to get in the movies. Holt comes up to me and he says: 'Are you in the pitchers?' I say '*Hell-l-l*, no!' That's all. If they want to ask me questions I answer them, but that's all. I guess I'm too independent for my own good. But it's the way I'm made.

"That time I was back in Washington, D.C., I went to the Capitol. Goin' in the door one of these Senators bumps into me. 'Why don't you look where you're goin'?' he says. 'Who the hell do you think *you* are?' I say. 'I'm from the open spaces,' I say, and I make a move toward my hip. He takes one look at my sob—wait a minute—sombrero—he seen I was a Westerner—and I guess he knew I was packin' a rod. He shuts right up and goes on. That's me. Independent. Take nothin' from nobody."

"Right, boy." The frizzy-haired youth who had dropped off a freight at the Junction gave his endorsement. Although plainly he could lay claim to very little African blood, he was trying to pass as colored.

"Sometimes, though," admitted Wisley, "I wisht I wasn't so independent."

The pensive Dago near the end of the table looked up suddenly from his victuals, shook his head in a violent manner, and waved a finger at Wisley.

"What's that, bo?" asked Wisley, truculently.

The Dago hastily swallowed the food that throttled him.

"Mussolini!" he said. "No dam' good!"

WHY TRIAL BY JURY?

BY LEON GREEN

In early England, and in the pioneer days of our own country, the sheriff, as the chief officer of the shire or county, could be depended upon to summon twelve or more good men and true for jury duty without any undue embarrassment of justice. But the political possibilities of his office were too great. He aligned himself offensively and defensively with influential lawyers and all character of other interests, so that it required generations of reform to separate him from the power to dispense favors and protection to, as well as take vengeance upon, juror, litigant and lawyer alike.

In his stead have been set up jury commissioners, jury wheels, and many other schemes for cataloguing, drawing and checking jurymen, some of them extravagant in their detail. But still the results are no better. In New York the statutory provisions on the subject take up 236 sections of the Judiciary Law. Panels of from twenty-four to forty-eight prospective jurors, and in important cases or where there are several courts, many times that number are provided for each week of the jury calendar. And once a panel is presented in a particular case, the process of selection has barely begun. First, the judge will excuse those who have legal exemptions (and these are many) and also those having good excuses, even though not exempt under the statute. Inasmuch as lawyers are sometimes consulted as to what is a good excuse, some of our intelligent peers come well prepared to be excused.

But the chief effort at elimination comes on the part of counsel in seeking to disqualify members of the panel for cause and to discover ground for exercising peremptory challenges. The examination by counsel takes a wide range; the possible grounds for challenge are innumerable. A bias or prejudice against a rich litigant, or a corporation, or a public utility, or in favor of a poor man, or a certain class, or against capital punishment, or against damage suits, or a definite opinion about the merits of the case gained through the newspapers or by personal contact with the witnesses, or by kinship, or by employment, or (in some jurisdictions) anything that may be "reasonably calculated" to make the juror less than "white as paper," a "perfect perpendicular," or a "judicial blank," will disqualify him. Here, again, the intelligent juror caught on the panel discovers quickly how to disqualify himself. Having eliminated as many as possible of the undesirables for cause, the parties each have from three to thirty-five peremptory challenges, depending upon the jurisdiction and class of case, which they can and usually do use, for good reason or no reason at all, to get rid of those not desired who have not been eliminated otherwise.

Here we have a slaughterhouse of the few remaining peers on the panel. Whatever may be the law's ideal, the parties are not seeking impartial citizens; they are interested in obtaining favorable jurors. The time squandered in this preliminary may run from an hour to a week or more—time enough, in many instances, to try the case. The selection of a jury within three hours by Justice Bailey under the new Federal Court rules for the second Sinclair trial is the most remarkable instance of dispatch known in modern American jury trials.

But even this small detail of procedure will require probably fifty years and hundreds of decisions before it will become a part of trial by jury generally in this country.

Assume that the machinery of justice is now set up for the particular case. The next case, of course, must provide its own jury; each party has his own set of peers. But to the merits! The parties are nervous, the judge is impatient, the witnesses are jumpy, the members of the jury are eager to be about their business. Counsel are not so impatient. They know who must do the chief acting in this drama, and the time required in order to act to advantage. In the examination of the jury they have introduced themselves. Whether serious and dignified, smiling and friendly, blustering and bullying, suave and clever, blunt and brutal, or quiet and cautious, they have chosen their rôles. They are now ready to make their second appearance in the opening statement to the jury.

The opening statement is for the purpose of preparing the jury for what is to follow by way of proof. It is an outline of the theory of the case from the opener's standpoint, together with a statement of what he expects to prove and how. It offers no mean opportunities to a skilled trial lawyer. There is no argument so telling as artistic statement, and here the plaintiff's counsel has the advantage of talking to the jurymen while they are still eager and fresh. The lawyer who knows his jury neither overdraws nor blurs this first picture, and its lines are ineradicable. The opening statement gives the plaintiff his first great chance to tell his story. He will have few others so dependably favorable. But when the plaintiff is through, the jury is whetted to hear what the defendant can say, and his story must be even more greatly told if he is to overcome the advantage of his opponent.

Let it be noted that the whole scheme of trial by jury is designed to produce effects tellingly. The prelude in selecting the jurymen affords an opportunity to build up their expectancies, and arouse their emotions to a pitch where they can picture themselves chosen to play a most important part in a most serious business, and that under the public gaze. The longer the trial lasts, the larger the scanning crowds, the more dramatic the witnesses, the more intensely counsel draw the lines of conflict, the more solemn the judge, the harder it becomes for these triers of the facts to restrain their reason from somersaulting. Little wonder the juries so often become avengers in behalf of an outraged plaintiff or persecuted defendant! The doers of justice are made as keen as the bull for his fight. This was well illustrated in a recent New Mexico case, in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages for money taken from him by force. The jury returned this verdict: "We, the jury, find for the plaintiff in the sum of ten thousand five hundred dollars, less one hundred and ten dollars, and sentence each of the defendants to five years in the penitentiary, and recommend the mercy of the court!"

II

Each witness, feeling the importance of his part, is eager that his testimony be of the greatest value to his side and of the utmost hurt to the opponent. The litigants, knowing that they are down for leading rôles, dress for the occasion, and bring their retinues of relatives and neighbors, whom counsel must both encourage and censor. Even the audience enters into the spirit of the play, taking sides and applauding one way or the other. The court attendants do no less. The judge unconsciously exaggerates his conduct. Of all these, counsel alone, if skillful they are, know that the rest are mere stage dressing for themselves, one of whom must be the villain and one the hero, but which, neither is yet certain. The play depends upon their finesse and artistry. In other words, it is the lawyer who makes trial by jury dramatic, and trial by jury was designed and perfected through the centuries, perhaps unconsciously, to make a stage for him, its chief

actor. The institution is the lawyer's most artistic handiwork; the courthouse is still his playhouse.

The offering of evidence gives fine advantage to all parties in the play. The lawyer offering the witness assumes the attitude calculated to put him in the best light; the opposing lawyer objects and storms, or what not, as seems best suited to put the witness in the worst light. The judge takes whatever attitude toward the witness and the objections seems best designed from his standpoint to impress the jury and the audience with his impartiality—unless he desires to play a more important part than that of mere moderator. The jury leans forward; the crowd is quiet, and cranes and waits. The witness and the lawyer show whatever skill they possess. They may or may not score; but that is their immediate objective. Whether they do or not, when the tenseness is over the litigants come back into the picture; for the moment they have been forgotten. And thus it goes on until the last witness is excused.

The rules of evidence which have come to govern the hearing of a witness's story appear as if they were designed to enable his opponent to minimize its effect. They are intended to protect the jurymen against hearing anything that may weigh so heavily with them that they will forget matters of greater significance. The twelve triers are so sensitive, it appears, that they cannot be trusted to discriminate between what is worth weighing and what is not. There are many of these rules and they have many exceptions. At one time a violation of any one of them meant certain reversal. Lawyers came to pay a great deal of attention to them and improved them, for they meant "time out" when a witness was scoring or threatening to score too heavily, and perhaps complete relief in the event that the verdict was unfavorable.

This development has been so great that these rules can now be properly presented and discussed only in four, five or six ponderous volumes. Their importance has begun to wane, but there is still entirely too much of this kind of law. Only so much may be ventured here: there would be no law of evidence in the present sense of the term if it were not for the jury. No other method of investigation could use such rules and survive. As trial by jury offers the lawyer his stage, the rules of evidence are but a part of the technique through which he speaks his lines, a technique so perfected as to give the leading rôle the emphasis and freedom which the drama requires.

After the witnesses have all been heard, the judge is called upon to instruct the jury in the rules of law which govern the case. This translation of a case to the jury is the most difficult and most fatal step in procedure. More cases are reversed for errors in instructions to juries than for any other cause, and this despite numerous devices to make errors here unavailable for reversal. Today the process is largely ritualistic; nevertheless the judge spends hours preparing his charge, and maybe other hours delivering it. The aim of the charge is to control the jury's judgment on the questions which they are supposed to decide without seeming to invade their province. Much of the law's theology has crystallized at this point, and the judge who does not respect the fine shadings of that theology finds himself reversed. It is the least understood of all the procedural devices, both by laymen and lawyers, and at the same time it is the least useful.

In a recent rape case the judge mistakenly gave the defendant the benefit of the defences of self-defence, adequate provocation, assault with a deadly weapon, and sudden passion! Nevertheless the defendant was convicted. [Johnson v. State, 267 S. W. 713.] Only in those States in which the judge still has the Common Law power to comment upon the weight of evidence and advise with the jury is there any real place for this function. Yet the United States Senate has only recently passed the Caraway bill designed to deprive Federal judges of the power to advise and instruct juries. Thus, in the face of the most urgent appeals

from all quarters for a better administration of the law, our highest legislative body would take away the power which has given trial by jury its chief, if not its only, dependability!

Closely associated with the charge of the court is the argument of counsel—one to six hours to the side, depending upon the importance of the case. Cases are won and lost at this stage. Counsel may overcome handicaps of prior errors, handicaps of poor witnesses, handicaps of every sort if he has skill in jury argument. Likewise counsel may lose the advantage of good generalship, the advantage of good witnesses, the advantages of a just cause, if he lack skill at this point. No one knows what the factors are that enter into a jury's conclusions. No one can guess what a particular jury will do. The least that can be said is that trial by jury is a process of strategy, of matching wits, a battle of surprises and emotional struggles at best, and that in this sort of combat the point of merit is apt to be lost.

The closing scene of the trial is played behind the curtain. The jury's consideration of the case is not a matter for disclosure, except by someone listening at the keyhole or peeping over the transom or hidden in the closet. The juror may not impeach his own verdict. We may not hear him confess his own villainy. And well we may not, for in those few jurisdictions in which inquiry into the jury's deliberations is now allowed, it is found that there is seldom a case in which its members do not consider matters prohibited by their oaths —matters that give ground for a new trial. Such, for instance, as the defendant's being insured, or the wealth or poverty of the litigants, or the size of the attorney's fees, or facts that some juror knows about the case or about one of the parties or some witness. Beside, there are verdicts arrived at by the toss of a coin, the turn of a card, or other chance, or by some chicanery used by some of the jurors to get agreement by the others. (Consider, here, the first Knapp trial.) These twelve men once in the jury-room, are real peers. And their verdict is the judgment of the country. It may settle the case. But more and more frequently it is merely the first round of a prolonged bout.

But a moment is required to contrast this ponderous process with trial before a judge, or a board of arbitration. If the jury is taken out of the courthouse, the drama is gone. The court-room is not the same place. There is no tenseness. The lawyers are not the same; they no longer glare at one another. Even the parties are docile. The judge returns to himself. The attendants drop back into their humdrum ways. The crowd is made up of a few parties at interest and the habitual loungers. The place is dead. There is no haranguing in choosing the arbiter; nothing more than a brief statement of the issues, and seldom that; the examination of the witnesses proceeds with calmness, barring the most exceptional case; objections to evidence are seldom made, and when made, if there is the slightest uncertainty, the judge hears the evidence and states that if it appears to be inadmissible he will ignore it in his findings.

The argument on the issues is brief and pointed. There are no instructions to prepare, no verdict, no motion for a new trial except in the rarest instance. The judge either announces his conclusion, or else takes it under advisement for further study and later announcement. He may then file the findings which support his decision. The whole process is deflated until there is little left to do save get down to business. The trial of the same case before a judge and before the same judge with a jury, with the same lawyers, reflects the most startling differences; but the differences are those of time and technique and errors. Judge and jury are generally in accord if the jury is not brought under some improper influence. If they disagree, it frequently results from some error or mistake which necessitates a new trial. The differences come in those close cases in which there can be no certain opinion, and in

which two juries or two judges would as likely as not reach opposite conclusions.

Time is the most dependable of defences. It can be used both by meritorious and unmeritorious litigants. If a meritorious litigant does not ask for jury trial, his opponent usually does, and probably thereby secures his most effective defensive weapon. He can afford to wait and prefers to do so. His success depends upon adventitious factors. Anything may happen. Witnesses may scatter, death may intervene, the memories of claimants and witnesses may grow dim, opponents may lose interest, counsel may become absorbed in more promising litigation, the feeling of injury and injustice may subside. There are a thousand possibilities.

Time has enabled many unmerited claims to become the basis for dangerous suits, and has in turn destroyed as many more of merit. To the same degree that it helps the one, it harms the other. The fraudulent claimant understands this and it is his insurance of the compromises on which he fattens. Defendants who buy their peace are his victims. It is good business, therefore, to keep the jury docket crowded; the more boldly he can make his claims, the more vicious his enterprises for employing the agencies of justice against herself. The recent disclosure of a New York City investigation of more than 600 pending negligence cases brought by one firm indicates the proportions this business may reach.

But aside from all the handicaps that flow from mere delay, and from the prostitution of procedural devices, the chances for reversible error due to the treacherous steps of the extended process of jury trial are so great that no counsel for the defence can overlook the favorable hazards. This is contrary to the prevailing impression that the jury is the plaintiff's or poor man's friend. No doubt the individual juror is very favorable to the injured person, but despite that fact all available data show that defendants demand more juries than plaintiffs, and this is true even though a plaintiff normally exercises the first choice, thus relieving the defendant from making any choice at all.

The reason is clear. At every turn a defendant may legitimately lie in ambush if he so desires, and most defendants do. The very favorable attitude of jurors for plaintiffs is justification enough for claiming all the protection the offsetting advantages afford. But there is in fact little basis to warrant the belief that jurors are more favorable to claimants than are judges. In a recent survey of 8800 Connecticut cases disposed of by the Superior Courts in 1925 and 1926, it was found that of the cases disposed of by jury trial plaintiffs were given judgment in only 50%, whereas in cases tried without juries plaintiffs received judgment in 75%. Approximately the same ratio held in negligence and contract cases, the two most important classes of jury litigation. In *bona fide* cases, judges seem to have more sympathy for a plaintiff's claim than juries. I have heard defence counsel frequently express the opinion that to a *bona fide* claimant the judge will be more intelligently liberal than a jury, and this, plus the fact that a judge can protect his conclusions better than a jury, accounts for the defendants claiming jury trial.

III

How much business is disposed of by trial by jury? How much business can it be made to care for? How well are its peculiar guarantees executed? Trial by jury is not a matter of right in equity cases except in two or three States. Equity cases are numerous, and usually are both important and complex. They are heard either by the chancellor in the first instance, or by a master under the supervision of the chancellor. The procedure may be fashioned to meet the exigencies of the particular case. There are also many cases between employer and employé, once the typical damage suit, which are now handled by industrial accident boards. Jury trial could

not handle them satisfactorily, either to the parties or to society. Then there are thousands of small cases, violations of traffic laws, liquor laws, health laws and other police regulations, also small-debt cases of all sorts, which could not be cared for at all if juries were required to dispose of even a small part of them. Something substantially automatic is required for them. There are a great many more cases in which there are pleas of guilty, confession of judgments in one form or another, and uncontested cases in which there is no need for a jury. Finally, there are very many cases in which the parties waive a jury. In Connecticut and Maryland a very large percentage of major cases, including many serious felonies, are tried by the judge without a jury.

But aside from all these cases, what is the situation with *jury cases alone*? How much of normal jury business is disposed of by jury trials? A report of the Special Calendar Committee appointed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, First Department, made June 20, 1927, gives about as good an answer to this question as can be found. The report in part says:

> A brief reference to the business pending in the three courts just before the January [1927] call will make this clear. There were pending in the Supreme Court of New York county 29,466 cases triable for jury; and a case could not ordinarily be reached for trial for 22 months after it was at issue. There were pending in the Supreme Court for Bronx county 9,562 cases triable by jury; and a case could not be reached for trial for 24 months after it was at issue. There were pending in the City Court of New York county about 18,000 cases triable by jury, the delay in reaching a case for trial being 16 months. At the same time there were pending in the Municipal Courts 59,086 cases triable by jury, and a case could not be reached for trial in crowded districts for a year and a half.

And further:

> *It is a significant circumstance that a large proportion of cases placed on the calendar are not disposed of by inquest or jury trial.* Taking the year 1924, for example, as showing the recent trend, it appears that in that year out of 15,923 cases disposed of, 12,147 or over 76% were disposed of without trial, by discontinuance, abatement, reference or otherwise. In the years 1919 to 1923, inclusive, the cases disposed of without a jury trial varied between 70 and 75%, except in 1923, when it rose to 80% of the cases which disappeared from the calendar. The presence of these cases on the general calendar undoubtedly caused uncertainty and delay in reaching those of later issues which were awaiting an opportunity for trial.

Taking the country over, this is not far from a representative picture of the conditions of the dockets. Twenty to thirty per cent of jury cases actually tried! This is our constitutional guarantee of the right to trial by jury in performance.

Even more startling is the fact disclosed by a recent statement of Edwin C. Coe, calendar clerk of the Supreme Court of New York county, that the number of new cases added to the calendar in the Supreme Court for New York county for the ten months period ending March 1, 1928, decreased by 11,092, or 72%, as compared with a like period immediately before legislation went into effect increasing the calendar fee from $3 to $20. Under another recent statute, requiring an affirmative demand for a jury trial and a fee of $12 therefor, jury trial was affirmatively waived in almost one-third of the cases when filed, and doubtless there will be further waivers before the cases are tried.

The recent survey made by the Yale Law School covering approximately 8800 civil cases disposed of by the Superior Courts of Connecticut during 1925 and 1926 disclosed:

> (1) That juries were had in only 38% of the cases tried in which juries might have been had;
> (2) That approximately only 13% (232 in number) of all the cases tried (excluding uncontested divorces, uncontested foreclosures and suits for change of name) were tried by juries.

No doubt these two facts account in very large part for the comparatively uncongested condition of the dockets of these courts.

The figures are remarkable in that they disclose that jury trial is little more than a bad habit, and yet one that serves to clog our courts so that only a fraction of the jury business can actually be done by juries. It is significant that we hear little complaint about delays in non-jury cases,

despite the fact that there is small time for them, since the time of the courts is taken up very largely by jury cases. It is a safe conclusion that were it not for trial by jury, our present judges could clear their dockets and dispose of all the new business as it came to them, and that the number of judges could be reduced. Clearly it would be impossible to enlarge the judiciary sufficiently, or furnish enough courtroom facilities, jurors, attendants, sheriffs and the like, to give prompt attention to all the jury cases docketed without disrupting the general business of the community. Our court machinery is already extravagantly large, so much so that it uses up much of its energy in the mere operation of the machine.

Moreover, the satisfactory disposal of the cases still tried by juries is not at all certain. More jury verdicts than judge verdicts are appealed and more are reversed. Trial by jury not merely clogs the trial court, but furnishes a large part of the business of the appellate courts. In the recent survey of Connecticut cases there were new trials, disagreements and withdrawals in 15% of the cases tried by juries against none in cases tried before judges; this, although the judges tried more than seven times as many cases (excluding divorce and other formal cases) as did juries. Moreover, approximately 26% of the jury cases were appealed, whereas only 8% of the cases tried without juries were appealed. The story is the same everywhere. The record of business done by juries is not merely not encouraging; it alone is enough to condemn trial by jury as a method of attending to the serious business of litigation. There is no promise that it can do better. It has neither the speed nor the precision required.

What of the cost? Little need be said here. Anything that prevents the machinery of justice from functioning properly is expensive—more so than we can calculate. Assuming honest and most effective administration, the time consumed in jury trials, as shown by the Connecticut survey, is more than twice that required in trials by judges. The difference in time in getting to trial is even greater. The cost of obtaining a jury and keeping it until a verdict is reached, the time of the judge and court attendants, the additional time of the parties, lawyers, and witnesses, the greater facilities offered by trial before a judge in allowing adjournments and accommodations to parties and witnesses, the reduction in appellate reviews incident to the more informal court trial, all make the cost of jury trial anywhere from three to eight times that of any other mode of trial now employed.

This in calculable terms of money; it stands aside from the cost in terms of satisfactory justice. But whether we figure the cost of trial by jury in terms of time consumed, money expended, the quality or quantity of justice afforded, the waste of effort, the abuse of judicial process, or the loss in respect for the administration of law, we discover a deficit far greater than any imaginable satisfactions can overcome. The extra cost of jury trial in the United States is enough to cover the whole outlay required by the judicial branch of government, State and Federal. But it is said that citizens are educated by the institution, and are thus brought to have confidence in their government! I wonder if there is even a glimmer of truth here? And if so, what notions of government do they get?

IV

What is the case in behalf of jury trial? There is none, save such as lies in the reverence we may have for a venerable institution. There are some few cases, as, for instance, foolish political prosecutions, and witch-burners persecutions, in which the jury may save the law's face. But after all, it is usually the backbone of some fearless judge that does the saving in such cases, if there is any saving at all. We have enshrined jury trial along with other antiquated ideas about the administration of justice in our fundamental law, and worse

still, in the hearts of our people. They lie there as dead as Hector, and everybody knows they are dead, but who dares touch them? Why make one's self foolish? Those "true friends of the people" who traffic in trial by jury would want nothing better. "Ch, yes, just as we thought, those corporation lawyers and highbrows, those foes of justice, are finally showing themselves in their true garb! They propose to rob the poor man of his one chance of justice, his security against tyranny, the people's jury! They would destroy this jewel of Magna Charta!" Thus they capitalize the tendency in all people to worship the phrases as well as the practices and memories of their ancestors. What can be done against this cry? Nothing.

Few institutions have struck their roots so deeply into the social order for so long a time and persisted through so eruptive a period as trial by jury. Its inception was one of the harbingers of the democratic era. It marks one of the first definite breaks between divine and secular dispensation—religion versus the ballot. It has endured the full period of democracy's ascendency and has been in the vanguard wheresoever democracy has gone pioneering. But as religion at last gave over a large part of the world's affairs to the voter, the voter in turn is now called upon to give over a large part of those affairs to the scientist. This call will be answered as stubbornly and as grudgingly as was the former.

After all, religion has only become reconciled to sharing her powers with democracy when democracy has in turn shared her votes with religion. So religion finds no pleasure in seeing the voter hand over an increasing authority to this interloper called science. Religion *en masse* is afraid of the scientist; so is democracy *en masse*. The scientist wants too much; he claims too much; he is too self-sufficient; he has no deference for his elders. And he is just as stubborn and far more unmannerly than either the churchman or the politician. He is still young. Moreover, science means technique, patience, disappointment, awareness, understanding, and all these are painful. They are often, indeed, beyond the range of men, whereas religion is always near and soothing, and voting is easy and intoxicating.

To which shall be allocated the administration of justice? Religion surrendered that function slowly and painfully. Only a few vestiges of her ritual remain today: oaths, the third degree, ministering to the condemned. Democracy's victory is complete. The shadow of the ballot is always apparent: the public prosecutor, the grand jury, the trial jury, and too often the judge himself. But can the mere voter do the job longer, or must he stand by for one who knows more about it—more about the true interests of society, more about the determination of facts, more about the prevention of crime, more about handling the complex business of men?

It is hard to visualize the structure of English society during the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries—the formative period of the jury. The important interests of those days were primarily those relating to the possession of the surface of land, those protecting the person against such violent harms as murders, robberies, assaults and batteries, those pertaining to chattels such as cattle, and those relating to the domestic relations, which were largely cared for by the church. It was to settle simple disputes that the jury had its early service. As the interests—the wants and desires—of people have multiplied a thousand fold and more since that day, so the legal protection granted to such interests has multiplied both in quality and detail. The remedies of those early centuries were few and simple, but drastic and fatal. Their science was crude. The ordeal, compurgation, and trial by battle were just fading out. Death and outlawry were prescribed for crimes; imprisonment and the ruthless seizure of property for crimes and civil wrongs as well. The jury could well understand these blunt methods. The jury also furnished a safeguard against a too tyrannical use of these bludgeons of the law.

The same factors which have repeatedly changed the fabric of the social order have likewise altered the texture of legal thought. Change in one brings change in the other. We are constantly enlarging and remodelling the classification of rights, duties, powers, privileges and immunities in keeping with the general social and economic development. We deal fewer death blows; we take more pains. Even in crime the quickening of a rationalism is felt. In the courthouses alone the medieval complexion of our law has changed least. Here it was most ritualistic, and as formalism is always dearest to men, here it is the last to change. But even here there have been tremendous changes. Few wigs remain; the old spencerian flourishes have gone. The most persistent of all the institutions surviving is the jury.

The litigation of the earlier centuries, as I have said, involved simple issues, simply fought out under relatively simple theories of law, and the fight was in the open and the methods of counsel were obvious. All this has changed. Elaborately trained counsel now have at their command the zeal of the publicist, and the machinery of the press,supported by the skill and daring of the sleuth, and the laboratories of the chemist, physicist, engineer, psychologist, psychiatrist, biologist and all the other scientists. It is no longer only the hypothetical question that gives the courtroom its odor of science. It is no longer merely the ingenuity of one smart lawyer at work; a staff of specialists is at his command.

Clients are demanding and receiving all the aid the scientific world can give their cases. Time and money pile up enormously. The data not infrequently assume aspects as far above the understanding of the every-day citizen as modern science is beyond the science of the Fourteenth Century. Under these conditions, honesty and ability to read and write are no longer enough to meet the demands of a modern law-suit. The average jury in any case of difficulty is about as helpful as it would be in solving a problem in the higher mathematics, in industrial finance, or in electrical engineering.

As a formula for administering justice trial by jury is merely a societal antique. But it typifies something back in the growth of society which has been gripped by man's emotions and they will not let it go. Its processes radiate a flavor of popular justice and a flourish of democracy. Those are still stout words. But the fact is that in the organism of society, as in the organisms of all life, there are structural parts which no longer serve useful functions. They reappear nevertheless in succeeding generations. They are sometimes removed from the physical organism by heroic surgery. To this the social organism seldom submits. Moreover, the intelligence that would do so in this instance would not stop with the jury's removal; it would demand more cutting.

But the social body as well as the physical one can isolate a useless part. In a thousand ways already and in others to come the social body is building the jury out of its anatomy. The jury's impotency is widely acknowledged. Informal bodies, courts with special jurisdictions, trial by judges, insurance, arbitration and other devices have already taken over some of its most important functions. Yet much remains to be done before the irritation can subside. The cost and the waste are without calculation. But life seldom counts costs; and neither does the law.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

City Planning

A CENTRAL SQUARE FOR MANHATTAN

By Charles Downing Lay

The changes which have come about in Fifth avenue from Twenty-third street to Fifty-ninth street and on the side streets from Madison avenue to Sixth avenue are typical of the changes all over the city. This plight of new York's shopping district, as the headline writers might phrase it, is due to its rapid and somewhat unorganized growth. Everyone knows that Fifth avenue is losing prestige as a retail shopping district and must soon be as dead for this purpose as Twenty-third street, or as Broadway below Fourteenth street. The Fifth Avenue Association, which is the watch-dog for the retailer and the property owner of the district, says that their investment in buildings, in equipment, and in the patronage which comes from a known address and a familiar location must be preserved, but many owners of big buildings from City Hall Park up to Thirty-fourth street had the same ideas in the past, and were unable to stop the northward movement of trade. Parts of Broadway that changed in the past from residential to shopping districts are even now changing back from trade to residences.

The Fifth Avenue Association has accomplished much in moving garment factories to Seventh avenue, but it has not been wise enough or powerful enough to keep office-buildings, with their thousands of workers, out of the district. Office-workers running to and fro on errands crowd the streets through the day, and make the business of luxury shopping arduous or impossible. The recent coming of Woolworth's, of Childs, of many banks and trust companies, of travel bureau and railroad offices, is a sufficient indication of the busy and changed condition of the avenue from Forty-second street to Fifty-ninth street. These are all shops or offices which must have crowds, whereas the high-class retail shops would prefer a situation somewhat removed from the busiest streets, though no less accessible. Fifth avenue was formerly the center of art dealers, but many of them have moved and the rest will not stay long. Of the grand mansions which once lined the avenue, few remain below Fifty-ninth street, and several churches have felt impelled to take a profit on their real estate and move to more agreeable sites uptown.

Almost everyone is in some way inconvenienced or injured by these fundamental changes, since all New York has a stake in Fifth avenue. The end of the present period of development, which will inevitably come if the crowding of the midtown zone is not diverted into other channels, may be imagined if one looks at the avenue from Fourteenth to Twenty-third streets, or studies the decline taking place from Twenty-third to Thirty-fourth streets. It need not be inferred that the depreciation of property values between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets when retail trade has moved out will be as great as below Thirty-fourth street or below Twenty-third street, for the new occupants may be willing to pay more rent than the present retailers. The site value, which depends upon its relation to terminal and other transportation, remains and may increase. The retailers may even find themselves in the position of the brewers, who are reputed to be making more money from their corner store property now than they did before Prohibition.

There is something to be said for New York's constant changes, yet it should be possible to secure for the future some stability on Manhattan Island, because its area is so limited, its functions as the great center are so clear, and the problem to be solved is so definite in all its terms. The danger of a rationalistic scheme being so perfect that it may make one forget accomplished changes and disregard well-organized tendencies makes one hesitate even to suggest the beginning of such a scheme. But the necessity of making a quick decision must be faced, as it was by the city forefathers in 1811, when they adopted the gridiron street plan, and by the men who secured Central Park for the city, and by every administration which has built a bridge, a subway, a boulevard or a parkway.

The decline of Fifth avenue as a retail center is recognized by those who are taking part in the hegira to Fifty-seventh street east and west, to Madison avenue, and to Lexington avenue. Some day, no doubt, Sixth avenue will be cleared of the elevated, and become as desirable below as it is now above Fifty-third street. But all the avenues will always be congested by through motor traffic, and they can never be the good shopping streets they were in 1910, when the population of the island was only 2,331,542 and of the whole city 4,766,883. At that time the shopping districts were surrounded by residences, the majority of them single family houses, so that the daytime population was small, and motor traffic was just beginning. In 1910 Manhattan reached its maximum population. By 1925 it was under 2,000,000, but the whole city had reached nearly 6,000,000.

The movement of the shopping center uptown goes on without cessation. Each builder of a new great store thinks he has stopped it, but another pioneer is always ready to venture further north. The last conspicuous one found himself, after a year's occupancy, doing the trade which his advisers had warned would not be reached for four years. The Queensboro bridge made Fifty-seventh street what it is, and the Triborough and the Hudson bridges will make in a similar way a new One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, thus perhaps accomplishing the impossible and jumping the retail center past the northern end of the Park. But for the sake of all property-owners and the convenience of all in the City, it is important to connect the new center with the old and not to leave the old detached and floundering. In the end the Fifth Avenue Association may see the wisdom of joining in a movement to establish a really big shopping district for a very big city.

If the retail zone below Fifty-ninth street is to be crowded, as I believe, by office buildings, and office workers, and by the banks, restaurants and shops which they require, where will the high-class retail shops find a home? Such shops like to be together, for each gains some advantage from its neighbor, and all like a street which is not too crowded, where people are not passing from office to railroad station or subway, and where one feels a luxurious ease, an unhurried enjoyment of the whole scene of well-dressed people, handsome shops, fine automobiles and expensive goods in the windows. The high-class retail shopkeeper does not count his profits in proportion to the number of passersby. His customers come from a distance as the result of some inner urge, and their enjoyment of the pleasant duty of buying is much decreased by the annoyance of having to be with crowds of other people not bent on the same pleasure.

Madison avenue is an 80-foot street, too narrow for large retail trade. Lexington avenue is a 75-foot street, too narrow for vehicular traffic, and the sidewalks have been cut to 12½ feet, which is ridiculous for shopping. Park avenue is very wide, 140 feet, and might serve, but it begins badly at Forty-sixth street and for the present ends badly at Ninety-sixth street. The great distance across makes it in effect like a street along a park, because people

shopping on one side would be reluctant to cross, and would prefer to move along on the side where they start.

It has always been said that a street with a park on one side is not good for shopping, but I think it has never been proved. Michigan avenue, in Chicago, is a one-sided retail shopping street and it seems to be successful. It is certainly a charming thoroughfare: roomy, imposing, light, and full of movement and color. How far the disfavor of the one-sided street is due to notions attached to horse-drawn vehicles and how far it has been broken down by automobile traffic I cannot tell, but I believe that the one-sided street is the right thing for New York's retail shops, hotels, opera houses and theatres in a motor age. The reason is simple; all shops being on one side, there will be much less confusion of turning motors, and much less passing of pedestrians from side to side through lines of vehicles.

Central Park is more or less in the center of the island and in the center of New York's prospective 20,000,000 population. It is fifty-one blocks long from Fifty-ninth street to One Hundred and Tenth street, and at only three places between Sixtieth to One Hundred and Tenth streets is there any cross motor traffic. It will inevitably become the central square of the city, around which should be gathered the immense retail shopping district required for such a population. The location of Central Park is ideal for a shopping district; it is already accessible by subway on the south from all parts of the city, and it soon will be so on the west, when the Eighth avenue subway is running. The Hudson bridge, the Triborough bridge and other improvements certain to be accomplished in the future (among these are new railway terminals in the Bronx and in Queens) will put as many people in touch with the northern end as with the southern. It is almost entirely surrounded by apartment houses and hotels, and the next step, turning these into retail shops, will be easy to make.

The change is likely to start along Central Park West as soon as the new subway is opened. If the Board of Assessors raise the valuations on Central Park West to equal those of Broadway, or other subway streets, the property-owners will be forced to demand a change in occupancy in order to make their property pay. The City should not hesitate to modify the requirements for occupancy on all sides of the park. When this change is made the streets bounding the park will be ideal for a high class retail shopping district which will surpass that of any other city.

By 1950 New York is expected to have 20,000,000 people in the metropolitan area. All these people will come to the great center on Manhattan for business and pleasure in a larger proportion than they do now, so far as one observer can judge. Certainly there is nothing to discredit this judgment and there are many reasons to justify it. Among them are the increasing use of automobiles and the subway riding habit, which increases faster than the facilities for travel.

It is not easy to forecast the physical environment and equipment of a city of 20,000,000 people. It is twice the number of people now in the metropolitan area and they will live and work in the same space. Local centers will multiply and increase in importance, without detracting from the growth of the great center on Manhattan, which is likely to increase in a proportion greater than arithmetical. The addition of every million people means that some enterprise can be maintained at the center which was impossible before, and every new means of transportation makes it easier for customers or patrons to reach the center.

I am not, I think, suggesting an extravagant provision for the future, but am only attempting to foresee a minimum requirement in the light of past experience. The proposed Central Square will be, I should imagine, about the right size for the future city, and the delight of walking, shopping or motoring on large, orderly and hand-

some streets, with plenty of light and air would increase the business done in the shops.

Theatres would naturally keep to the side streets, for they do not need light, and the banks, trust companies, insurance offices and other businesses, which are, so to speak, intruders on Fifth avenue because their presence spreads retail shops so far apart and makes the street so dull to walk on, would, if urged, keep off the avenue or boulevard.

The retail merchant's study of crowd psychology, as he calls it, and of the relation of his shop to routes of travel, has always been elementary and he has never given enough weight to the general environment of his shop and of the district, nor to the study of ways to create an ideal district for his purpose. It is time for him, as I think, to undertake a more careful study of his environment and to associate with his confrères in some large scheme for creating a new and permanent retail shopping district.

The problem is pressing in other cities and any city would gain greatly by giving thought to it. A retail shopping district is a necessary feature of any community, and in a modern city it should be made convenient for use, agreeable to look at and a source of pride to all the inhabitants.

Military Science

AIRPLANE OBSERVATION

By Emer Yeager

Ærial observation has not kept abreast of the other branches of military æronautics in the great strides that have been made in aviation in the United States Army since the World War. This may be accounted for partially by the fact that the recent act of Congress reorganizing the Air Corps contains a provision that no officer who is not a qualified pilot can exercise command in a flying unit. This was intended, of course, to meet the complaint of General Mitchell that non-flyers were, by reason of their rank, commanding aviation units and pilots. The natural result was that every observer who had not already done so immediately qualified as a pilot, if he was able to do so. Thus the only observers remaining in the Air Corps today are those who either from physical or temperamental unfitness cannot qualify as pilots. It is true that there is still an ærial observers' school at Fort Sill, Okla., but it hardly stands to reason that its graduates will be content to remain only observers and serve in units under officer pilots who are subordinate to them in rank.

During the World War airplane observers were obtained by detailing officers from the different combat branches for courses at observers' schools. As a rule, commanding officers were told when called upon for officers for this purpose that they would return to their units and be available for observation duty there. A few of them did return, but on the only occasion which came to my attention when it was requested that one of them be permitted to fly on a mission—which the observers of the squadron assigned to observe for the unit appeared to be unable to perform successfully—the refusal was curt and definite. These young officers, taken from their organizations with only a few months' training in their branches, were all given identical instruction at the observers' school. Apparently there were no efforts made at the front to assign artillery officers to adjust artillery fire or infantry officers to fly on infantry contact and liaison missions. The result was that frequently commanders found that they were receiving reports of the location of infantry companies and battalions, their formations, and the many other details that they wanted to know concerning what was happening up front, from a former artillery officer whose experience had consisted of three months in a training camp battery supplemented by two or three months devoted to teaching

standing gun drill to recruits,—an officer who had never seen an infantry unit in his life, except perhaps in a Liberty Loan parade. Similarly, the observer adjusting the fire of the two or three batteries of a battalion of artillery was most likely to turn out to be a former infantry officer who had never seen an artillery cannon except from the rear seat of an airplane at an altitude of two thousand feet.

That was excusable in the World War. Aviation was new and no one had dreamed that it would play the important part that it did play, even with its possibilities not fully taken advantage of. Besides, it was manifestly impossible to take all the observers from that small leaven of officers trained in the fundamentals of their arms, the five thousand odd officers of the Regular Army, no matter how necessary that fundamental training was for efficient ærial observation.

The situation in so far as the artillery was concerned has been described admirably by General Herr of the French Army in his book, "Field Artillery; Past, Present and Future." He says:

> Airplane observation for artillery began during the war. It immediately rendered such good service that it was rapidly increased in amount. It reached its maximum efficiency at the battle of the Somme in July, 1916, and at Verdun in October, 1916. After 1917 it began to decline, and thereafter went from bad to worse until it failed almost entirely in 1918.
>
> Many causes explain this rapid decline. The duties of the squadrons were changed incessantly, so that understanding between observers and battery commanders became impossible. The quality of artillery observers, aside from a few brilliant exceptions, grew continually worse because combat aviation, charged with a more brilliant and flattering rôle, with better remuneration in the way of publicity and generous compensation, unfortunately attracted the best material. Lastly, the equipment was not all that could be desired.

The system, despite our experience in the World War, has not been changed. Airplane observers are today members of the Air Corps. The result in case of another war will be the same, only more aggravated, for combat aviation will assume greater importance as improvements in aviation develop, which in turn will call for a greater expansion of that branch, with corresponding increased difficulties in securing good material for airplane observers.

Immediately after the World War the Field Artillery, realizing that airplane observation had been unsatisfactory, started experimenting with trained artillery officers as observers. The Air Service did not take kindly to this, but as it was unable to furnish satisfactory observation at the Field Artillery School with its own personnel, it was forced to submit. Consequently all student officers at the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Okla., are now given the opportunity to make one or more adjustments of fire from the air if they so desire.

This raises another question: that of the method used in the adjustment of fire. The plan in vogue during the late war and still official for airplane adjustment was for the observer to signal the battery where the shots fell in respect to the target—over or short, right or left. The officer conducting the fire at the battery then had to plot the shots on his map and calculate the corrections to make for the next shot in order to bring it nearer the target. The trained artillery officers soon learned that for them all this was a waste of precious time. If they went into the air themselves they had a much better view of the target than they could ever hope to get from a terrestrial observation post. And, being thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of conducting the fire of artillery from the ground, they were able to translate mentally the deviations of each shot from the target immediately into corrections for the guns. In short, they merely moved their observation post from a hilltop several thousand yards from the target to the rear seat of an airplane, directly above it. From there they could command their batteries quite as well as if on the ground. The results were that the time required for adjustment of a battery was reduced to from one-fourth to one-third that required by the old method. This plan, however, does not meet with the approval of the Air Corps, for it makes it necessary for an observer to be a

trained artilleryman. Therefore the old method is still the approved style of making adjustments. So far as is known, the Infantry and Cavalry have made no experiments along this line.

General Herr says in his treatise on artillery that the French early in 1916 assigned several observation squadrons exclusively to the artillery for use in airplane adjustments and that the observers were selected and trained by that branch. He credits this system with the excellent results obtained on the Somme and at Verdun in 1916. But later this plan was abandoned. He says:

> We must return to that organization, not only for General Reserve [artillery] but for the entire artillery. This alone will permit the artillery to recruit its observers, to train them for its own needs, and to retain them by properly rewarding them for their services. This alone will assure the complete and intimate moral liaison which creates a spirit of cooperation within each arm.
>
> Naturally, the Air Service will continue the technical surveillance of the squadrons, the supply of machines, the maintenance of *matériel* and the recruiting of pilots. But for ærial observation for the artillery, the rôle of the Air Corps will be limited to placing airplanes at the disposal of observers as a means of rapid transportation and ærial observation, just as the Motor Transport Service places a reconnaissance vehicle at the disposition of any staff officer who makes a request for it.

What is true for the artillery is equally true for the infantry and cavalry. It is as necessary for an artilleryman to observe for the artillery, an infantryman for the infantry and a cavalryman for the cavalry as it is for a trained naval officer to observe for the fleet. An observer trained in all the detail of the branch for which he is observing will see much more of value than one who is totally unfamiliar with that branch. In addition, he will report what he sees in terms which will be understood, an important point in the excitement of battle.

In the United States Army an observation squadron is as an integral part of every infantry and cavalry division. Both the infantry divisions and the cavalry divisions contain artillery. Unless our organization is changed it would not be practicable to allot special squadrons for observation work with each branch, as indicated by General Herr. However, it is still possible to provide observers from each branch of the service to observe for their own branches and it should be done if we are to profit by past experience. But, as has often happened in the history of our army, inter-branch jealousy seems destined to prevent the development of a very important division of military aviation on a par with the development of the remainder of that arm.

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

The figure of Henry F. Gilbert was long familiar in the corridors of Boston's Symphony Hall, and in all its lesser temples of music. He was a picturesque fellow, easily spotted at once in any gathering, however large. American to the core, he was in appearance a striking exotic, looking in later life more the Indian than the Yankee; the effect, in his final years, was heightened by a physical condition that gave to his face a coppery, and at last a cyanotic hue. His hair was as independent as his personality; he wore it long and at times shaggy. The pipe that was so often clenched between his lips completed the picture. He was, externally, a composer out of the romantic novels; his features were fashioned for the cinematic conception of a Bohemian musician.

And Bohemian he was, of the ranging spirits and the questing eye. In him, undoubtedly, there was something of the gypsy, and it sent him pioneering along American folk-ways when he might, with a little application, have made himself at home among the new musical idioms of Europe. His eyes had always a glint of humor—that true humor which is at once criticism and self-criticism; they were a watery blue, as bland as his voice. There was no compromise in his nose; it came down straight over a strange, wide mouth. His lips, from their lines alone, should have made a scowl, yet despite their droop they usually produced the effect of a genial but watchful smile.

The man—and he was every inch a man, peace be to his ashes!—was a gloriously independent soul. Though born in Somerville, on September 26, 1868, he spent most of his life in Cambridge, where he died on May 19, 1928. The shadows, and the lights, of Harvard fell upon his modest dwelling—a house, again, out of the picture books,—an old curiosity shop with more true atmosphere than many a mansion. He lived within a stone's throw of Academe, and he threw the stone.

He carried his independence even into his illness. Long before he married, in 1906, he had been given up by the doctors. He had a heart condition that no one else, according to available medical records, has survived beyond the thirty-sixth year; yet he lived with it into his sixtieth, and might, were it not for the rigors of a New England Winter, have been good for ten years more. When, last year, he was chosen with Aaron Copland to represent American composers at the International Music Festival at Frankfurt, he made up his mind—and his body—to attend. He was warned that the ocean journey would kill him. Nevertheless, though he had to be carried on board, he made the trip and returned to tell the tale. It was characteristic of his perverseness, indeed, that the experience should have benefited him.

He was mentally active to the last. Because of its rarity, his illness is worth dwelling upon for a moment. The cardiac combination is known to physicians—that is, to some of them, since many of them appear never to have heard of it—as the tetralogy of Fallot. There was an opening between the two ventricles, together with a narrowing of the outlet to the pulmonary artery whereby a large quantity of venous blood entered into the general circulation, thus causing the peculiar complexion that

Gilbert had. The right ventricle was found, as a result, to be much larger than usual.

That he should have lived as long as he did astonished the specialists; that, in addition, he should have won by his musical and critical writings a firm place in the history of American music is a tribute to the indwelling, indomitable spirit of the man. The fight that others make for power and position he was compelled, from the first, to wage for the elementary poise of existence. His smile was as a pinprick in the balloon of pretense, and he did not spare his own iridescent bubbles. There is not a moment of self-pity in all his music. But it was life—not death—that he feared. He was the kind of man who impresses even his wife.

Another thing: he was always surrounded by youth. That, too, was symptomatic. He was inspiriting; nothing about him suggested the benevolent invalid. He was not the sort of man who can listen only to compliments and compliments were not the only things he heard. He could, in the words of the Irish bull, step out of the line and look at himself. His affliction can explain his inherently morbid streak and the overly conscientious attitude that was one of its ramifications; his humor—and this was the aspect that all but his intimates saw—was a double conquest.

His musical Americanism was no mere intellectual programme, and least of all was it patriotism written down in notes. It was the man himself, projected into tone. There was a Humphrey Gilbert settled in Ipswich as far back as 1640; a Lieutenant Ezekiel Belknap figured in the Revolution. Both of Gilbert's parents were musicians; his mother is still living in his late Cambridge residence, in a world of her own where life and death alike are aliens. His father, Benjamin Franklin Gilbert, manufactured hymns (the verb is Gilbert's), sang and played the organ. His mother, Therese A. Gilson Gilbert, sang solos in the church. James L. Gilbert, composer of "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," is an uncle; John Gilbert, the actor, is a cousin.

The ecclesiastical influence was early shed. Henry F. Gilbert—his full name was Henry Franklin Belknap Gilbert—was a free-thinker. He was nurtured on Poe, Whitman, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Melville, Synge, and, above all, on that crystalline controversialist, Thomas Huxley. For a short period in his life, in financial stress that never wholly relaxed, he wrote coon songs over a pseudonym. This episode apart, the words and the moods that he set were consistently of a liberating cast, or of a tragic acceptance that is also a mood of liberation.

In his childhood he heard Ole Bull; it was at this concert that something in him whispered the American and musical equivalent of *anch' io son pittore*. Violins selling at a prohibitive price, his grandfather made one of a cigar-box and the child quickly acquired proficiency. Afterward, wandering in Florida, or on his uppers in cities nearer home, he could pay his way as a fiddler in hotel orchestras, in the bands of theatres, and in operatic organizations. Wherever he went, he was fascinated by the folk songs of the region. He studied thousands of them.

When playing music did not pay—what shall we then say of writing it?—he was thrust ironically into the printing and marketing of it. Ten of his best years were devoted to commercial toil in the firms of F. H. Gilson and the C. C. Birchard Company, the first a printery owned by his maternal uncle and the second a musical publishing house.

He acquired the art of setting up musical texts. I have a copy, printed from type that he set himself, of his first published orchestral score: "Two Episodes: I. Legend; II. Negro Episode." It was also published by himself. My copy bears pencil markings over the less conventional passages; the corrective hints were made by Gilbert's teacher, Edward MacDowell. This is, if I am not mistaken, the first of Gilbert's orchestral works. Distinctly, it reshadows many of his later thematic interests.

II

MacDowell, in 1888, had just returned from Europe, where he had been worshipping at the thrones of Grieg and Liszt. For a while he established himself at the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, as professor of composition. Gilbert was his first pupil, and for three years studied under him more or less sporadically. Already, before his enforced venture into the commercial side of music, Gilbert had studied the elements of harmony under local teachers, and the violin under Emil Mollenhauer. Mollenhauer, who died only shortly before Gilbert, was for years identified with the public municipal concerts of Boston, and did much as conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society for the intermediary musical education of the city.

The desultory nature of Gilbert's studies is evidenced in his work, early or late. It may even be that his aversion for the superclever modernists was based not solely upon a fondness for clearness and tonic simplicity, but on an inability to cope with the mathematical and metaphysical harmony and counterpoint that they brought —often impotently—into play. His technical limitations were, to modernist ears, too readily discovered; they were not, however, insuperable barriers. Gilbert could easily have faked a modernism that he did not feel; but he did not feel it, and therefore did not write it.

He was groping toward an art of, if not for, the people. His beloved Walt Whitman, for all his rhetoric of Democracy, was also a soul apart, not understood and perhaps not even read by his semi-mythical camerados. When, in 1901, Gilbert heard that Charpentier, in Paris, had written a proletarian opera (here is a phrase that laughs at itself!) he made at once for a cattle boat and France. It was "Louise" that determined him finally and irrevocably to be a composer, cost what it might. Typhoid in the French capital shattered his weak frame; he came back to America and to a barn whence soon were issuing his woodnotes wild. The rest of his life would be melodious poverty. Though an opera had won him over, he made but a single attempt at the form: "Fantasy in Delft," a comedy-opera in one act. It remains unpublished, like most of the Gilbert scores, even those that have been often played by the symphonic organizations of this country and Europe. Between the delicacy of this piece and the iron implications of "Strife," his last symphonic manuscript, lies the all-embracing, smiling tolerance and heroic acceptance of the composer.

Can it be because something was ever eluding him that he was so eager to annotate his writings,—because somehow he had not got into them everything he strove to say, and the rest must overflow into words? Or because he felt, in advance, the accusation of excessive simplicity, of outmoded patterns? To the end he was fond of these bright, epigrammatic, controversial programme notes. For the very last of them to be played in public—the suite for chamber orchestra performed by the Chamber Orchestra of Boston under the baton of Nicolas Slonimsky, on April 28, 1928—as for the second last, "Nocturne," given under the guest conductor Pierre Monteux by the Philadelphia Orchestra, he set down a few paragraphs making clear his abhorrence of mere smartness, and stating his attitude toward the utilization of spirituals in symphonic writing.

Gilbert was happy as a lecturer upon his favorite themes, and as a writer. Explaining "Nocturne" to Lawrence Gilman—it was inspired by the night-song in "Leaves of Grass"—he said: "I have heard so many of the devilishly clever, uncannily ingenious, but dry and soulless musical concoctions which are all the style nowadays, that I desired to give myself the satisfaction of making an individual protest against all this super-intellectual, modernistic tendency."

American music of the kind that reaches the symphony hall he considered still too imitative; "not only of the methods of

Europe but of its spirit—a spirit which, at the present day, is decadent—which covers its weakness in genuine inspiration with a wealth of invention; a glittering show-off of ingenious externalities; deceiving the unwary into attributing to it an undue worth and importance. The long arm of Europe still stretches its deadening hand of tradition and authority out over American musico-art developments, so that the true spirit of America is lost sight of, and that great potential spirit which is the birthright of the American composer, as of others in their lines of activity, has been thoughtlessly bartered away for a mess of clever European pottage."

III

Upon contemporary examples of American grand opera, so-called, I know that Gilbert looked with dubious eye; he saw that it was not American, and the sound of the foreign accent was unpleasant to his ears. When Gershwin and Copland—he had an unaffected admiration for both—were kids in the streets of New York, he was working at his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" and was already long embarked upon a programme of musical nationalism. This was, as he insisted, neither patriotism nor jingoism, but a philosophic conviction. By instructive paradox, foreign recognition came early. Gilbert, I believe, was the first American composer of his time to receive recognition in Russia; that was just before the outbreak of the War, for his "Comedy Overture," under the direction of Reinhold Glière. Such composers as Massenet, Sibelius and Glazounow—representing that foreign verdict which is sometimes the herald of posterity's opinion—heard in him an authentic American voice.

The composer returned to Negro themes in his "Negro Rhapsody" (1913); the following year, however, found him again engrossed in Synge, and his symphonic prologue, "Riders to the Sea," re-orchestrated after years of neglect, must stand as one of his finest imaginative reconstructions. In his music, as in his theory, Gilbert beheld an America of many bloods. His "Dance in the Place Congo," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 23, 1918, was not originally a ballet; its riotous Creolism was followed within a few years by the "Indian Sketches" (1921) and a suite from music written for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Pageant (1922). The suite, musically, is Norse, French, Indian; at bottom, however, like all the man's things, it is Gilbert. Toward the close of his career, he aimed at fusing the national element into a symphonic whole, as witness his "Symphonic Piece" of 1926 and his last suite for chamber orchestra.

It was in American popular music that he beheld tokens of the new national vitality. In this music—

> less affected and overawed by the benumbing influences of European tradition—a tendency toward independence has shown its head in an unmistakable manner. From the not far distant days of ragtime to the present astonishing—even shocking—development of jazz, one senses the stirrings of that spirit of independence which is the fundamental—the necessary element, *sine dubio*—of all eventually significant achievement. Of course, these popular musical developments are, for the most part, entirely lacking in any refinement of spirit. The emotions they express, or arouse, are cheap, common, and poor. In most instances the sole object of a jazz product is to arouse motion, not emotion. Music of the heels, rather than of the heart, or head. But its composers have kicked over the traces, at least. Although the product is frequently vulgar in essence, it is at least vital. It has the spark, the bold suggestion in it, of freedom from tradition.

That, in a measure, is a description of his own finer pages. Much in Gilbert is "popular"; to the very last his music had something of the bite and the melodiousness—always the melodiousness—of the folk tune. He was rarely profound. Now and then one caught the tension not of control but of strain. When he wrote atonally one sometimes received the impression that he was, after all, burning a little incense to the European gods, if only to show that he could placate them. Yet, fundamentally, he lived up to the sternest requirements of his programme; his music has that uncom-

promising honesty which so beautifully marked the man himself. "Plenty of melody, which I believe in." The folk element in him is mostly negroid of the rag-time era; he did not essay jazz.

Of his songs there are several that deserve to be known at least as well as the familiar "Pirate Song," to Stevenson's words. "The Lament of Deirdre" and "Sammbô's Invocation to Tänith" have in them nobility as well as depth. His "Rag Bag," a series of six "easy American pieces," is more American than easy; Gilbert regarded the pieces with condescension—he had no exalted opinion of anything he had done—yet they possess a happy innocence and a winning transparency that have not often appeared in simpler piano music since the days of Schumann's 'Album for the Young." Other piano music (most of it published) includes a 'Negro Episode," a mazurka, "Two Verlaine Moods," "The Island of the Fay" (a tone poem for piano after the poem by Poe), "Indian Scenes," "Negro Dances," and "American Dances."

What will be the nature of Gilbert's influence upon the new composers of America? Certainly it will not be in matters of technique. He will serve as a spirit rather than as a source. He was a pioneer, but not a teacher. He may have helped, as Koussevitzky has said, to fashion the musical alphabet of America, even as Glinka did for that of Russia, but the American composer of tomorrow will not use his simplified spelling. Greater than his legacy of scores will be the rare example of the man's integrity. He was one of the last true New Englanders, in whom the rebel, the philosophic anarchist, the spiritual aristocrat, burned brightly amid the damp darkness of a vanished leadership. He was a Thoreau in tone. Historically, he appeared to have come too late; it may yet appear that this was a sort of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. A genuinely national composer, indeed, may have to retrace some of the ground that Gilbert covered, and may discover that Gilbert came early, after all. His Americanism was an organic phase of his sincerity, his independence, his wholeness; these qualities represent, perhaps, his chief meaning for those who are to follow.

HELL IN THE UNITED STATES

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

In its frequent altruistic broodings over the good it may do for such backward races as the inhabitants of the District of Columbia and the Nicaraguans, the American nation habitually forgets that it has a colonial dependency older than any of them and that nothing has ever been done to improve it. Hell was annexed to Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620, and to Los Angeles some sixty years before Gen. Stephen Kearny's troop of gringo dragoons arrived there in 1846 on their way to it.

In those three centuries at least ten times as many Americans have settled in Hell as have gone to foreign parts since 1920 for their drinking. They have endured more atrocities there than the oil promoters in Mexico or the Belgian virgins during the late barbarian invasion. On the brighter side, it has stimulated America's ecclesiastical industries more than the Liberian and Philippine jungles have helped the rubber tire business. Almost as many Americans have gained fame and fortune by believing in Hell as by having faith in Southern California. In its time it has probably had a greater influence on social decorum and moral progress in the Republic than the Mann Act or the Eighteenth Amendment.

Yet today its status with the Washington bureaucracy is almost as ill-defined as that of Haiti or the League of Nations. The War Department has no plans for maintaining order in it, and the Interior Department does not recognize it as public domain. There are no protective tariffs on its products and no quota restrictions on its native population. No court opinion has determined whether, when American locate there, the Constitution follows th flag, or whether the large proportion o boozers among them may legally tak their fire-water straight. As a place o residence, its chief charm lies solely in th fact that it is the one realm under th shadow of Washington's benevolenc which the five major divisions of th government, including the D. A. R. an the Anti-Saloon league, have let strictl alone.

The difficulty seems to lie in the fact tha the early Americans allowed the associa tion between Hell and America to develo much too casually. To the early colonists the new dependency was simply a publi convenience—a place to which they con signed those who disagreed with them about theology, and other habitual crimi nals; and to which they occasionally might return a few obnoxious native prod ucts, such as witches and Quakers, by th gallows route. The arrangement was muc too simple to require a statement of th relationship in a treaty or in legislativ enactments providing a formal system o government. Even the New Englanders whose interest in Hell's foreign and do mestic problems was the strongest, merely gave their clergy an informal mandate t decide who was going there, and to pre scribe the realm's local customs, publi amusements and disciplinary methods, an let it go at that.

Perhaps the subject of Hell's institution and their relations to those of America seemed too much a matter of course in th Seventeenth Century to be worth talkin about. Contrary to a popular impression

he early Puritan divines were far less fficient hellfire preachers than some of heir spiritual heirs and assigns. The pit mokes blew over every hamlet from Portsnouth to Stamford, and every citizen with common pew education knew just how ıigh and hot the flames were, the length of the prongs on the imps' pitchforks, and he width of the demons' smiles while ısing them. It could be taken for granted hat everybody was making a supreme ffort to keep out of the bonfire, so what occasion was there for Congregational livinity to dwell on its torments in detail? n fact, except during definite infernal inasions like the Salem witchcraft excitenent or when exceptionally consecrated nen like the Rev. Cotton Mather were isited by Satan and his imps socially, the Puritan pulpiteers tended to evade Hell as ı direct sermon topic much as the delicate Victorians evaded sex.

Plainly, it is from this combination of over-assurance and delicate reticence in its early friends and worshippers that Hell, n its connection with the United States, ıuffers today. Millions of our contempoaries are ignorant of its merits and funcions as a dependency, indifferent to its neglect, doubtful of its atrocities and even of its very existence because their early spiritual leaders, taking it for granted that heir flocks would continue to cherish the elationship, omitted to define it in law or ublic policy. While they remained discreetly silent during the first century of ettlement, prosperity, optimism and a ender 100% American anthropomorphism lid their deadly work. Before the middle of the Eighteenth Century a class had ırisen who, living easily on the land's feriility and dealing genially with their neighbors, could not conceive that a God nade in their own image would damn hem to Hell in eternity any more than He lid in the Connecticut Valley.

Although, to recall them to their reponsibilities the New England pulpit egan raising Hell as an issue in 1734, and lthough from then on until 1900 its sworn defenders celebrated the merits of its connection with the United States in an uninterrupted flow of creative sadistic literature, it was already too late. Recognizing their God as the genial sales-manager of a salvation syndicate, fascinated with the fleshly delights of liberating the Negroes from slavery, the Cubans from Spain and themselves from the curse of alcohol, the American people have increasingly refused for 200 years to give two whoops in Hell for what goes on there.

II

The youth chosen by God to sound the first trump of doom in the Republic of predestined optimism was Jonathan Edwards. Aside from the divine inspiration, Jonathan's preparations were more than adequate. He had been brought up in Connecticut, where less trifling with the unsaved was permitted than in the other Puritan colonies. He had graduated with honors from Yale less than twenty years after it had been founded to rebuke Harvard's growing doctrinal laxity and to serve as a kind of Bryan Fundamentalist University for colonial New England. He had experienced emotional conversion, which was comparatively rare among the New England intellectuals, and had solemnly reasoned it out that anyone who failed to love a Deity capable of bestowing such raptures upon His subjects was guilty of infinite criminality.

Jonathan, in short, at twenty-four was the last pulpit stripling in New England to accept a doctrinal scandal graciously, and when he went to Northampton, Mass., in 1727 to assist his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, in the local pulpit, he found one in full eruption. Prominent citizens were being accorded the privileges of the saved at the communion table who not only had omitted Jonathan's delicious experience of conversion but had even neglected to subscribe to the Calvinist confession of faith. Their sole title to being received as Christians and church members was that they

had lived their lives reasonably free from public scandal.

This sacrilege had been going on in Massachusetts for fifty years, which was one of the things the matter with Harvard. To Jonathan's Yale-bred piety the system was little better than fellowship with Mohammedans. Here was a congregation of the elect being polluted with sinners indifferent enough to God's love to go to Hell for it, some of whom distinctly added to the offense by not believing even in the Hell they were going to. Blessing the sacraments, the shrewd youth from Connecticut saw this rising tide of Arminians, heretics, hypocrites and plain infidels engulfing the church of the saints and transforming it into an organization as corruptingly worldly as a modern Y. M. C. A.

Nevertheless, Jonathan studied the abomination for seven years with prayer and tactical observations before doing anything about it. At first he was embarrassed by the fact that his grandfather was still boss and declined to let young reformers from Connecticut start anything that might impair the parish harmony. After the senile opportunist passed on, there was still the difficulty that the damned faction at the communion table embraced most of Northampton's wealthiest and most influential magnates. Then, in 1734, the Lord revealed it to Jonathan that by using Hell to scare hell out of them, he might lure the polluting element into salvation and thus purify the church without hurting any prominent person's feelings. Jonathan's answer to those who did not fear Hell enough to seek salvation of their own accord was a six-months' revival keyed to his famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

If you wanted to know what Northampton's penal suburb was like, warned Jonathan,

> imagine yourself to be cast into a fiery oven all of a glowing heat, where your pain would be as much greater than that occasioned by incidentally touching a coal of fire as the heat is greater. Imagine that you were to be there for a quarter of an hour, full of fire, as full within and without as a light coal of fire, all the while full of sense. What horror would you feel at the entrance of such a furnace! How long would a quarter of an hour seem to you; twenty-four hours; a thousand years! How would your heart sink if you knew you must bear it forever and ever! Your torment in Hell will be immensely greater than the illustration represents!

The sinners groaned under this, were stricken with strange palsies and paralyses, were convicted and in due time saved. When Whitefield, the peerless British soul saver of the age, invaded America in 1740, the hot wind from the Northampton pulpit proceeded to sweep New England and the middle colonies into the orgy of salvation known as the Great Awakening. Jonathan was established among his contemporaries as a ranking saint in Israel and for the first time in history Hell in the United States seemed definitely on the job.

III

Nevertheless, the refining influences of civilization continued to lead astray the upper classes. Even in Northampton the first families remained politely aloof from the Great Awakening's undignified works of the spirit. Within a decade the awful hand of God had relaxed its grip upon them sufficiently so that, when the great Jonathan tactlessly plucked up courage to exclude a few of the town's chief worldly ornaments from communion for incomplete conversion, they fired him from his pulpit as callously as a Park avenue vestry might ease out a rector who preached against Wall Street.

The prince of Hell-threateners went as a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians and later to the Princeton students, leaving the well-to-do and the young intellectuals of two generations exposed to the rising tide of French skepticism, English deism and their own prosperity. In result, by the end of the Revolution, the anthropomorphic instinct of the first New England families would no longer permit them to believe in a Deity who could be much harsher to his erring subjects than the Northampton sophisticates had been to

onathan Edwards. In 1787 the Rev. Dr. Charles Chauncey of Boston, descendant of Harvard presidents and pastor of the own's leading congregation of fashion, published a book to prove that Hell was not what it had been cracked up to be.

Chauncey was what would have been called, by a slightly later sectarian diction, a Restorationist. He believed, that is, in Hell, and that it was as hot as the Rev. Dr. Edwards' thermometric visions. But, as his peculiar contribution to American optimism, he also believed that it was possible and more or less inevitable that sinners should eventually get out of it. God might send the infidels and the impenitently wicked there for a few hundred or a few thousand years to roast their sinfulness out of them, but eventually they would call "enough" to the Mercy Seat and be turned loose in glory, with their burns all miraculously healed. Chauncey argued fundamentally from the ethics of Beacon Hill that since no self-respecting Bostonian would condemn his own children to everlasting torment for the sins of a few years' or a few moments' duration, obviously a Lord God Sabaoth trying to be worthy of Boston's worship would do nothing of the sort either.

But he took the literal Scriptures hard and had his difficulties proving all this by their subterranean illuminations. He won through at last by arguing that, although Hell's fire was certainly everlasting, as the Bible stated, it was merely kept there after the last sinner was taken out of it, to be ready for infidels in any subsequent creation Jehovah might wish to experiment with, and to remind the citizens of Paradise pleasantly of all they had gone through to get there.

Chauncey's plan of salvation had already been hinted at by one John Murray and the English Restorationists as early as the 1760's, but his was the first open challenge from respectable theological sources to Hell in the United States. Consequently, in the new Republic, the rattle of Fundamentalist oratory and printing presses proving the literalness, everlastingness and perfect justice of doom by fire and torment arose to Heaven along with the smoke of the arguments over the new Federal Constitution. With sentimental appropriateness, the leader of the pro-Hell forces was Jonathan Edwards, Jr., son of Northampton's Great Awakener and president of Union College. With some material assistance from the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Newport, who had a few doubtful doctrines of his own to account for by an exceptional zeal for orthodoxy on points of infernal dispensation, Edwards fixed in the 500-odd pages of his "Reply to Rev. Charles Chauncey D.D. on Endless Punishment" the main lines of America's Hell defenses until a sticky tide of sentimental optimism washed them away in the Twentieth Century: These were

1. Chauncey had no right to expect God's punishments to be reformatory, instead of vindictive, since the divine purpose was not to cure the patients but to warn others, and since stimulating their penitence with flames would amount, in practice, to offering more grace to the sinners in Hell than was extended to the saved who applied for forgiveness in the proper way while still on earth. Only a wishy-washy and second-class God, Edwards insisted, would reward His and His Son's worst enemies by "putting [them] under the best possible advantages to secure and promote [their] everlasting happiness" while all He gave His friends and worshippers was a sporting chance at it.

2. Everlasting punishment at the hands of the Living God was just because even the least sin against God, being an outrage upon an infinite Personage, must be infinite in its consequences.

3. If He only saved penitents from a few millenniums of toasting, the infinite goodness and mercy of God would not be obvious. He must save them from infinite torment and suffering in order to prove that He was tender-hearted in a really Big Way.

4. If the wicked could pay for their

crimes by their personal sufferings in Hell, it made Jesus's sacrifice for them unnecessary and Jesus Himself would look foolish for letting Himself be crucified when sinners could get to Heaven without Him. Furthermore, any self-saving system would deprive both the Father and the Son of the infinite satisfaction They felt in Their personally-conducted redemption arrangement and of Their claim to a fallen race's due gratitude to Them for having gone through with it.

5. Finally, if there were to be salvation for the impenitent, it would brand God as a liar in all His supremely high-powered cursing texts in both Testaments.

To these fundamentals the Rev. Dr. Hopkins added the material consideration that God's delight in the happiness of His saved could not be perfect unless He had the infinite woe of His damned to compare it with. Furthermore, as a practical controversialist Hopkins answered several of the lowly arguments of the country-store debaters against eternal damnation. Of course, he admitted, no father would condemn his own children to eternal punishment for any crime against the family discipline or society's. But since a righteous father who happened to be a criminal judge would not hesitate to inflict the supreme human penalty on a son who had been proved legally liable to it, why expect God, functioning in His judicial rather than His parental capacity, to withhold the supreme divine penalty from those who deserved it? Again, if you imagined you could not be happy in Heaven while watching your children or the spouse of your bosom toasting in Hell flames a few miles below you through the ether, you should, as a Christian, trust the mercy and kindness of Jehovah to teach you, at the proper time and place, to enjoy it.

With this the consecrated intellectuals called it a day and left the mop-up work to the mere talking pulpiteers. These did it so well, in the next dozen years, that from Connecticut north one of the strongest campaign arguments against Jefferson in 1800 was to the effect that the Republican candidate did not believe in Hell. Therefore, according to the orthodox version, if Jefferson were elected, one of Satan's literal imps would sit in the brand-new White House.

IV

Edwards, Hopkins and Chauncey, however, belonged to the sophisticated classes. All three had had long experience keeping the peace in congregations of rival social nabobs and financial magnates, and so managed to preserve the amenities. Their indignation was carefully shorn of personalities and each champion's sorrow that his antagonist could not see the light was tempered with polite expressions of respect for his privilege of blindness. Real Hell did not pop in the Hell controversy until it spread down among the common people and the clergy of the hard-shell, shouting and wash-foot sects.

There had been intimations of the coming turmoil even before Chauncey's outbreak, when John Murray had arrived early in the 1770's and preached universal salvation cautiously to small independent churches in Rhode Island and Gloucester, Mass. Apparently because he suggested that there would be eventual salvation both for Papists and British redcoats, the local four-minute orators in both communities charged him with being simultaneously a secret Papal agent and a spy of King George. Murray's local popularity won him a chaplaincy in a Rhode Island militia regiment, but obviously a chaplain urging that a lucky bayonet jab at a British trooper's jugular would only send him to Paradise was injurious to morale, and his military service was early concluded by an official attack of ill health.

The scandals on Murray, however, were merely local phenomena of the '70's. The real outburst was deferred until the doctrine of Hell-for-regeneration-only began to invade the rustic Northeast at the turn of the century. For suddenly it was dis-

covered that the new light on the covenant had a fatal fascination for the hill-billies of the Vermont and New Hampshire villages. The city intellectuals like Chauncey who had been tempted, had remained nominally in the orthodox fold and were getting a more conservative liberation from Hell, such as it was, by gradually turning their Congregational churches into Unitarian. But from the Maine woods to the Mohawk Valley, from Lake Champlain to Bridgeport, the upland store-keepers and agriculturalists, sick of a hundred years of New England Winters, of raising crops between boulders and of dodging Hell only through the subtle interstices between the free will and predestination of Calvinism, demanded to be happy and get it over with. Universalism gave them their chance, and in the 1790's and 1800's it spread through the New England and New York up-State regions like wild strawberry.

But quickly it was discovered that guarantees of happiness in the next world did not concretely promote it in this. In proportion as Hell disappeared from the mystical landscape of the White and Green Mountains and the Berkshires, it raised itself in the form of fighting arguments in the taverns, in meeting-house riots, in broken friendships and engagements, in disinherited children, in prayed for parents, and in foreclosed mortgages and withdrawals of credit. The orthodox probably needed no reminders that, released from Hell fears, their fellow-citizens and intimates would automatically begin beating their wives, committing adultery, squandering their patrimonies on riotous living, disgracing their old age with venery, cheating at cards and dishonoring their notes of hand. Nevertheless, to avoid all possible charitable misunderstandings, their clergy spent several years doing little else but preach to them that Universalists were all without exception predestined rakes and embezzlers.

Naturally, the peace of God was not increased by these constructive criticisms nor by the occasional stock retort from the more spirited Universalist theologians that the orthodox had been deceived in the object of their adorations and were actually worshipping the Devil. In time clashes took place not only between verbal controversialists in the bar-rooms and opposing battalions of holy scandal-mongers over the tea tables, but between definitely pugilistic champions of the God of Wrath and the God of Excessive Mercy on the public streets.

A fighting issue appeared chronically in the smaller towns when the Universalists began to demand their turn at holding services in the community meeting-house used traditionally by the Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists in rotation. Coming to Woodstock, Vermont, in 1799, where the courthouse was used for this holy purpose, the Rev. Hosea Ballou, who later became a kind of Pope of American Universalism, found Sheriff Rice standing on the front steps of the edifice ready to defend Hell in full uniform and with drawn sword. "Peter, put up thy sword into its place," Ballou commanded with his best pulpit voice and holiest unction, and either because of Ballou's red hair, six feet and 200 pounds or because he felt he had done enough grandstanding to satisfy the Fundamentalist vote, the sheriff retired without bloodshed.

But as late as April, 1823, the Baptists of Bellingham Center, Mass., were still ready to settle the question of eternal destiny with finite violence. When the Universalists' turn came at the meeting-house, a mob of them ganged about it and kept the Rev. Adin Ballou, Hosea's younger cousin, from holding Hell-less services with threats of a pitched battle. Next month he came back ready for business, only to hear that the Baptists had broken into the meeting-house Saturday night through a rear window and barred the door from the inside so that the Universalists could not unlock it even with the selectmen's keys. Here, providentially, occurred the only miracle in the Universalist saga.

A tavern-keeper named Foster had dreamed three times in the night that the Baptists were up to some mischief—a consistent Universalist naturally could not call it devilment—and, arising, entered the church through the same broken window and unbarred the door just after the Hell-preservers had left. Nevertheless, on Sunday afternoon, the Baptists, led by their pastor, the Rev. Abiel Fisher, rushed the meeting-house along with the Universalists, and broke up their meeting with jeers, a continuous hymn-singing service, and a few discreetly placed punches in the jaw. Ballou's flock was forced to retire to the tavern parlor, leaving Hell in the meeting-house, where the Baptists believed it belonged.

In time, as it was observed that the Universalists beat no more board bills and ravished no more virgins than members of the Hell-dedicated sects, these martial ardors abated. To be sure, the Universalist doctrine got worse, and in 1818 the majority of the sect abandoned even the principle of a regenerative Hell for the belief that "you get it on earth" and, at dissolution, through Christ's sacrifice, leap directly from your career of crime into bliss everlasting. Nevertheless, so far as the superficial amenities were concerned, the sect by the 1830's was being treated with almost as much respect as the Unitarians.

Slander, however, did its worst for them throughout the Nineteenth Century. Dr. Hosea Ballou, dead in his advanced eighties, left a bulky package of documentary proofs of personal virtue behind with the instruction "never to be opened unless my character has been assailed." Since he never was publicly charged with anything worse than Sabbath-breaking, profanity and confessed drunkenness, he must have led, apart from his theological vices, a singularly blameless life.

The rest of Universalist clergy had to face almost as many accusations of free-love preaching, devil-worship and secret agents' work for the atheist society of the Illuminati as the Communist party or the tongue-speaking branch of the Holy Rollers. But on the whole, as sometimes happens in works of sacred reprobation, the slanderers made out Universalism to be an exceptionally agreeable religion.

One of its apostate ministers, the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, published in 1842, after retiring into the consolations of Calvinism, a work called "Universalism Examined, Renounced, Exposed," in which, presumably, the worst that could be said of it was exploited from an insider's viewpoint. According to Smith, the awfullest effects of losing the fear of Hell were that frank infidels enjoyed Universalist services, that ministers sometimes told stories of a mildly Rabelaisian character, that pastors and laymen often played games, read secular literature and finished hurry-up office jobs on the Sabbath, that communicants often gained several hours a day for worldly pleasures by omitting family prayers, that Universalist preaching never reclaimed communicants from their favorite vices, that the men of the congregation often spent the interval between Sunday morning and afternoon services at the tavern bar, and that a recognized means of showing appreciation for an exceptionally good Universalist sermon was to buy the pastor a drink.

V

It seems incredible that a sect with such a prospectus to recommend it should have wasted away, yet Universalism did. While accurate census returns are not available, it was probably proportionately strongest in the first three decades of the Nineteenth Century. For the past generation it has been going down hill even numerically.

This may partly have been due to its failure to live up to the Rev. Mr. Smith's advertisements, since Universalist services today, when they can be found, are as piously dull as a public lecture on Christian Science. But the main factor in the decay seems to have been that Universalism, beginning with the mid-century, sold the

to-Hell idea to its orthodox competitors. t passed on because, after it had become possible to disbelieve in Hell and yet remain in good standing with the Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Northern Baptists, there was no longer any reason to mark one's self as a mild eccentric by becoming a Universalist.

The shrewder adorers of the divine wrath saw this coming as early as the sixties and from then on until the end of the century the more orthodox denominational presses labored with sanctified zeal to stop it. The enthusiasm of orthodox divinity in the crisis even added new cerebral and emotional support to the pro-Hell demonstrations of Edwards and Hopkins.

For instance, in a cheerful book called "Doom Eternal" the Rev. Dr. Junius P. Reimensnyder urged his fellow citizens during the height of the Garfield-Hancock campaign not to forget that "the most direful portraitures of Hell have fallen from the lips of our gentle, pitiful and exquisitely sensitive Lord Himself." For God to keep a universe going in which anything less than His Son's sacrifice was efficacious to cleanse it of sin would be, he insisted, a confession of failure in Omnipotence. He lashed out at the pseudo-gentle and refined spirit of the age which, merely because it was too queasy-minded to look the Bible's "harrowing . . . and revolting" Hell-fire language in the face, proposed to turn God into a doddering sentimentalist incapable of seeing through the job of divine justice. Worst of all, he threatened that, if Protestantism showed any "false charity to these negative movements," it would drive sincere yearners for faith to Rome where, with all the notorious vices of the Pope and College of Cardinals, faith at least was absolute.

One of Reimensnyder's allies in the stick-to-Hell movement was the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, who conceivably had experienced some leanings toward the sentimentalized Nineteenth Century Deity himself. In 1878, to confirm himself in the faith he wrote "The Scriptural Argument for Future Endless Punishment." This was fundamentally a plea that although Adams understood how natural it was for tender-hearted Americans to associate angels with elves, flowers and fairies, he preferred to remember that the angelic host had slain 185,000 of Senaccherib's soldiers in a single night and "to correct my natural or acquired feelings by the word of God." God, as a matter of fact, said Adams in his reassuring climax, was really a more terrible divinity in the New Testament than the Old, since before the divine atonement He had occasionally relented with the Jews, but could not be expected to do so after trying to discourage natural depravity by sacrificing His Son. If you didn't believe this, urged Adams, just sit down for a while with the ablest damnation utterance of Jesus, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire" and try to imagine what kind of a Divine Saviour you had if He didn't mean a curse when He said it.

In the same period in Wisconsin, not yet the Progressives' holy ground, the Rev. John P. Gulliver, D.D., in "Law and Penalty Endless in an Endless Universe" gave forth the somewhat novel illumination that the nation's straying from the paths of Hell-secured salvation might be due to the decline of faith in a personal Devil. The Devil with all his faults, Gulliver reasoned, was the sole personage in the cosmos responsible for keeping us out of Hell at all. For if Eve had eaten the apple in Eden entirely of her own volition, God would have had no recourse but to damn her and her progeny for the disobedience without mercy, whereas, seeing that she was tempted by an infernal emissary from the outside, He could consistently yield to an ungodly impulse to be generous about it. Thus, when the sinner did not believe in a personal Devil, he was in fair way to lose his salvation by failing to give due weight to the only circumstance which could warrant self-respecting Omnipotence in adopting a plan of redemption at all. Gulliver admitted that a proper faith in

Satan was more difficult since the archfiend had lost his license to appear in visible form at the beginning of the Christian era, but insisted that the Christians were well paid for this slight disadvantage by the atonement achieved on Calvary.

Gulliver also introduced a few novel notes into his answers to the stock objections of the Hell-doubters. If you did not imagine you could be happy in Heaven while your friends were elsewhere, he argued, you should remember that in Hell all friendship ceases and the most devoted partners in crime sit around in the flames blaming their former associates for getting them there. The suspicion that the saints in bliss might find it unpleasant watching their erring children roast in Pandemonium he answered by daring the doubters to say that a loving Heavenly Father was not happy watching His children roast.

Finally, when Hell doubts were beginning to be tinctured with evolutionary optimism and material prosperity, came the Rev. Dr. L. B. Hartmann in 1898 with his "Divine Penology." The evolutionists had been denying Hell and the Last Judgment on the principle that all progress was upward, and Hartmann, quoted "science" in the generalized way theologians sometimes have, as presenting "positive" proofs that the race's doom as announced in Revelations was infallibly approaching. Earthquakes, exploding planets, new stars and dead cinder stars presaged the worst, he argued. In addition, "the element of ammonia in our atmosphere is constantly increasing its proportions and which (*sic*) as it increases ever heightens the tendency of the atmosphere to explode with a flash of lightning or a spark of fire. . . . [If] one of the three elements of our air were extracted, the heavens and the earth would be wrapped in an instantaneous conflagration."

To materialistic skepticism Hartmann had the equally instructive answer that England's rise and fall in power and prosperity throughout the ages was precisely "according to her theology," especially as respected orthodoxy on the point of eternal damnation. But he had evidently been touched to the raw by the Universalists' jibes at a Hell-feeding Jehovah's lovingkindness. The very warnings of Hell-fire, he declaimed, showed how God loved us, but in any case God could not be rebuked for harshness to His children, since we were not His natural children at all but only adopted ones. In fact, when we chose to follow the lusts of the flesh, we weren't even that, but, in Jesus's own words, "children of your father, the Devil."

No self-respecting God, Hartmann proceeded, could be expected to deal tenderly with the children of his worst enemy, and if after that you chose to call the Lord God of Hosts cruel, look out for the penalties on judging Omnipotence!

VI

These were the distinguished theologians of their time, and from their incandescent penal illuminations they smelted the last golden flow of American pulpit dialectic. They have been succeeded by nitwit controversialists squabbling ignobly and for the most part with weasel words over the question of whether woman was made from a man's rib or from the bacilli in a frog pond and how far the church should go in social service.

The great Beecher, who stopped preaching Hell about the time he began to catch it in the Tilton case, was in his way a magnificent fore-runner. Through a glass shrewdly he saw that the nation favored of God and its own oratorical tributes as being the greatest on earth would take its Hell here rather than in theology, if you please, and not very much of it here. Beecher foresaw, and the modern clergy sees with him, that the American people, quick to deny the mildest insinuation that Terre Haute or Walla Walla may not be the best little city on God's footstool, propose to be told that when their Heavenly Father uses the word "damn" He smiles.

So today, despite all the labors from Jonathan the First to Hartmann, the Con-

gregationalists and the Unitarians have essentially adopted the Universalist doctrine, the modernists are in all sects Hell-doubters, and it would be as indecorous to preach Hell from an Episcopal pulpit as to search the guests at one's dinner party for the flask lost on last week's motor trip. The more ardent Fundamentalist sects still keep the Hell-fires burning nominally, but even with them the sense that it is not done by the upper classes restrains them from brazenly trotting it out in public. Ask even a select list of Southern Fundamentalist pastors how much they preach it, and the chances are that all of them, as happened to me in my recent investigations, will hedge with the answer that God and the day's Rotarian illumination have shown them that preaching ought to be "constructive."

Hell, in fact, as an attachment to the United States exists in 1928 chiefly as a protectorate of the half dozen going sects of Holy Rollers. At least two of their living saints have visited it during their conversion orgies and annually they gloat over its horrors and colonize it with the millions dying in infidelity and with the false comforts of "the sectarian Babylon."

Obviously, for a connection begun under the mandate of the Puritan pulpit aristocracy, this is a sad loss of distinction. As things stand, Hell's prestige could scarcely be restored in American society without its being reconquered by Bishop Manning and re-annexed by act of Congress. While these sovereign bodies continue to have troubles of their own, it has no more chance, socially or legally speaking, than one of its own snow-balls.

RISE AND FALL OF A HERO

BY ARTHUR STRAWN

It took forty years of naval training, no little amount of political pull, an unnecessary war with Spain and an easy and one-sided victory at Manila Bay to make George Dewey the most violently worshipped public figure this country has ever known. Other Americans, after absence from their native shores, have been welcomed back with enthusiasm, and others have been honored with praise and rewards and lively public demonstrations as a prelude to elevation into the national Parthenon. But no American has ever been the object of such frenzied hero-worship as was bestowed on George Dewey on his triumphant return from the Philippines.

New York under the sartorial rule of Jimmy Walker and Grover Whalen has never approximated the giddy splendor of those two days in September, 1899, when he was welcomed with a triumphal arch, a water carnival and a land parade, to witness which some people paid as much as twenty dollars. "Welcome Dewey" flashed out in electric lights from Brooklyn Bridge. An entire naval squadron, fifteen symbolic floats and thousands of gaily decorated vessels churned the waters of the Hudson while fireworks brightened the heavens in honor of the hero. More than thirty-six thousand soldiers and sailors, including rear-admirals and generals, paraded the streets in his honor and followed him through the triumphal arch which members of the New York Society of Sculptors had modelled as a labor of love. There has been nothing like it before or since.

Congress gave the hero a vote of thanks and a gold sword, and by special act revived the high office of Admiral, with the provision that it should cease to exist on Dewey's death. And he was made subject to retirement from the Navy only at his own solicitation. Through popular subscription he was presented with a house in Washington. Cities struck off medals for him; gold and silver loving cups were thrust upon him; villages, babies, cigars and wearing apparel were named in his honor. Rag-time hosannas were composed to his glory, reams of poems choked the newspaper columns, and men of high and low degree alike beseeched him to honor the nation by consenting to be a candidate for its Presidency.

With the victory over Spain the national war fever became a delirium of worship for Dewey. For his glorification Providence had decreed the death of one Empire and the birth of another, and what had seemed to be folly and greed and wanton bloodshed turned out after all to be merely the obscure ways in which the Lord had been working to raise Dewey to the dizziest heights of adulation.

Nor must it be thought that he himself was blind to the fact that the Divine Will had exercised itself especially on his behalf. A mere dozen of the Spanish shells had struck his fleet and not one man had been killed, and when one of his officers suggested that here was the work of God manifest, Dewey heartily concurred.

"I believe it, I believe it!" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes, I believe it! It is easier to believe that than it is to believe that so many shells could have missed us from simple human inaccuracy of fire . . . God knows where all the shells went."

And after a meditative pause he added:

> If I were a religious man, . . if I were the good Presbyterian some persons have said I am, I should certainly say that the Lord meant to punish Spain for her years of wickedness and misrule in these islands. Why, look at it! We have taken an empire and have lost scarcely a man! It was the judgment of God, the judgment of God!

II

Although he had been an officer in the Navy for many years, Dewey was almost entirely unknown before the Battle of Manila Bay. He was descended from old New England stock. One of his ancestors was a sergeant in King Philip's War and a great-grandfather fought at Lexington. His father was graduated from the University of Vermont and thereupon settled down to practice medicine at Montpelier, where the future Admiral was born on December 26, 1837.

Except for the death of his mother when he was five years old, Dewey's childhood was the normal one of a healthy boy. In fact, he had such an excess of animal spirits that his father sent him at the age of fourteen to the old military academy at Norwich to be disciplined. In his third year at Norwich Dewey and four classmates distinguished themselves by getting arrested for breaking up a prayer-meeting, which they accomplished by singing vulgar songs just outside the church. Dewey's father paid the fine, and, removing his son from school, immediately applied for an appointment to West Point, where the discipline was known to be rigid and unfailing. But there was no vacancy, and as second choice Dr. Dewey obtained an appointment to Annapolis. In the Fall of 1854 he took his son down to the Academy for the entrance examinations, and young George passed them successfully.

"George, I've done all I can for you," the father said. "The rest you must do for yourself."

And with that he departed.

Dewey found life at the Naval Academy congenial. He did well in his studies and ranked fifth in the class of fifteen graduated in 1858. After a long cruise in European waters as midshipman, he returned to the Academy for his final examinations and in April, 1861, at the age of twenty-three, found himself a full-fledged naval officer.

Although he did not have command of a ship himself, he was in the thick of two of the most important naval engagements of the Civil War. He participated in the sharp fighting on the Mississippi below and above New Orleans and was present at the Battle of Mobile Bay. On one occasion his ship, set on fire by enemy shells and in a sinking condition, had to be abandoned, and in the dangerous operation of landing the crew safely Dewey did his work so coolly and efficiently that he was officially commended for it. In all these operations he was attached to Farragut's fleet, and Farragut ever after remained his beau idéal of a naval officer.

> Whenever I have been in a difficult situation, or in the midst of such a confusion of details that the simple and right thing to do seemed hazy, I have often asked myself "What would Farragut do?" In the course of preparations for Manila Bay I often asked myself this question, and I confess that I was thinking of him the night that we entered the Bay, and with the conviction that I was doing precisely what he would have done.

Between the years 1862 and 1867 Dewey served as executive officer, that is, second in command, on nine different vessels. His brief stay on some of the ships was due to the fact that many of the commanding officers objected to his comparative youth. Nevertheless he seems to have been a capable officer and won a reputation for his ability to discipline refractory crews. On one occasion he lowered himself into a dark hold and there faced a giant of a sailor who had threatened to kill anyone who confronted him. Dewey spoke to the man and restored him to order. On another occasion he broke up a mutiny by calmly shooting and killing the ringleader. He was not of a harsh nature, however, and the log of an officer on the old frigate *Colorado* records the fact that Lieutenant Dewey tried to make the Christmas of 1866

a joyful occasion by giving each of the bluejackets a bottle of wine. Indeed, he had a mild fondness for champagne himself. Chewing tobacco, which he had learned to relish at the Naval Academy, he soon abandoned on discovering that officers of the British Navy disapproved of it, but he found himself unable to carry out an early resolution to give up smoking, and cigars continued to be one of his permanent pleasures.

In due time he rose to a command and continued his cruises, occasionally alternating his work afloat with official duties ashore. In 1884, at the age of forty-seven, he was made a captain. In 1895 he was made president of the Board of Inspection and Survey, an important post which gave him opportunity to familiarize himself with the minutest detail of the Navy's equipment, and in May, 1896, at the age of fifty-nine, he was promoted to the rank of commodore and made eligible to receive command of a squadron if one should fall vacant.

III

Dewey's many years of competent service had earned him his promotion to commodore, but it was plain and unadorned political pull that got him the command of the Asiatic Squadron and so gave him his chance at Manila Bay.

Ever since the *Virginius* Affair of 1873 there had been friction between the United States and Spain over the latter's administration in Cuba, and a continually growing possibility of war between the two countries. Many Americans were more than eager to settle these differences by resorting to arms, and not the least conspicuous among them was Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

From Dewey's appointment in 1890 as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment to his promotion to commodore, he was stationed at Washington, where his duties threw him into frequent contact with Roosevelt. Although Dewey never said so publicly, it is not improbable that the possibility of a war with Spain was not without a certain appeal to him. After all, a naval officer can win glory only by fighting. Furthermore, it was well known that chances of a defeat by Spain were remote, for the American Navy was in much better shape than the Spanish, and the United States was not disturbed by serious problems of government such as were harassing Spain. There is good reason for believing that young Roosevelt and Commodore Dewey had pretty much the same ideas about fighting Spain.

In the Summer and Fall of 1897 there arose the question of a successor to Rear-Admiral McNair, who was about to be retired from command of the Asiatic Squadron. It was known that Dewey and Commodore John A. Howell, who ranked above him in point of seniority, were being considered for the position.

The most influential officer in the distribution of assignments was Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, whose advice had great weight with Secretary of the Navy Long, and it was known that Crowninshield had no great admiration for Dewey. Thus, if events had been allowed to take their normal course, Howell would have got the Asiatic Squadron and Dewey would never have had an opportunity to lead the fleet to Manila. But Roosevelt wanted Dewey to have the command.

"With the enthusiastic candor which characterizes him," Dewey later said, "he declared that I ought to have the Asiatic Squadron."

This opinion, strangely enough, exactly coincided with Dewey's own view of the matter, and what followed after this remark the Admiral himself later published in his autobiography.

"I want you to go," Roosevelt declared. "You are the man who will be equal to the emergency if one arises. Do you know any Senators?"

In keeping with the best traditions of the Navy, Dewey hesitated to use political influence, but when Roosevelt told him a

letter from an influential source had been received in favor of Howell, he overcame his scruples.

> My heart was set on having the Asiatic Squadron.
>
> "Senator Proctor is from my State," I said to Mr. Roosevelt. "He is an old friend of the family, and my father was of service to him when he was a young man."
>
> "You could not have a better sponsor," Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed. "Lose no time in having him speak a word for you."
>
> I went immediately to see Senator Proctor, who was delighted that I had mentioned the matter to him. That very day he called on President McKinley and received the promise of the appointment before he left the White House. . . . Secretary Long was indignant because I had used political influence to obtain it. . . .

On October 21, 1897, Dewey received orders to sail from San Francisco to relieve Acting Rear-Admiral McNair on board the flagship *Olympia*.

Perhaps it was with these events in mind that Dewey later wrote in his autobiography that it was to his father's influence he owed, "primarily, all that I have accomplished in the world."

IV

It is perhaps not entirely irrelevant to observe that the war which made Dewey famous could have been avoided quite easily. The truth of the matter is that Spanish anxiety to avoid war found itself unable to balance American eagerness to bring it on. In the eight months immediately preceding the break in diplomatic relations, the Spanish government yielded to practically every important demand made by the United States. People in Spain protested against the misrule of Cuba as sincerely as people did in America, and it was to some extent because of this that the Conservative ministry was overthrown in 1897 and replaced by a Liberal ministry under Sagasta which immediately set out to please and placate the United States. Weyler, the cruel Governor-General of Cuba, was immediately recalled. Decrees were issued giving the Cubans a large measure of autonomy and all the rights enjoyed by Spaniards at home. Weyler's *reconcentrado* order was revoked, and when the United States demanded that the Spanish Army in Cuba grant an armistice to the *insurrectos*, this, too, was done.

Then, on February 15, 1898, the *Maine* was sunk, apparently by a mine, while on a peaceful mission in Havana harbor. It has never yet been established that the explosion was not caused by Cuban *insurrectos*, who were more than eager to involve the United States and Spain in a war. In any case, Spain promptly offered to have the accident investigated by a board of arbitration. Rejoicing at her obvious willingness to make every reasonable concession in the interest of peace, General Woodford, American Ambassador at Madrid, as late as April 10, 1898, sent McKinley the following telegram, a telegram which, significantly enough, has been omitted from the authorized McKinley biography:

> In view of action of Spanish government, I hope that you can obtain full authority from Congress to do whatever you shall deem necessary to secure immediate and permanent peace in Cuba by negotiation. . . . I hope that nothing will now be done to humiliate Spain, as I am satisfied that the present government is going, and is loyally ready to go, as fast and as far as it can.

But the rabble of America was crying for blood. The yellow press, led by William Randolph Hearst, then in his lusty prime, demanded war. According to the popular doctrine of the time, the civil war in Cuba was endangering civilization and outraging humanity—a doctrine which today has familiar sound. It seemed, furthermore, that the United States was obliged to intervene in Cuba, not only because American business was suffering great loss through the disturbed state of affairs, but also in order that the cruel war there might be ended. In other words, it was to be a war to end war. Of course there may have been other reasons. Did not the Secretary of War, the Russell Alger of fragrant memory, declare to a Senator who was close to the President:

> I want you to advise the President to declare war. He is making a great mistake. He is in danger of ruining himself and the Republican Party by

> standing in the way of the people's wishes. Congress will declare war in spite of him. He'll get run over and the party with him.

During the closing months of the Cleveland administration an almost identical situation had developed and a number of Congressmen told the President that "we have about decided to declare war against Spain over the Cuban question." But Cleveland, not to be intimidated, replied that there wouldn't be any war if they did, for as Commander-in-Chief he would refuse to mobilize the army. He referred to the possibility of buying Cuba, but said "it would be an outrage to declare war."

But Cleveland's successor was a man of whom Roosevelt once wrote: "McKinley has no more backbone than a chocolate éclair." So in spite of the fact that Spain showed every willingness to make concessions, when the men from whom McKinley took orders decided that it would be to the advantage of the Republican Party to declare war, he did so.

His message to Congress, read on April 11, 1898, only one day after receiving General Woodford's telegram, closed with the following words:

> In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of the endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop.

Apparently Woodrow Wilson was not as original a writer as some have supposed.

V

At Hong-Kong, on April 25, 1898, Commodore Dewey received the following cable from Secretary Long:

> War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations particularly against Spanish fleet. You must either capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavor.

After waiting two days for the arrival of Consul Williams from Manila with a detailed report on the Spanish fortifications Dewey steamed for the Philippines. His destination was Subig Bay, the logical place for the Spanish fleet to make its stand. As a matter of fact, the Spanish fleet had left Subig Bay only twenty-four hours before the arrival of the Americans, and its reason for so doing gives us a preliminary view of the factors which combined to make Dewey a hero. The Spaniards abandoned Subig Bay immediately after arriving there because they made the astonishing discovery that the big guns for the land batteries had not even been mounted. They were still lying on the beach, where they had been unloaded a month and a half before. Then, instead of taking a stand in front of Manila, where they would have been under the protection of powerful shore batteries, the Spaniards made another blunder by making it at Cavite, seven miles away.

To get at the Spanish fleet Dewey had to go into Manila Bay, the entrance of which was guarded by several fortified islands and the channel of which was mined. A few minutes after midnight, early on the morning of May 1, the fleet under cover of darkness steamed through one of the narrow channels. The shore batteries were not equipped with searchlights. The fleet safely passed the fortresses—all but the last ship, which was fired upon three times without damage by a gun on one of the islands. The reason why more shots had not been fired was later given by the Spanish officer in charge, who stated that most of his men happened to be enjoying a holiday ashore and could not get back to the fortress in time to man the guns—although it had been known in advance that the American fleet was coming! An eye witness on the other armed island later informed Dewey that the ships were all plainly visible, but that for some unexplained cause not one gun had been fired.

As for the mines in the channel, the same care and foresight which characterized all the Spanish preparations had made them quite useless. For one thing, many of the available mines had not been

planted. To the electro-controlled ones that had been placed the firing devices had not yet been attached, and still other mines the Filipino insurrectionists had rendered worthless by stealing their powder. Not one mine exploded. Dewey's passage was as safe as if he had been going into Hampton Roads.

Once inside the Bay, Dewey slowed down the speed of his ships to wait until dawn should reveal the enemy. In the meantime, either to keep himself awake or because of the heat, he consumed quantities of cold tea. At 4 A. M. he was served with hot coffee and hardtack. Then something unexpected happened. The hot coffee and the cold tea didn't agree and the officers on the flagship *Olympia* were treated to the appalling spectacle of their gallant commodore suffering from a violent attack of *mal de mer*. Just a half-hour before the battle, one of the officers later wrote, Dewey was as upset "as if he had been a youngster just going out of port into a heavy sea on his first cruise."

For all practical purposes the battle of Manila Bay was won when the Spaniards allowed the Americans to get past the entrance to the bay unharmed, for the American fleet was far superior to the Spanish. The number of men on each side was about equal, and the Spaniards had seven ships to Dewey's six, but it is not the number of ships that counts in a battle, but their size and armament, and here the Americans had an advantage which made the result of a fight between the two fleets a foregone conclusion. One of the Spanish ships was an old hulk unable to move under her own power and it had been necessary to tow her back from Subig Bay to prevent her engines from shaking her to pieces. According to Dewey's own official figures, his six ships had a total displacement of 19,098 tons to that of 11,698 tons for the enemy's seven. The Americans had 53 guns of greater calibre than 4-inch to 31 for Spain, 56 guns under 4-inch to 44 for Spain, and 8 torpedo tubes to 13 for Spain. The battle itself was without unusual features. At 5:40 A. M., when his flagship was within two-and-a-half miles of the enemy, Dewey turned to the captain of the *Olympia* and said: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Five times the American ships circled before the enemy and poured shells into the stationary targets before them. The battle lasted less than two hours. Only eleven shells hit the American ships, doing no damage and slightly wounding eight men. Of the Spanish ships, six of the seven were sunk or on fire or otherwise completely disabled. The fight had been hopelessly one-sided.

The pall of smoke, however, concealed the condition of the Spaniards, and at 7:35 A. M. Dewey received the startling report that the ammunition on his ships was almost exhausted. He decided to withdraw the fleet, giving his men the pretext that they needed breakfast, and investigate the report.

"To hell with breakfast!" the gunners protested. But the ships were withdrawn and the men were fed while Dewey learned that the report had been incorrectly transmitted.

> The public at home, on account of this signal [to withdraw], to which was attributed a nonchalance that had never occurred to me, reasoned that breakfast was the real reason for our withdrawal from action.

And for that reason, too, the public began to picture Dewey as the calm and self-confident commander who coolly withdrew from action out of a kind-hearted desire to give his men food and rest.

At 11:16 A. M. Dewey's fleet returned to Cavite and sank the one remaining ship.

The Battle of Manila Bay was over. Technically, Dewey had carried out the operation in perfect form. But if by a great naval battle one means a strongly contested meeting between two approximately even foes, the Battle of Manila Bay was a dud. It was like the meeting of a first-rate pugilist with an opponent whose insides have been eaten hollow by consumption.

VI

As soon as the result of the battle became known in the United States, Dewey was overwhelmed with messages of congratulation. He was promptly promoted to rear-admiral and Congress offered the members of his fleet a vote of thanks. Clubs, chambers of commerce and corporations sent him laudatory cables and gifts, and when he received a gift which pleased him particularly he would signal to the captains on the other vessels to come over and admire it with him.

Although Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet, the city of Manila still remained in the hands of the enemy, and it was garrisoned by a force of 15,000 troops. Finally, American soldiers were landed and on August 13, in what the American papers described as a brilliant attack, the combined naval and land forces stormed the city and the Spaniards surrendered.

From this second victory Dewey's reputation at home gained further increase. The details of the attack, however, were not made public until 1902, when a Senate investigation revealed the fact that the taking of Manila had been really nothing more than a sham battle, in which every move had been prearranged between the American and Spanish commanders!

DEWEY—It was all arranged and we need not have lost a man.

SENATOR—Who was the arrangement with?

DEWEY—The Governor-General who commanded. He arranged with me that I was to go up and fire a few shots, and then I was to make the signal "Do you surrender?" and he would hoist the white flag and then the troops would march in. I said "If you are going to surrender, why must I fire shots?" He said his honor demanded that. So I had to fire and kill a few people.

SENATOR—To preserve his honor?

DEWEY—Yes. I said, "Now make him [the Spanish commander] understand that he must keep his word, because if he fires one shot [from the big guns on the water front] down goes the city." They did not fire a shot, although they had 15,000 troops in the city and 47 rifled guns on the city front. They did not fire a shot.

SENATOR—Was the agreement to surrender made public at the time?

DEWEY—There are lots of things which are not communicated to the public.

And it was another fact, not communicated to the public when Dewey returned in triumph, that it was largely due to him that the Filipino insurrection gained headway and was eventually enabled to hold out for two years against the United States. Dewey's fleet lost no men in the battle of Manila Bay, but Dewey's subsequent dealings with Aguinaldo cost several thousand American lives before the insurrection was crushed. For it had been at the admiral's invitation that Aguinaldo came from his place of retirement in Singapore to Manila. Having no landing forces of his own, Dewey decided to use the disaffected Filipinos to help hem in the Spaniards, and to that purpose he sent Aguinaldo ashore to organize an army.

It will perhaps never be known how much truth there is in the assertion that Dewey, in order to gain Aguinaldo's help, told him that the United States would offer the Filipinos independence such as was promised the Cubans in case of success. When the United States later decided to keep the Philippines, a step partly due to Dewey's advice, the Admiral denied that he had made any such promise and insisted that he hadn't even suspected that the natives had any serious desire for independence. On the other hand, Aguinaldo insisted that Dewey had made very definite promises.

The reader may decide for himself which he prefers to believe. But there are several relevant facts not open to conjecture. Dewey not only put Aguinaldo ashore to organize, but when the *insurrecto* leader came back to him discouraged and eager to return to Singapore, Dewey persuaded him to go ashore again and to try once more. Dewey also supplied him with a cannon, a quantity of Mausers and the very printing press on which Aguinaldo printed his declaration of independence. This manifesto brought no protest from Dewey. American troops had not yet arrived and the Filipinos were rendering very valuable service. But when Manila fell and the duped natives learned that they had been

fighting for American ownership and not independence, they felt that they had been cheated.

As Dewey himself put it, "Mr. McKinley's proclamation of 'benevolent assimilation' fell on ears which had long since learned to distrust the beneficent and grandiloquent proclamations of which the Spanish were masters." And when the Filipinos' mistrust developed into armed resistance they found themselves able to give it full expression, thanks to the army which Dewey had helped to organize and equip.

It may have been because of some consciousness of his own part in the business that Dewey finally departed for home, "weary and in poor health, while I could not help being deeply affected by the necessity of the loss of life and the misery which the pacification of the islands imposed."

VII

Eighteen months passed after the Battle of Manila Bay before Dewey steamed into New York harbor for his triumph. The interval had been sufficient for the full growth of the Dewey legend. The war with Spain had been won. The United States was richer by the possession of the Philippine Archipelago, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam and a protectorate over Cuba. People were inclined to give Dewey credit for all these gains. He had struck the first successful blow of the war. Of course the Army had won Cuba and Rear-Admirals Sampson and Schley had also destroyed a Spanish fleet, but after Dewey's great victory such things were rather taken as matters of course. As Dewey said, "The dash of our squadron into an oriental bay seven thousand miles from home had the glamour of romance to the national imagination."

And the national imagination had been further stimulated by an endless sequence of magazine and newspaper stories about the great commander who had coolly withdrawn his men from the thick of battle to give them breakfast and who had participated in the brilliant capture of Manila. If there had been any doubt at all about his surpassing valor and great deeds Congress definitely put them to rest by making him the third Admiral in the history of the nation.

The two-day orgy in New York was followed by a holiday in Washington where President McKinley presented Dewey with the gold sword awarded him by Congress. The people gave him a home at the National Capital, a subscription was begun to perpetuate the triumphal arch in everlasting marble, and from all parts of the country came the cry "Dewey for President!" Cities begged for the honor of a visit, and accordingly the great man made a tour. At Savannah he got sick from drinking a little too much artillery punch, and in St. Louis the eccentric Mayor Ziegenhein flustered him a bit by standing up in their carriage during a parade and crying, "Give three cheers for the Admiral! Call him Uncle George!" But altogether it was a delightful experience. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;* but then perhaps it is better to live and get the applause.

If Dewey had died, like Nelson, in the moment of victory or soon after his dazzling return, nothing in the world could have kept him from an exalted place among the immortals of his country. But the unfortunate fact must be recorded that within eight short months after his stupendous welcome the great Admiral achieved the apparently impossible by reducing himself to microscopic proportions in the public eye. Two months after his return he forgot that he belonged to the people and suddenly got married. It was not to his advantage that one report of the event stated that "as he confided the happy news to his friends, the Admiral danced about the floor and hugged his visitors with all the exuberant enthusiasm of a boy in his 'teens." The lady of his choice was the wealthy and comparatively young widow of General Hazen; the public seemed to

find no delight in the fact that she was of the Roman Catholic persuasion and that a priest officiated at the wedding. Certain uncharitable references were made to the fact that the Admiral was sixty-three years old. And when, immediately after the ceremony, he deeded to his wife the house which a grateful nation had given him, the general cheering was suddenly lowered an octave or two and hisses began to be audible.

Alas, just two months after his magnificent welcome home we find the Admiral making a sad and puzzled commentary on the fickleness of public gratitude.

> The American people had confidence enough in me to trust under my command a fleet with which I fought to establish an empire, and why now do they hesitate to trust me with a $50,000 house?
>
> I could never have believed it possible that the American people, who made such a hero of me two months ago, could have in this brief period so turned upon me as to fill columns of the papers with the worst sort of abuse. Where I was a hero two months ago I am now reduced to such a position that certain people cannot say things too villainous, too scurrilous about me, and no one defends me.

But the worst was yet to come. After repeated and emphatic statements that he would under no circumstances be a candidate for the Presidency, the New York *World* surprised the country on April 4, 1900 with the announcement that the Admiral had changed his mind. His authorized announcement of his candidacy will probably forever remain an unrivalled classic of its kind:

> When I arrived in this country last September, I said then that nothing would induce me to be a candidate for the Presidency. Since then, however, I have had the leisure and inclination to study the matter, and I have reached a different conclusion, inasmuch as so many assurances have come to me from my countrymen that I would be acceptable as a candidate for that great office.
>
> If the American people want me for this high office, I shall be only too willing to serve them.
>
> It is the highest office in the gift of this nation; what citizen would refuse it?
>
> Since studying this subject I am convinced that the office of the President is not such a very difficult one to fill, his duties being mainly to execute the laws of Congress. Should I be chosen for this exalted position I would execute the laws of Congress as faithfully as I have always executed the orders of my superiors.

When the *World's* reporter asked Dewey on what platform he intended to stand, he replied, "I think I have said enough at this time, and possibly too much."

The cheering and the hisses now resolved themselves into unmistakable and wide-spread laughter. The spell was forever broken, and Dewey was now for the first time seen for what he actually was: a competent naval officer, no more. He had attained a great height apparently for the sole purpose of achieving a fall. At the national conventions which followed his announcement, his name was not even mentioned.

But he was not entirely slighted. The Fourth Annual Convention of Hoboes, held at Britt, Iowa, August 22, 1900, made him its unanimous choice.

VIII

As time passed Dewey quietly became one of the less conspicuous adornments of the National Capital. He attended functions and unveiled statues. He spoke at dedications and once in a while was quoted in newspaper symposiums along with other venerable but quite extinct old gentlemen. When, on January 16, 1917, the newspapers announced that the old Admiral, in his eightieth year, had breathed his last, most people were surprised to learn that he had lived that long. The war with Spain and the Battle of Manila Bay were things of the far distant past, never discussed and hardly remembered.

History was about to repeat itself. The United States was once more preparing to wage war for outraged humanity and imperilled civilization.

OHIO RIVER DAYS

BY GOLDIE WEISBERG

The End of Childhood

In my twelfth year I said farewell to the little red school-house on whose desks I had been carving initials, hearts, daggers and what not for several years, and declared myself ready for high-school and the Larger Life. That was in May: our school "let out" early, that the farmers' sons might be free to cultivate corn and their daughters to pick berries and potato bugs. In September the high-school "took up." In October it was finally decided that I should be permitted to absorb algebra, Latin, and the other branches of Higher Learning. There were reasons enough for the delay in reaching a decision. We owned, if one could disregard two or three mortgages, and a few personal notes, sixty acres of typically poor farm land in the poorest township of the poorest county in probably the poorest section of Ohio. The little river town where the nearest high-school was situated was six miles away over indifferent roads—too far for daily travel with a horse and buggy. This meant that I must stay in town, pay for board and lodging, and come home only for week-ends. It was a matter of juggling, but by October it was settled.

Arrayed in a sailor dress and an absurd red-and-black hat, I arrived in Rivertown, a village of 1700 souls, that has to this day the distinction of not having a Main Street. I was established in my new quarters with a shoemaker and his wife, who had rooms in the back of their store. It was arranged that I was to do my own cooking. My bed was a folding cot in a room used to store shoe-making supplies, and my host and hostess occupied the only other room beside the kitchen. Some years later they achieved prosperity and a brass bed in an upstairs apartment, but when I first came to them we shared our common meager substance with a good grace. I came in often from a bleak December out-of-doors to be welcomed by a bowl of hot potato soup or a stew which were not a part of the simple service for which I had bargained. When I protested,—not too convincingly—Mrs. S—— would say, "You'd be surprised how much more soup just another potato will make, and a little more water and an onion or so make an extra portion of stew."

When we went to bed, we left the door open between our two rooms, and Mr. S—— entertained us with Russian folk-tales and lurid anecdotes from his days in the Russian army. Then, when his voice died slowly, and more slowly merged into a snore, I would close the door softly, light a kerosene lamp and read until the lamp had burned itself dry.

II

School Days

I made my appearance in the high-school clad in the red sailor dress, the absurd hat, and a black-and-white checked coat. Under my arm I clasped my grammar school diploma, still tied with the original blue ribbon. I imagined that though I was only twelve and from the country, I looked, in fact, a very sophisticated young person. I soon realized, however, that even in this poor river town, my clothes were sadly wrong. I suffered an agonizing fortnight of furtive glances, exclusion from recess

time intimacies, and vinegar pickle treats in which I had no part. Even the language was strange to me. There were alluring slang expressions which I had never heard, and which I could not use.

Our superintendent was a ponderous, spindly-legged, enormous-bellied man, with a name derived from the vegetable kingdom. One teacher, called by her satellites, Miss Belle, barely condescended to let me live. She was blonde, and bought all her clothes at an exclusive Cincinnati shop—not store. Her dresses were always frocks and gowns, and she even owned one costume to which she referred as "my little *trotteur*." To add to her prestige in a faculty of spinsters, she alone was engaged to be married. My clothes must have been a severe trial to her fastidious taste. All in all, I was not a success.

Then Bill came along. His name was Jeremy; he was called Bill for some unaccountable reason. His devotion lifted me to a place in the esoteric circle, and changed me from a budding misanthrope to a real devotee of the Higher Education. In time I became acclimated to the metropolitan life. I even achieved a measure of fame by writing a poem to accompany a caricature of a faculty member, as a result of which the school paper was suspended.

There came a glorious senior year of parties and class offices and committees and commencement, with a speaker from Cincinnati who used the Rotary motto for his theme. It should have been a perfect year, but tragedy lay in wait for me, licking his (her) chops.

All the girls in school adored the superintendent, and he, in turn, smiled on us all indiscriminately. There dawned a momentous day when he was to take me to Cincinnati University to see about a scholarship. We were to have the whole day together, and he was to take me to dinner. Everything turned out as planned, except that instead of the blissful day I had looked forward to I suffered a long drawn-out agony. I had new shoes for the occasion. They were a size and a half too small!

III

Show Boat

Two show boats came to Rivertown each Spring. Front street, about that time of the year, opened its shop doors and thrust crates of eggs and boxes of laying mash in the paths of passers-by. It balanced, in its open door-ways, provocative trays of flower and garden seeds in paper envelopes, and filled its windows with fresh blue denim overalls, and big straw hats, and shiny hoes and post-hole diggers.

Adventurous small boys appeared barefooted, thrusting fat toes under the cold drippings of rain-pipes. The ferryman discarded his sheep-skin coat and spat long, leisurely curves of Horseshoe Plug into the shimmering expanse of the Ohio. All good signs of Spring, but in the gray brick building where we were sleepily droning "*amo, amare, amavi, amatus*," we did not recognize any signs until the long blast of a steamer, like no other blast, came down the river to our ears, and was followed by the sounds of a calliope playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!'

We had known, of course, that the *Dixie River Queen* was coming. All over Front street gaudy posters announced it, promising the colossal double bill of "The Hidden Hand," and "Capitola's Peril," but one could never tell what might happen,—steam-boats sometimes sank; stars often dropped dead,—it would not do to show too much excitement. Discreet people did not fling gauntlets in the face of Providence. The blast was a final reassurance and the calliope a benign blessing in a world of uncertainties.

By noon everyone was in a fever to rush to Mullen's store and watch the *River Queen* make her proud, white, band-playing, flag-flying landing. The afternoon was torture. At three books were flung into desks and there was a general rush to the drug-store corner to hear the band-concert. Before we rounded the corner we assumed dignity. With palpitating hearts we stopped for pickles, and then, arm in arm, two by

two, we strolled back and forth across the street and listened, enraptured, while the band played "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Where Did You Get That Girl?". We held ourselves snobbishly aloof from the group that crowded about the players,—a group composed mainly of street boys and as many of the girls from the two factories as had managed sufficiently convincing tooth-aches, sick mothers, or dying baby sisters, to get off from work.

Came the dusk. Lights sparkled about the *River Queen's* virgin whiteness, the calliope played, and crowds gathered on the river-bank to bask in the spirit of enchantment. Even those fortunate enough to have the price of admission came early and strolled about, discussing the merits of last season's shows in the manner of jaded first-nighters.

For myself, it began to look as though the show boat were to be my Carcasonne. Bill had developed into the first of a long series of boy friends otherwise charming, but cursed with the common affliction of inadequate pocket-money. So it came about that in order to do the right thing in the way of goober creams and banana splits he never could accumulate the price of two show boat tickets. To have paid my own way would have hurt him and branded me as *déclassée*, even if the necessary expenditure of my meager allowance for vinegar pickles and other aids to the Latin declensions had permitted of such extravagance.

Not until my Junior year did I walk with undisguised emotion across the gang-plank into the fairyland of "East Lynne." For the next two weeks conversation centered around the villain's eyes and the hero's chin, and whether or not the long-suffering heroine had wept real tears as she gazed, unrecognized, at her da-arling babies. And the steam-boat blast and the calliope, the lights and the posters, the hero's chin, and the heroine's tears, were folded away in the hearts of Rivertown as the most colorful things Heaven had sent us in a long year of waiting.

IV

High Water

I had never known what exquisite beauty could be born of the union of Winter and a broad river. In December the shabby Front street of our little town borrowed dignity and softness from the liberal snows, and the Kentucky hills capped themselves, then cloaked themselves in brilliant whiteness. The Ohio itself lay wide and benignant and quiet, sharply cold by day, mysterious with changing moods by night. Long ago I had learned the loveliness of walking alone in the fine Spring rains of April. Now I discovered the magic quality of a whitening river-bank in the moonlight. Soon the snow would be deeper and moister and would pack firmly, and the ponds and even the river would freeze, so that one could walk across to Kentucky. The coasting and skating would begin and Winter would belong to everyone, but until then it was mine with all its beauty and aloofness and loveliness.

The snows fell more heavily, and then melted; the waters froze and thawed. The river ice began to break up in great, soiled, jagged chunks and the unpleasant sleet and rain of February and March set in. People began to wear the anxious look of flood anticipation. Talk about round-bellied grocery stoves centered on the last flood, and phrases about "heavy rains along Pittsburgh" and "all the signs of a high-water year" made the warm, smoke-laden air ominous with portent.

Early in March the rains on the upper Ohio increased. The very color and voice of the river grew threatening and during the second week the vigil began. Shifts of men, helpless to check the rush of waters, sat from dawn until dawn, gauging the rise and ready to warn the town at the first sign of danger.

On a March morning we went to school in an atmosphere of dreadful expectancy. At a quarter to ten I rose to discuss Cowper, when a church-bell began tolling. Faces whitened and eyes grew wide with

excitement. Without a word we collected our wraps and books and waited. In a few seconds the school gong rang and the familiar march of dismissal pealed from the organ below stairs. In silence we left the building; then we broke loose. Along the street people were scurrying, some aimlessly with wild eyes, others with set, pale faces and sure, steady feet. We broke into a run, the whole crowd for Front street. From the direction of the woolen mills a lanky boy came running and tripping over himself. "Backwater's into the mill basement! Bridge out!" We scattered for our homes.

I found the shoemaker and his wife frantically pulling boxes and tools from shelves to counters and then moving them from counters to floor. It was their first flood. It was my first one, too, and my blood was racing with the prospect of adventure. I carried piles of thread and wax and sole-leather to the second story and hummed a tune, then popular, that will always be associated with high water in my mind. It was a silly tune about a young man who urged his inamorata not to be afraid, that when he got her alone they would sit by the window and pull down the shade, *et cetera*.

The streets were filled with small boys and their express wagons, racing to the grocery stores for supplies,—flour, rice, coffee, beans, canned milk, crackers, bacon. A young man dashed by with a pair of new oars and ran headlong into a boy with a box of eggs. They bumped, fell, rose, glared, salvaged what they could of the wreckage, all without a word, and dashed on. The church-bell tolled again. It meant that the river was still rising. Up and down the stairs we toiled, dragging bedding, food, clothing, and cockroach powder, against the certain invasion of those pests, like ourselves, fighting for self-preservation. Occasionally the long tense silences were broken by half-whispered remarks. "They say this was the kind of Spring they had the year it reached seventy-two." That would mean—"The hills! Not many houses in town tall enough to keep that out!" And all the time, under my breath, I hummed the foolish tune.

By dusk we had moved everything possible to the cramped quarters upstairs. At regular intervals the church-bell tolled its terrifying, exciting, somehow exhilarating warning. When we had done all we could, we set out to see the progress of the water. The back streets, lower than Front, had already received the first rush of the yellowish, rubbish-infested belchings of La Belle Ohio. The spectacle was in its most sickening stage.

On a gray, heavy morning, looking out of our windows at the pseudo-Venetian scene, we knew that history was repeating itself, and that we must indeed make for the hills in the wake of the mad, dirty, foaming river, well on its way to seventy feet. Boats were lowered from windows and roofs. What we could we took with us. Some things we suspended from the ceiling, or packed in the attic. The rest was left to feed the river gods. So began anew the days of waiting; days of seeing from afar a house torn from its foundations, a roof lifted, a tree smashing through a wall.

One midnight a gun was fired, once, twice, again, and again. The Ohio was falling!

When I saw Rivertown again, it was the most pathetic, the most comical, the most tragic sight I had ever witnessed. A tobacco barn from Kentucky was planted in front of the drug-store and an out-house from the Negro section leaned tipsily against the front door of the owner of the woolen mills. Everywhere was dirt, débris, destruction, misery.

Rivertown settled down, patiently, doggedly, tirelessly, as it had settled down time after time before, to put its house in order. Next Autumn we had a handsome new school-building, and to restock our flood-swept library the student body flooded the State with letters asking contributions of books. Some of us even ventured out of the State. I was very proud of an autographed volume of President Wil-

son's "Life of Washington" which his secretary sent me, but which I never found time to read, though I always pointed it out with pride to every visitor. Our uniquely replenished library was marked by color and variety rather than by literary merit.

V

Molly Tellefer

Molly Tellefer graduated two years before I did, sans *laude*, sans presents, sans flowers, sans a new white dress. She was tall and straight and defiant in an old white voile with a new girdle of white ribbon. Her black hair was braided round and round her head, and under the curious, patronizing glances of the other girls her black eyes were hard and bright and her red mouth very tight.

Molly Tellefer lived in a house-boat with her father, and when he was away on his frequent three- or four-day drunks Molly was in the house-boat with her dog and her pet mice. I didn't know her very well until a Winter night when I walked alone along the river bank. I passed the Tellefer house-boat and I saw Molly standing motionless against the railing, very straight, her eyes on the Kentucky hills. I stopped for no reason I could explain and she sensed my presence and turned. I could almost see her stiffen.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello."

"May I come down?"

"Yes."

I joined her and we faced each other. Then we both turned and looked at the hills. After a while her hand reached out and touched mine. After that we walked together a good deal.

One night we walked down a wagon road to the very edge of the river. It was moonlight and a wide, shimmering avenue spanned the Ohio from shore to shore. We stood at the very edge of it and Molly turned to me and spoke. Her eyes were strange and very, very dark.

"What a perfect moment to die," she said quite simply. I stared, terrified at the widening strangeness of her eyes. She went on, "Dying should be beautiful. If we leave it to chance, it's liable to make a rotten, ugly mess of the whole business. I can't risk ever finding another moment as perfect as this. I'm going to walk out on this shining road to the place where the moon strikes the water. Do you see? I won't reach it, but I'll be reaching for it. Do you want to come? You're afraid, aren't you? Well, you're just a kid. I like you. I wouldn't ask anyone else to go with me on such an adventure. But you're afraid. Well—".

She smiled, put her arm around me for a moment, and turned, before I realized that she was in earnest.

"Molly, you're crazy!" I cried, clinging to her.

"Let me go, you little fool!" she said quietly, "or I'll drag you in, too."

But I clung, fought, scratched, and finally screamed.

"Damn you!" She put her hand over my mouth. "You'll have the town down here. Get home before they find you here with me. Do you want to be poison to the school?"

She led me home and left me there, sobbing and trembling, after I had exacted a promise that she would return to the house-boat and go to bed. When I was alone, a new emotion mingled with my terror.

I was ashamed. There had been something splendid and shining about Molly setting out on her adventure. As for me, I had been afraid.

A month later Molly went to work in the stocking factory. And a week after that she was taken to the hospital with a machine-mangled arm. It was amputated, but too late to check the blood poisoning. The last time I saw her was the day before she died.

"I told you—don't leave death to chance —see what an ugly mess—".

She turned her face into the pillow.

VI

Local Option

Excitement raged in the village, especially among the ladies, the preachers, and the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The Eighteenth Amendment was still only a dream, vaguely taking shape in the souls of the braver of these sweet sisters. Mr. Volstead was as yet hiding the light of his genius under the bushel of obscurity. But *our* town, at least, was one of the sanctified. To be sure, there were still Sunday night drunks who had made trips to Kentucky over the week-end, but "Rivertown," the members of the W. C. T. U. would say with gleaming eyes, "is dry, and," they would add darkly, "the time will come—".

Now the citizenry was going to vote again on Local Option, and excitement raged in the village,—excitement, and no little apprehension. There was this factory element—this foreign element—this scum. Shouldn't be allowed to vote. Endangered the Strength of our Manhood and the Purity of our Womanhood. Undermined our Constitution. Destroyed our Ideals.

In the meantime something had to be done. Of course, there was the usual speech-making in the Opera House, and from the band-stand, and the pulpits. There was even a gala night when the Sunshine Trio was brought in from the Big City with their portable organ and their physiology lecture chart. They were three sisters, and they all wore white voile dresses with gathers about the hips and blue silk sashes. The one with the bass voice gave the lecture and played the organ. The one with the pretty hair sang soprano and played the guitar. The one with the cast in her eye tapped her foot and sang alto. They sang "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" Once, to achieve a startling effect, the bass thundered in on the refrain, "Down in a licensed saloo-oon!" and a little girl, also seated on the platform—to represent the Womanhood of Tomorrow, I suppose—began to cry, and had to be led, snivelling, into the wings.

All this was done in furtherance of the Great Cause, but still the sisters were dissatisfied. Three days before election, a special meeting of the W. C. T. U. was called. As soon as the meeting was opened, a pale, timid little woman rose, after three attempts, and made a motion. The chairman mentally masticated it, and then swallowed it ravenously. She found it good—not as good as if she had thought of it herself—but good.

The next two days were crackling with secret bustle. On the afternoon before election, like a cannon fired before battle, the W. C. T. U. flung its master stroke into the streets of Rivertown. All the girls in school, from the first graders up to the high-school seniors had been marshalled into a Temperance Army. We were arrayed in white or as near-white dresses as were available on such short notice. Blue sashes were flung ambassadorially across our shoulders and red paper roses held them in place. White for purity; blue for truth; red for courage. And we carried banners. There were banners that said "WE ARE THE MOTHERS OF TO-MORROW," and others that begged "PROTECT US FROM THE CURSE!", and still others that declared or questioned "THERE IS NO ROOM IN A TOWN FOR A SALOON AND A CHURCH" and "WHICH SHALL IT BE? BREAD FOR BABIES OR BOOZE FOR DRUNKARDS?", but of all the literary, moral, and ethical gems carried that day through the streets of Rivertown, I believe that mine drew the prize. High above my head I bore a white placard, and its red letters flung this defiant ultimatum to a masculine world: "LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE!"

The following morning the citizenry voted on Local Option. Some time later, when the next census report came out, it read thus:

> *Rivertown* (Ohio), incorporated. Pop. 1760. Industries, Woolen Mills—1; Hosiery Mills—1; Foundry—1; Brick-Yard—1; Schools-Grammar—1; High (First Grade)—1; Churches—6; Saloons—3.

THE INFIDEL BRYAN

BY CHARLES SAMPSON

HALT a rustic in almost any American State, breathe the holy name, Bryan, and he will deliver himself of a eulogy such as Marc Antony and Hoover's biographers never dreamed of. But if you try it in Ohio, step softly, for the John Chinwhiskers whom you accost is apt to throw down his pitchfork, strike a primitive attitude of defense, and bellow truculently, "*Which* Bryan?"

The name conjures up two distinct and antagonistic visions in the Buckeye consciousness. One is of the familiar Archangel who wolfed his hog and hominy in ten thousand remote villages—the jitney Prince of Peace who promised to lead the embattled peasantry to the Throne of God through the ruins of looted cities, and who, clad in seersucker armor, captained them into Tennessee to make his immortal denial that man is a mammal.

The other vision is of John Bryan, the infidel, a cousin of the prophet's, yet a gentleman and a friend of the infernal Bob Ingersoll to boot. A local worthy, he is too little known to the general. Looked upon darkly by the other Bryans as the family black sheep, he early deserted the city for the farm, where, wearing a fancy vest and a walrus moustache, and with his pockets lined with gold, he communed with the Evil One and wrote poetry instead of pursuing salvation. His name, in the fall of the evening, is still used by Ohio grandmothers to scare children.

Long before he courted Beelzebub by openly denying Holy Writ, this John was everything that the honest Ohio Methodist hates. The son of a doctor who couldn't quite reconcile Genesis with what he had seen and heard in the dissecting-room, he learned before adolescence to doubt the village pastor's inspiration. He later went to college, and was seduced by the voluptuous charm of candlelight falling aslant the robust hulls of dark green bottles. There he also learned to question things he couldn't see demonstrated in front of his nose. Sixty years ago, any such accomplishment in a native North Ohioan was denounced as impudent and Babylonish, and so the doctor's neighbors fell to praying for his lost son's soul. They ended up by vowing they'd never send him to Congress, which was equivalent to excommunication in those days.

When his head was stuffed sufficiently full of strange ideas, John left college to beard the Wesleyan world. He was lucky; the mechanical age was in full cry, and he possessed a knack for tinkering with machinery. So, while Cousin William Jennings was still in his Fundamentalist swaddling-clothes, John, by producing inventions and selling them to manufacturers, quietly built a fortune out of his own head. By now he was wealthy and hence doubly damned, so he set out to see the world.

New York held no lure for him, so he crossed to Europe. In Switzerland he was initiated into the art of mountain-climbing, and also into the mysteries of the soft and silly passion. After a bit of casting around lightly, he fell in love with the daughter of a retired French army officer. Long afterward, when age had sapped his goatishness and the rosemary of reminiscence tickled his nose, he declared that the lady had begun it all by dispatching to him a note in the beak of a dove.

Although such romantic devices were common enough then among sweethearts, doubting ancients who knew John say his own hearty wink really started the affair. At any rate, the two became lovers. But when the fire-eating old whiskerando of a father found it out, he raised such furious objections to marriage with an American, however wealthy, that John was cowed, and forsook the Alps to moon about the beery faubourgs of Cincinnati until the old man's rage should cool. His promise to come back did not deter him from starting a factory, and he got still richer on the profits from it, despite his melancholy. Suddenly word reached him that the girl's father had died; the way to romance was clear now, and he started back to Switzerland.

What happened to the girl in the meantime will remain a mystery forever. John, in his later years, said briefly that when he arrived at her side she was dying, while busy clerics quarreled back and forth across the deathbed over her inheritance. After she died he accused these brethren of evoking her doom to gain the money left by her father, and according to legend, forswore the Lord because He had such fellows on the payroll. "I am an infidel to the God of priests!" he roared, and forthwith began denouncing them, a job which he pursued in lusty fashion until his death.

Back in Ohio to nurse his grief, he bought a spacious rolling estate which he called Riverside Farm and Park, near Yellow Springs in Greene county. There, safe from the parish inquisition by virtue of his wealth, he settled down to undo Christianity with his sacrilegious writings. He wrote cartloads of pamphlets, books, and curiously worded dodgers in which he accused the pastors of Christendom of every crime. Did they not stifle love, art, and life itself? Did not their marriage rites part true lovers, and only too often unite senile impotence with April-fresh youth? John dug up every defect and ill of the human race, from fallen arches to leprosy, and carried them all to the door of Christianity. Its agents, he said, were simply barbarous medicine-men, parasites armed with handcuffs for fellows like himself, and their teachings and formulæ were so much rubbish, to be kicked off the road to human progress.

These catcalls soon aroused an already suspicious countryside, and it came to be noised about that the Devil dwelt in John's pigpen. The legend grew; it was even whispered that strange and diabolical rites nightly startled the bats in the rafters of his gigantic barn, and the more credulous neighbors feared to venture near the farm after dark. The very springs that gushed there, according to the adjacent pastors, were steeped in brimstone and haunted by hags and harpies hot from the ovens of Hell.

By this time Cousin Jennings was ranging up and down the provinces with his schemes for tapping metropolitan tills, and many a prayer was offered up on his altar for the lost one back in Ohio. John heard of it, but didn't give a good goddam. He went on roaring, mainly to the effect that if by any chance there was a God, then He often picked very unpleasant company. Between broadsides he ground out what he called poetry, a cynical doggerel that penetrated to the ears of Fra Elbert Hubbard, the rewrite man of East Aurora, and fetched him on the run.

The Fra, in those days, had already begun to make a fortune as a literary corn-doctor; he smelled a marketable celebrity, and arrived at Yellow Springs with a satchelful of arguments which he hoped would persuade John to peddle his writings. But John was pig-headed, and refused to hear the sales-talk. Despite tremendous printing bills, he persisted in giving away everything he wrote. "It is wrong to commercialize the children of my brain," he said. The Fra was mystified; such talk was the first sales resistance he had ever encountered, so he stuck around, confident that John could be sold. But John ignored him and shoveled together more brickbats to heave at the pastors. Between tirades he

took a vacation and journeyed to Cincinnati, a scarlet city dear to him, and from the hotel lobbies there observed the antics of its newly-rich pork packers, brewers, and politicians.

When he got back to Yellow Springs he was more of a cynic and agnostic than ever, so he began his "Fables And Essays," a collection of harsh allegories, violent attacks on the trusts, and anti-clerical nose-fingerings. When they were finished he sent the proofs to Bob Ingersoll, who pronounced the work equal to Aesop's. Other friends by this time had come to think John a bit influenced by the rays of the moon, but not the baffled Hubbard. He thus praised the new volume: "I might write your essays, someone else might write your poems, but no one living could write your fables." And when he at last left Yellow Springs, despairing of ever placing John before the world as the bearer of a Great Message, he assured him that "your style of expression is the final form to which the English language will come."

Soon the Uncut Leaves Club of New York heard rumors that west of Pennsylvania lived an uncommon person named Bryan, who could write. The club invited him East, and John set its literary toffs to weeping when he read his essay, "The Genie and the Valley," at a meeting. It even touched the heart of Chauncey M. Depew, who proclaimed the work "enough to immortalize any man."

II

Occasionally, when some stuffed shirt arose to incur his distrust, John ventured into the outer reaches of Ohio politics, although he branded it as a dirty game and never descended to becoming a candidate himself. Free Silver Bill might scream and dance about the stage like a mountebank, but John was content to guffaw from the gallery and hoot his cousin as the biggest bubble in a pint-pot. Still, many a political blank went down to defeat before his bean-shooter, wielded with the gusto of a boy popping ornaments off a Christmas tree. His chief ammunition was comedy.

Thus, after William Howard Taft was elected President, certain Ohio Republicans thought it an excellent idea to have two Tafts in Washington, one in the White House and a lesser prince on Capitol Hill. Accordingly, they started a movement to make a Senator of the President's rich brother, Charlie, a Cincinnati publisher and archpriest of that town's conservatism. But they reckoned entirely without John, who didn't fancy the Tafts at all. When the Ohio General Assembly met to do the job each member found on his desk a telegram reading, "Too Much Taft." Only after the Taft boom had been drowned in snickers was it discovered that the messages emanated from Yellow Springs. John thereby sounded the knell of Charlie Taft as a statesman; echoes of his telegrams are still heard along the miasmal Ohio.

During John's early travels Germany had cast her spell over him; he was captivated by the *Gemütlichkeit* of her people, and by the beer, the prancing soldiery, the music, the Rhineland ruins and terraced vineyards, the brooding sleepiness of the forests where deer ran alongside the train. Ever afterward he was a militant champion of all things Teutonic, except, of course, the doctrines of Martin Luther. When the World War began, he was sorely affronted by the flood of Allied propaganda which deluged the United States, and to combat it he spent thousands of dollars on newspaper advertising. He published full-page arraignments of both Frog and Limey, setting forth their perfidy and urging Uncle Sam to go in on the side of the Kaiser.

In such enemy strongholds as Milwaukee and St. Louis his efforts drew favorable reactions, but the hundred-percenters elsewhere were already thumping their tubs, and so John's eight-column diatribes went for naught. This irritated him vastly. Worse, the sinister whistles of powder mills near Yellow Springs—"where the stuff is made with which Christians

kill one another," as he put it—penetrated to Bryan Manor and disturbed his musings. But it was too late: he could only turn for solace to the lush grasses of his fields.

The local farmers told tales of a blasted farm in the neighborhood, upon which nothing could be made to grow. John heard of it, and with characteristic cussedness bought the land to find it far worse than had been alleged. When he announced his intention of growing alfalfa there the whole countryside laughed. But John poked about and soon learned a number of things.

The ruined farm was adjacent to the picturesque gorge of the Little Miami river, from whose cliffs flow copious springs that have, in the course of centuries, deposited large and rich beds of lime carbonate. Testing this lime and finding it to be 99.2% pure, he applied twenty-five tons of it to each acre of the wornout land. To make his plans the more mystifying, he built his own machinery for digging and grinding the lime, and contrived his own spreader for spreading it evenly.

Pretty soon word got out that he was scattering brimstone, mined at the springs which welled up from the haunts of demons, over the God-forsaken fields. The nearby pastors suspected that he was bewitched, and renewed their attempts to cast out the spirits that possessed him, but after several moons had come and gone the alfalfa sprouted luxuriantly. Then it grew and grew. At harvest time, when the crop was weighed, the land measured, and the findings solemnly affirmed upon oath, John had got seven tons to the acre, the biggest yield in the State. Then he sold the entire crop to Ohio Columbus Barber, the match baron of Barberton, and pocketed $150 an acre profit on it.

Agronomy professors and farmers who came from afar braved Satan to gape at John, and a society of alfalfa growers held a conclave on his farm. They couldn't understand the homely words of wisdom that he spoke; basking in the reflection of his kinship with the protean Jennings, they were puzzled when he said, "The relationship isn't important, if true." However, they looked upon him as something of a wizard, who, doubting the revealed word of God, yet remained unharmed by Heaven-sent balls of fire. He had town houses in the Buckeye Gomorrahs, and so was versed in a life outside the ken of peasants, yet he hadn't tried to sell them green goods and gold bricks. More, he had money and wore sporty clothes, but they saw around the farm no daughters of glebe-grubbers whom he had trapped to put in his harem. There was only a Mrs. Bryan—for all his fulminations against the altar, John had stepped up to it,—a charming woman considerably younger than the wizard. And this Bryan was farmer, chemist and geologist all rolled into one; he didn't have to ask for the help of the county agent. He was all right, by Jing! Nobody noticed that he avoided shaking hands.

The handshake, to John Bryan, was a filthy rite; he couldn't bear it. To him it was evidence that the gladhander was a weakling, who bore no weapons with which to assault the person he confronted; a signal of fake amity that had survived from the Middle Ages, when everyone went armed. John would have none of it; he had plenty of weapons for all he met, and he spurned the "cold, gripless tapering hands of those born without inhibitive and aggressive powers." Nevertheless, he shook hands once during his life, and with, of all persons, a colored boy. John encountered him on a railroad platform, and through questioning learned that he was just out of the Cheltenham Reformatory in Maryland. Touched by the boy's frank loneliness, the gentle old heathen proffered both his hand and a ten-dollar bill, after counseling, "Keep your mouth shut about your past. Everybody you meet won't understand the way I do."

But others who attempted to greet him by the familiar clasp were rebuffed and treated to a monologue in which he inveighed against the custom.

III

A nature-loving soul, John had a passion for planting trees, and where his rustic neighbors cut down every bit of shade and sowed corn, he set aside a vast tract and filled it with seedlings. By the time he reached his dotage he had planted a specimen of every tree grown in Ohio, each neatly tagged with its botanical and common names. He made his woods both practical and beautiful, and forbade the use of the axe in them under penalty of permanent exclusion. To make sure that Service and the lumber business wouldn't despoil the trees after his death he drove huge railroad spikes into all the trunks that could stand it. The killing of animals in the Bryanwald was also forbidden, and even the polecat was suffered to frisk there unmolested.

The beauty of the Bryan estate is startling, especially after a dusty ride from Dayton over the dull tape of a road that leads to Yellow Springs. Tree-covered, well-kept lands are traversed by a ridge nearly 200 feet high, which forms part of the Miami gorge on one side and slopes off into a pleasant farmstead on the other. The whole is a paradise of cliffs, hills, rocky brooks, and velvet greenery. As early as 1914 John announced that he would give the estate away at his death, and the pastors of Greene county licked their chops. A wonderful place to stage revivals after he died, and lay his evil spirit, and he was getting to be an old man now! But John was only too well aware of rural Ohio's camp-meeting proclivities, and he resolved that there would be no voodoo doctors leaping about in the elf-haunted groves after he passed on; no sweating farm wives with babies and shoe-boxes full of lunch, squalling hosannas and testimonials in glades that were meant for the revels of satyrs.

In 1918 he felt the end of his days nearing, and as a last gesture determined to build a monumental gateway for his combined zoo and botanical garden. As a place for it he picked a strategic point of the ridge that overlooks the Little Miami valley. The old boy had come to believe that when the United States should be sufficiently saturated with Christianity, Ohio would be the scene of great religious wars, and that an immense fortress would be erected by a beleaguered *intelligentsia* on the site of his gate.

Under the cornerstone of this portal John placed a message to posterity which he hoped would remain unopened for a thousand years. It fairly screeched in ink guaranteed by its makers never to fade, "I believe in no religion. Religions are *the* greatest impediments to civilization." To rub it in further, he refused to date his letter by the common calendar, inscribing it instead "in the hundred and eleventh year after Ohio was admitted to the Union."

The gate was the last of John's projects. He was tired, he had had a lot of fun, and now devoted himself to leisurely walks with Potter, his secretary. When the two entered the streets of Yellow Springs and observed the bumpkins who idled there he was wont to say, "You and I, Potter, are the only real men in the place." But although the fires of his ego still burned warmly, he was already disintegrating physically, and within two years he left the world unshriven, asking no quarter. A score of pastors stood by to exorcise him on his deathbed, but to the end John laughed down all suggestion of aid, and the disappointed brethren stayed outside.

Hallelujah! With John snugly dead, the reverends dusted their *Schimpfbücher*, neglected since the war, and renewed the good old ecclesiastical sport of damning a corpse. They forgot to consider the ghost of John, the eternal Eulenspiegel. It bounded from the tomb with mistletoe pinned to its coat-tails and a blackjack up its sleeve. The will was read; it was the most weird document ever heard of in those parts, and the ink was barely dry on news of its bequests before the pastors were banging at the doors of the Ohio legislators.

The whole magnificent Bryan barony, woods, hills, farm and streams, was offered to Greene county as a public park or to the State of Ohio as a game preserve, but only on condition that within its confines there should never be held "any religious public worship." Outraged by this wallop from the far shore of the Styx, the white-tie gentry yelled for tarpots and girded up their loins for battle. Such a hullabaloo as was vented hadn't been equalled since the reformers pursued Boss Cox, and it grew louder as the newspapers contributed their groans. Bulls were issued, sermons were preached and warnings threatening the loss of votes were drafted to frighten the Legislature.

Until that body met the pastors saw hope in another quarter, where the fossil head of the law was wagging over Bryan's will. Its archaic phraseology stumped many learned barristers in Cincinnati, where it was filed, the gentlemen of the law apparently understanding only one passage, that giving $100,000 to Mrs. Bryan with the testator's sage comment, "A hundred thousand is enough for any woman." Finally, late in 1922, Judge Thomas Darby ruled certain parts of the will to be so general and of such broad character that their provisions were void. But the joker, the section making a free gift of the park so long as ghostly sessions were banned, still held good. So with loud cries, the frustrated pastors charged upon Columbus, where the Legislature had convened.

In the State House some wag tacked to the acceptance bill a proviso declaring that, if the benefaction were ever lost to the public, the Bryan administrators were to sell the estate and use the cash to broadcast John's atheistic writings. Another howl arose, and was quelled only when the pastors passed the word that no one would ever read such blasphemy within the boundaries of the Buckeye State. Soothed in this wise, the lawmakers voted down acceptance of the farm, and the religion of Goosetown, Westerville and Wapakoneta was temporarily safe.

Now came Greene county's turn at bat; a great mass-meeting was called at Xenia. No revival ever drew such a mob, and at five in the morning of the appointed day the roads were clogged with chariots of the Lord, most of them bearing Ford's imprint. When the meeting opened, to the tune of eloquent spirituals that went up from the nearby colored University of Wilberforce, an eminent college president, Morgan of Antioch, arose to urge acceptance of the benefactor's favor. Morgan was howled down after a pastor, flanked by a flock that chorussed "Lordy God!" and "Amen!" at every opportunity, argued on behalf of the heirs and assigns of John Wesley. The theme of his harangue was that fish and fowl couldn't thrive in the proposed park if Bryan's iniquitous ban were to stay in force.

Morgan, when he got a chance to reply, dryly pointed out that the trees had prospered so far. And furthermore, didn't the reverend gentleman's Bible say, "God sends his rain upon the just and unjust?" But it was no use; Morgan was overwhelmed while the good man and his fellow shepherds won the day. Goaded by zealous farmers full of Scripture, the county that had been host to Horace Mann and Nathaniel Hawthorne flatly refused the gift of its infidel adopted son. Home triumphant went the village Prester Johns. Flushed with two victories, they and their cohorts feasted the feast of the righteous on fried chicken, and clean forgot about the next Legislature.

IV

But up in Columbus the newspaper boys were dreeing the weird; they foresaw a gory combat at the next session. When it opened many willing jenkinses were out of the line-up; in their places sat refractory gentlemen unused to the tamer's lash, and given to sidestepping fiery horsemen of the Lord. Stories were going around, too, of the late John Bryan's philanthropies. Hadn't he sent thirty deserving boys and

irls through college at his own expense, id hadn't he waged long and bitter cam- aigns against the trusts? Furthermore, adn't he set the State record as a hay :ower, and hadn't he been one of the first rmers in Ohio to prove the worth of lime ; an alfalfa fertilizer? What if he had de- ied God; wasn't he a friend of the farmer? e wasn't, as a matter of fact, but it didn't latter. The pastors needed a drubbing any- ow. So, when acceptance of the estate me up in House Bill No. 215, sponsored y Representative Calvert of Clark county, ie solons pulled a fast one and shoved it irough.

Next day every pulpit-pounder who had ain fare or a flivver was jolting toward olumbus, and the others were out beating ie brush for secular aid. In the capital overnor Vic Donahey, a very pious man, eard the rumble-bumble and counted the astors that jammed the city's hotels. He ounted plenty, and promptly jumped irough the hoop with a veto. Acceptance, e argued, would violate the hallowed ovisions of both State and National Con- itutions. But the Assembly, remembering ie notorious Crabbe Act, hastily grabbed s collective nose and overrode the veto. hus ended the Great Ohio Jehad, in the st real and smarting defeat ever suffered y the clergy who have plagued the State nce 1800.

Despite the ensuing clamor, which split ie air from the Maumee to the mouth of ie Big Miami, the cause was lost, but it id a Casabianca who rested his feet on a esk in the State Game Commission's fice until the bitter end. It was to him iat an emissary of Antioch College came to get fish for stocking a small lake on the seminary property at Yellow Springs. Casabianca demanded to see the exact location of the lake, so an old map was pulled out. Now, it happens that on certain ancient charts this pond, through remote association with some early down-State forebear of John's, appears as "Bryan's Lake."

Yellow Springs! Bryan! Those sulphurous names were enough. The Columbus Casabianca flew into a purple rage, and sent the Antioch man a-packing with this edict ringing in his ears:

"There ain't no fish from this commission gonna swim outside the jurisdiction of Jesus Christ!"

By now the battle is only an unpleasant memory to the politer clergy, but in humbler tabernacles, especially on a Sunday morning when the flies are biting and the pretty choir-singer has stayed home, mention of John's name still calls forth the tearing of hair and the rending of garments. In the barnyard, one can get entertainment any day of the week by merely saying John Bryan.

And over in the Bryanwald—where John found "all the poetry that the harp of Robert Burns ever sang, if one has but the eye to see it, the ear to hear it, and the heart to feel it"—plans are afoot for a State fish hatchery. After all, it seems, the fish may swim without the aid of Genesis. But what is it that so raucously shatters the spell of the twilight over the manor lawn? Is it an owl, or perhaps a banshee? Or is it the sly shade of old John, keeping tryst with his sweethearts, the haw-tree and the elder?

ALLEGORY

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

When one has broken, say thirty acres,
And thirty acres have broken one, too,
And the plow stands cliff-like before the striving,
And endless labor is yet to do:

Acres and acres still to harrow,
Rocks to cut from their flesh of sod,
The very worm that crawls in the furrow,
The broken spirit will call it God;

The worm that crawls in the chain-like furrow,
The night that falls on the hostile sod,
The stars, the stillness, a lamp and linen,
The tired spirit will call it God.

Whatever comes not to bruise and break him,
Whatever stands not with naked sword:
A worm, a leaf, a light, a window,
The routed spirit will call it Lord.

He will curse the seed, he will hate the furrow,
And all that springs from the stony sod;
But the twig in the road that gives or takes not,
The frightened spirit will call it God.

When one has struggled with thirty acres–
A year an acre of bitter clod,
The dark that folds him, the dust that covers,
The broken spirit will call it God.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Travel Notes

It is an old story that the American traveler has ruined Europe for many of his more discriminating fellow countrymen. But like many another old story, such as Jonah and the whale and Christian Science, its integrity is open to doubt. It is true that the traveling American, the most offensive and unhousebroken migratory animal known to zoölogy, has left his mark upon a number of European places and has sent the quiet charm of them scooting, but the places in question are relatively few, after all, and even so have seldom been those that have appealed to that other type of American who has some measure of taste, dignity and gentle understanding.

Take even Paris. Of all Continental cities, it is said to have been the most greatly spoiled by the American. While it is perfectly true that some sections of Paris have been thus bemanured beyond redemption, certain of those sections are not only negligible but, as a matter of fact, are not and never were essentially or integrally Parisian. When you hear that the American has spoiled Paris, what your informant usually means is that the American has infested and stamped with his blemishing personality the Place Vendôme hotels, the Madrid and Pré Catelan restaurants, the Moulin Rouge and Folies-Bergère music halls, one or two of the terrace cafés in the Latin Quarter, the dance halls of the Montmartre district, the Florida and Perroquet jazz restaurants and other such places that the French themselves avoid as they avoid Poland water, and not only the French but all visiting Americans of any discrimination whatsoever. Most of such institutions are not French at all, but simply American transplanted, and the only times that you will find psychically reputable Americans in them are when the latter, in a cynical mood, go around to watch their dubious fellow countrymen making a show of themselves and disgusting all decent Frenchmen.

The Paris of the Parisians, on the other hand, is still the uncontaminated and charming Paris that it has always been. That Paris simply does not appeal to the overdressed and ginny American and he consequently avoids it. In it you will see no American bars; you will hear no American jazz; you will find no talk of golf and General Motors; you will see no fat women lighted up with diamonds. And, what is more, the Paris I allude to is more than a good two-thirds of the city; the American devastation is confined, at most, to the other third. What is true of Paris is even truer of France as a whole. Save for a few otherwise lovely little places in the South, the obvious Deauvilles and Touquets and the ritualistic sight-spots, familiar enough for anyone to avoid them, the American influence is nowhere discernible. Now and again, of course, some migratory American, accompanied by his wife or a couple of fellow golf players, invades the beauty and silence of a hidden countryside and calls loudly for a Bronx or a Sidecar, goddam, but he is soon again on his way and all becomes as tranquil as before.

Germany, Austria, England—even Italy—have no more been made unpleasant for the better sort of American traveler, although Italy shows some sorry wounds. The cheap American avoids England for the simple reason that it is, very properly, inhospitable to him and he has a bad time

there. He remains in London a few days, buys a suit of clothes and some neckties, sees an American musical show or play, takes a look at the Thames at Maidenhead, and then makes a bee-line for Paris. Of England outside of London he knows nothing. That England, so infinitely lovely, is a stranger to him and hence a source of heartsease and contentment to the American of the emerged tenth. Germany and Austria attract a few of our cloak and suit dealers suffering from kidney trouble and seeking rehabilitation at one or another of the cures, together with a quota of professional sightseers, but the American tourist in the mass skirts them. Italy, like France, gets him in the largest numbers. But, just as he confines himself in France to what are largely the routine places and districts, so in Italy does he fortunately remain aloof from the beautiful byways and confine himself to the picture postcard localities. Venice, of course, is now indistinguishable from Atlantic City, and Rome and Florence may during certain periods of the year closely resemble Saturday night at Guffanti's, but there is another Italy that remains quite as Italian as it was born.

II

The much discussed hostility of the French to American visitors seems to have disappeared almost entirely. What remains of it is confined to the overmoneyed, loud and offensive Americans, and with ample justification. The only country in which there is a real hostility to and hatred of the better class of Americans is the United States.

III

The acidulous conflict engendered by the now celebrated inscription at Louvain—translating the Latin, "Destroyed by German fury (or hate); restored by American generosity (or gift)"—might readily have been avoided had the persons in charge had the sense to hire a competent professional writer to edit the job for them. This leav ing of inscriptions to architects, priests politicians and whatnot always makes fo dissatisfaction and trouble; such gentle men, whatever their virtuosity in othe directions, are generally not qualified i the literary graces. Any professional write or editor might easily have pointed th way out of the impasse and difficulty an might have rid the inscription of the bit terness attaching to the words *fury* or *ha* and of the bumptiousness attaching to th words *generosity* or *gift*. For example, wha would have been more delicate and mor graceful than some such amendment a "Destroyed by German forgetfulness; re stored by American memory"?

IV

Most American cities are defaced and mad hideous by their so-called civic improve ment organizations. The idea of the latte seems to be to cut down a lot of beautifu trees and put up a meretricious statue. Th Europeans, when they wish to improv their cities, haven't yet arrived at th point where they pull down their ugl statues and grow trees in their places, bu they at least retain the sagacity to leav what trees they have alone.

V

The main topic of conversation in the bee inns of Munich recently has centred upo the speculation as to what the America patriots would have changed Lindbergh' name to in 1917.

VI

Excerpt from British Criticism No. 32,56 of America and Americans, this specime by Mr. George Warrington in the Londo *Country Life:* "I can never remember th date of the arrival in America of the Pi grim Fathers, and shall vaguely suppose i to have been somewhere in the Seventeent Century. English school-books are not

riously weak in American history, and the general impression left in my mind is that, with the exception of a few Spaniards and Portuguese, the American continent prior to the arrival of the *Mayflower* was normally populated by Red Indians, cannibals, dagoes, etc."

VII

Paris, once almost as agreeably sinful as New York, has fallen under moralist rule, although perhaps not for long. Theatrical performances are censored, nudity has been forbidden in the music halls, absinthe of only 40% voltage—as against the former eighty—is permitted, street-walking ladies have been driven to cover, gigolos and all other Argentinians of too sleek hair have been ordered to leave the city, the Bois has been closed to amour in its al fresco forms, singing in the streets after one o'clock in the morning is frowned upon by the gendarmerie, student revels in the Quarter are closely scrutinized, the peep shows and daisy-chain establishments have been shut down, the midinette rendezvous in the Rue de Berlin and adjacent streets have been padlocked, smut has largely disappeared from the music show skits, dirty post-card vendors have disappeared from the boulevards, the displays in the windows of the *caoutchouc* shops have been vigorously censored, and in the shops themselves no less, the trinkets on sale along the boulevards are presently less enticing to Elks than to school-teachers and children, esoteric moving pictures are unknown even to the boob-cicerones, translations of the naughty pink-backs have been proscribed.

VIII

I find myself unable to join in the common sneer at the many young American boys and girls who have taken up living on the Left Bank, there to pursue what artistic talents they may or may not possess. It seems to me that the majority of them have a great deal of sense. They can live very much more cheaply and with ten times more comfort and charm than they possibly could over here; they are among a people who sympathize with their ambitions, however often despairful, and who understand their hopes and dreams; they have about them quiet in which to work; they can happily and within their means amuse themselves when that work is done for the day. There may be fools amongst them, but even the fools are better off than they would be in America. The others, even if many of them are talentless, are at least giving what small share of artistic competence they have a better ground in which to flourish than they could find three thousand miles to the West. And what is true of the Left Bank is even more true of other sections of France.

IX

The best place to ascertain the average man's lack of personal resources is a trans-Atlantic steamer. Left largely to his own talents for self-interest for even five and a half or six days, his utter lack of mental and psychical ways and means to occupy himself becomes quickly apparent. It is the mark of the superior man that, left to himself, he is able endlessly to amuse, interest and entertain himself out of his personal stock of meditations, ideas, criticism, memories, philosophy, humor and what not. He takes a certain joy in being alone and undisturbed by distractions. But the inferior man, which is to say the normal man, is under such circumstances glum and miserable. Having nothing within him to divert him, he must seek diversion elsewhere. And the species of diversion that he indulges in on an ocean liner pretty well identifies him for the completely empty fellow he is.

Your average man, who makes up at least nine-tenths of every steamer passenger list, knows absolutely no way to pass the time and entertain himself without recourse to children's games or to the amusements of adult half-wits. He occupies him-

self tossing round pieces of rubber at a board marked with numbered squares, shoving at a rubber disk with a long paddle, hitting ping-pong balls, throwing a circular piece of rope over a net and in analogous deck inanities. He looks at moving pictures, stands around and bets on which little girl's or boy's wooden horse or wooden dog will, following the throwing of dice, first reach the twelfth indicated mark on the floor, stands on a green board with a hole at one end and tries with a golf club to lodge a small ball in the hole, spends hours betting that the ship's run will be 575 miles and not 574, and drinks a lot of drinks he doesn't want just to make the time go quickly. Placed on a steamer for six days without such time-killing devices and left wholly to his own personal expedients, he would go crazy.

X

Among the continental European countries, the most serious and relatively worthiest literary effort at the present time is undoubtedly German. France is producing little that is worth notice; Italy is producing less; Spain is producing even less; and Austria is nowhere. Germany alone shows any definite signs of accomplishment and immediate promise.

XI

Before the war, it was impossible to get a glass of beer in France chilled to the correct temperature. The beer was so warm that drinking it was on a par with drinking cold Chambertin. The war taught the French the secret, however, and you can presently get Pilsner in France chilled with an exactness and precision not excelled by the Czecho-Slovakian *bistros* themselves, or, for that matter, the German.

XII

One whilom fetching spot in France that Americans have overrun and debauched is Chantilly. In one of the little shop windows there is actually a sign reading: "On Parle Français."

XIII

The idea that the French are hogs in the matter of tips and always have their hands out is buncombe. They may have been that way once, but they certainly are so no longer. They are not one-half so bad as the English in this respect, and not one-tenth so bad as the Americans. And compared with the Italian, the most rapacious money-licker in Christendom, they are even sniffish. What has brought about the change I don't know. But the fact remains that the Frenchman of today seems to expect a gratuity only for service well rendered and a modest gratuity at that, and that, in addition, he is very grateful and gracious upon receiving it. It may well be beyond belief, but I state as absolute truth that, on one occasion seeking to fee a French chauffeur for his competent service, the fellow politely protested that what I had handed him as *pourboire* was altogether too much and insisted upon my taking half of the amount back.

XIV

He is seventy-two years old. His name is Marcel and he has been in that same forest restaurant since a young man. "You have never married?" I asked him. "No," he answered and sadly shook his head. "You must be lonely in these, your old years," I ventured. "No," he said gently, and his voice was tender, "I have my children."

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

La Queue de Morue Américaine

ARTHUR RICHMAN'S "Heavy Traffic" comes near to being as good a polite comedy as certain of the current nglish playwrights are able to turn out, t it does not quite succeed in making the ade. It has viewpoint, wit, sophistica- n and periodically a writing skill that n match those of the best London com- ies that have been shown on the local ge in more recent days, but it has also at apparently inevitable something that ems always to make even the most pro- ient American polite comedy inferior to e English.

It is customary to observe in such cases at the difference lies in the direction of nners and of suavity, that the American es not come naturally by the English- n's grace of manner and ease and hence on alien ground when he tries to invade e field of drawing-room comedy. This, of urse, is the purest bosh, for, as everyone ows, some of the very best modern Eng- h polite comedy writing has been hieved by Englishmen whose acquisition urbanity and the social graces is of a dis- ctly recent vintage. The difference lies a direction quite apart. Polite comedy is trinsically not an American form, any ore than journalistic melodrama is an nglish form or sex farce a German, and as consequence the American, whatever his lents, is never entirely at home in it. ere are certain types of plays that are culiar to a nation and certain others that e strange to it, and the playwright of a rticular country who tries to engage one the strange types generally, because of tional and racial idiosyncrasies, comes cropper. There are exceptions, true ough, but they are negligible. As a usual thing, the American who sets himself to write a polite comedy fails just as the Englishman does who tries to write such a play as "Broadway" or "The Front Page." These are as native to purely American playwriting as polite comedies like "The Constant Wife" and "Aren't We All?" are to purely English, and, whatever the skill of the Englishman, evade his grasp. It is as difficult to imagine an Englishman writing something as good in its way as "The Racket" as it is to imagine an American writing something as good in turn in its way as "Our Betters." It is as difficult to imagine, indeed, as it is to picture an American completely at home in an English suit of clothes or an Englishman completely comfortable in an American.

This seems to be true even where the American writer of polite comedy may own personally to all the smooth cosmopolitanism and *bienséance* of the English writer. If this has the sound of paradox, then also is there the sound of paradox to the equally authentic circumstance that, as between an American and an English song writer of relative national identity, pulse and mood, the American will almost invariably be found to be the more efficient in the composing of melodies that affect the popular heartstrings, not only of his own people but of the English as well. The essence of drawing-room comedy, to return to the topic, is not manners so much as it is a species of diplomacy, of subtle evasion and equivoque, of groping for the truth in terms of falsehood, and to this form of playwriting the Englishman brings all the talent of his race for that other and more important diplomacy of the world beyond the stage drawing-room. The best polite comedy is a kind of masquerade attended by an assortment of plenipotentiar-

ies and intrigants. The characters' true selves are ever faintly concealed behind the masks of humor and wit. One knows who they are, but isn't in a position to swear to it. In the polite comedies written by Americans the disguises are too immediately easy and transparent; the air of masquerade and frolic is seldom even momentarily glamorous or convincing. The English playwright puts metaphorical dominoes on his characters over their evening clothes; the American puts evening clothes on his over their dominoes.

Mr. Richman's comedy, for all its gift of entertainment and for all its salt founded upon an experienced observation, misses the complete ease, or possibly the deftly concealed uncertainty, of its British counterpart. There is a periodic sense of strain to achieve an air of casualness and there is evident also at times an unmistakable and overpowering fear of the obvious. This latter persuades the playwright to devices which, however handy, lose much of their effect because of the transparency of the labor involved in their manœuvering. Mr. Richman gives one the impression of a street hawker who advertises that he is going to show one a great novelty and who, after a ballyhooing and rather clever bit of sleight-of-hand, opens his kit and displays for sale a mere stove polish. Thus, when one character is due to make a more or less stereotyped remark, the author seeks to take the edge off it by causing another ironically to anticipate it with "So you are going to tell me in all seriousness that two plus two equals four." This method of anticipation is not peculiar to Mr. Richman's dramaturgy, however; you will encounter it in the plays of any number of his local contemporaries. There is another purpose in it, also. It is employed by these writers to lend to their plays a superficial aspect of speed. It is a dodge, all too patent, to economize in the way of dialogue. Thus, "Don't say a word! I know what you are going to say. You are divorcing Cholmondely Plantagenet," is made to save not merely a line but often a long speech or two. Yet so open-and-shut and familiar is the trick that, instead of getting the effect desired, it misses completely because of its plain deliberation.

Casualness is one of the most difficult achievements in polite comedy. It is, of course, a matter of writing rather than a matter of acting or direction. Mr. Richman manages it for part of the distance but every now and again is so forcedly casual that one is made to think of the recent music show zany's nonchalance upon being told by his hostess that he had dropped some mayonnaise on his clothes. "Never matter," he returns with a quiet elegance, "I look well in anything I eat." There is a certain point up to which the air of insouciance and cool indifference is interesting and valid in polite comedy, but there is a point just beyond where it becomes a trifle comical, like a dinner guest, affecting a tony languor and imperturbation, who continues to nibble at a nut during the soup. In Mr. Richman's specific case, the sense of theatrical casualness is made top-heavy by forcing the note of dispassion in the various characters' actions and speeches. Even at such times as one might properly and justifiably expect a character to scowl, Mr. Richman does not permit him to so much as lift an eyebrow, and at such times as one logically and rationally looks for at least a *damn*, what one hears is simply an "Ah, yes, my dear." It takes highly experienced literary and dramatic skill to suggest casualness without clearly articulating or demonstrating it, and the present author has not entirely mastered the stratagem. His characters on occasion seem to parade around in sandwich-boards announcing, "We are as casual as hell," and then to stumble over the boards.

I note that most of my colleagues have indulged in the ritualistic objections to Mr. Richman's periodic use of the epigrammatic form, with the usual stereotyped allusions to Wilde. It would seem to them that the epigram began and stopped with the late lamented Oscar and that it is impudence for anyone longer to enter into

its manufacture. This slice of critical tripe makes its appearance at least three or four times every season. Yet while the epigrammatic form, true enough, is no longer so effective in the theatre as it once was, at least two or three of Richman's epigrams—he uses the form very sparingly—are every bit as good as the best that Wilde concocted. And Richman is not the only American playwright who has negotiated some tasty ones. Lawrence, Hurlbut and several others have at times brewed excellent specimens.

II

La Queue de Morue Anglaise

Frederick Lonsdale's "The High Road," while unmistakably inferior to its author's antecedent comedies and while not so good a piece of work as Mr. Richman's, yet illustrates clearly certain of the points noted in the paragraphs on the latter. There may be a strain for humor in the Lonsdale play, but one never feels a strain for casualness. It may conceivably be that Mr. Lonsdale, like other of his English colleagues, sweats profusely to achieve the casual air while he is at work on his script, but there is surely no trace of that sweat once the script gets under way on the stage. Nor is it a matter of finished direction and English acting, as I have observed. It is purely a manuscript affair. The several suave English actors in the Richman comedy betray the American author's strain for all their experienced effort to conceal it.

English polite comedy contrives this necessary sense of casualness doubtless because the speech and manner of Englishmen are themselves naturally more casual than those of Americans, even the most urbane, cultivated and socially polished. The Americans displayed in American polite comedy are thus, at best, merely imitation Englishmen, and the fraudulence and bogus aspect of such a comedy become quickly apparent. The very words and phrases habitually employed by English men and women of the leisure class are of the very essence of nonchalant, polite comedy, where the expressions of their American counterparts are more often somewhat too electric and lively to suggest, at least theatrically, an impression of easy calm. I quote, for instance, such distinctly British retorts as "rather" and "quite." Consider them and compare them with their American equivalents. They have the completely casual, indifferent, tranquil air; their local substitutes, such as "Correct," "Very well," "As you say," "I agree," "That's that," or "I should say so," have on the other hand an air of relative brusqueness.

The best polite comedy, as I have several times noted, is at bottom a mere concealment of insults in a veneer of the punctilio. Lonsdale's present comedy, for example, is made up almost entirely—in fact with the exception of two little love scenes—of insulting remarks addressed by one character or another to his or her vis-à-vis. Yet, where an American writer like Richman has difficulty in giving such insults a charming grace, the English playwright manages the trick handily by writing them always as if the person delivering them didn't entirely mean them or as if the person receiving them insouciantly didn't believe them to be in the least fitted to himself. It is the mark of American drawing-room comedy that when a character is politely insulted by another character he either enters into a more or less prolonged harangue with that other character, which shifts the mood of comedy into one approaching drama, or attempts to dismay him with an assertive *mot*. It is the mark of English drawing-room comedy that when one character is smoothly insulted by another he sustains the mood of polite comedy either by manufacturing an epigram that has hardly anything to do with the case or, after stretching himself boredly, by announcing that he thinks he will go out and play a little tennis. I do not argue that either of these methods is actually better than the other; they both seem

pretty damned foolish to me; all that I hint is that the English method makes for more shrewdly amusing theatrical material. Drawing-room comedies, after all, are at best trivial affairs and, in trivial affairs, trivialities are of importance.

Although, as I have said, "The High Road" is way below the previous level of Lonsdale's light writing, it discloses at one or two points some of the old tokens of its author's facility, notably in the very ably written second act love scene, admirably played by Miss Best and Mr. Marshall, and in the last act telephone episode. The latter is an excellent example of genuinely forceful and economical dramatic writing. Much of the play is damaged by an attempt to give it an external bounce by bringing one or two of the characters to clown their rôles. This Dick Deadeye stratagem is one of the curses of modern English stage direction.

III

A Pretentious Zero

The Arthur Hopkins presentation of Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal," hailed by the local boys and girls as a synthetic masterpiece of production and playwriting, is, unless the old shell-shock is coming back on me, a clear case of collusion against critical sagacity. I dislike to think that Hopkins, a very intelligent fellow, actually considers the play a good one. What I prefer to believe is that he found it simply to be one upon which he might so deftly work his producing chicane that he could fool his critics into imagining that it was something it was not. He has succeeded. Yet the hollowness of the whole procedure is painfully apparent.

What Miss Treadwell has striven to do is to narrate in simple terms the story of some such woman as the late Mme. Ruth Snyder, suggesting that the futility of such a one's life give birth to understanding and understanding, in turn, to compassion and mercy. Her idea of simplicity, however, unfortunately consists in so skeletonizing her characters that their woes and joys are about as affecting as those of some far-removed relative in Australia, with the result that her play—so far as effective simplicity goes—is approximately as persuasive and convincing as a street-walker done up in a baby collar. Miss Treadwell has not fashioned characters so much as the mere shadowy outlines of characters, and as a consequence the philosophies and emotions she causes them to indulge in give one the impression of issuing not from the characters but from a playwright hidden in the background and operating a Vitaphone machine. So sketchy is the technique, indeed, that at times it becomes burlesque as, for example, in the episode wherein the woman, ostensibly and even assiduously presented as a sympathetic character, decides to copulate with a strange man three or four minutes after she has been introduced to him.

But Miss Treadwell does not rest her imagined simplicity of playwriting here. She resorts to the naïve flubdub of the Cherry Lane geniuses and employs what she and they believe to be the Expressionistic method, substituting—it is so easy—endless repetitions of words and phrases for carefully pared and trenchant, evocative dialogue. She resorts to arbitrary frontal flashes of episodes instead of artfully, through crafty dramatic writing, permitting the episodes quickly and naturally to develop their compactness and speed from within. She relies for crescendo dramatic effect not upon the movement of her long series of short episodes but upon the mere agility of the scene-shifters. And, in the hocus-pocus, Hopkins joins hands with her. In order to invest her play with an air of bogus austerity, he has gone about producing it after the manner of a small boy's elaborate funeral for his pet cat. With more mystical stage lights than Reinhardt uses in half a dozen seasons, with an ecclesiastical dimming of the auditorium illumination, with the kind of Robert Edmond Jones scenecraft that, in one instance purporting to be a bedroom

in a seashore hotel, calls for the theoretically invisible dancers in the ballroom below to perform their acrobatics just this side of the room's visible lavatory, and with a species of staging that reaches the Jungfrau of sublime nonsense when, after the death of the central woman character, he solemnly drops his curtains and for three full minutes indicates that she has gone to Heaven by gradually lighting them up with a pink Little Eva transformation glow, Mr. Hopkins turns Belasco with a vengeance.

Such exhibitions, avidly accepted by the susceptibles as very superior stuff, are what have brought opprobrium and tomatoes to the term "art theatre." What they are are pretentious nonentities, no more a part of the so-called art theatre than the plays of Mr. Michael Kallesser or the productions of Mr. Gustav Blum.

IV

Dempsey As An Actor

Mr. Jack Dempsey, following in the footsteps of several of his illustrious non-bibliomaniacal predecessors, has turned actor and has ventured to disclose his art in a melodrama called "The Big Fight." The play in which he makes his appearance may be dismissed a bit more quickly than what is described as promptly, but the epiphany of Mr. Dempsey himself may properly occupy us for a few paragraphs.

The bane of the local stage today, almost any American playwright will tell you, is the pigment of effeminacy which afflicts a large proportion of its performers of the theoretically male species and which makes the casting of plays extraordinarily difficult. Eugene O'Neill has told me—and he is one of many—that one of the greatest obstacles he encounters in the theatre is the finding of actors sufficiently male to interpret realistically the kind of rôles he customarily writes. You will hear the same tale on the part of the producers. It is not that the actors are biologically queer—often, it may be assumed, they are not; it is that they possess or have acquired an air of effeminacy that, however hard or adroitly they try to conceal it, shows itself soon or late during the course of a dramatic performance, to the latter's devastation. All of us have been witnesses of the phenomenon on occasion. It is not meet for one imbued with the principles of politesse to venture names and dates, but a recollection of any number of plays that have been vitiated of their force by effeminate actors in the rôles of forthright males is easy enough. Time and again an important scene, and with it the play as a whole, has gone to pieces because of an intrusive nuance note. Often, the actor shows no signs of the note during the early stages of a play, but gradually, as in the case of an actor with a game leg strainfully made to seem normal for a while, the truth comes out.

Just what has brought about this pervading lizzie cast among our actors isn't easy to determine. It seems to be a development of the last ten or fifteen years; certainly it was not in great evidence before that time. The thing resolves itself into a guessing business and, taking it as such, I venture a few conjectures. The average American actor in more recent years, particularly the younger American actor, has apparently as his ambition a desire to emulate the English actor, who represents to him, for all his patriotic denial, the vintage mark. He thus apes the English actor's speech, dress and comportment and, since these quite obviously ill fit him, what results is a hybrid. The chief characteristic of this hybrid is the aspect of effeminacy, ever the price of English imitation. An Englishman, thoroughly male, is so physically built that a tight-waisted jacket swings naturally upon his frame; an American, racially of a quite different physique, looks womanish when he adorns himself with a jacket of similar cut. An Englishman's manner of speech, articulation and deportment are as naturally a part of him as his irregular teeth, but adopted by an American they immediately take on a

fairy hue. They are, on their native soil, as virile as the English themselves, but transplanted they take on a wholly different aspect. The entirely male man is never an imitator of other men; the moment a man patterns his speech and conduct, however slightly, after those of other men something seems a bit queer about him and that queerness invariably carries under its obvious top layer of affectation a pistillate suggestion.

In late years, an increasing number of our young American actors have played in England and have come back denaturalized as to mien and manner. They have returned like so many cuckoos and mocking birds, their old naturalness, simplicity, short *a's*, horn specs and box-back coats laid aside and in their places an assortment of absurdly copied nonchalances, drawls, monocles, spats and waistlines. They have lizzified themselves out of their Americanism and have, by their foolishness, made themselves mongrels. With what result? I put down a few cases that have been confided to me by playwrights and producers: they hint at any number of others. A play produced last season contained a scene in which it was necessary for the leading actor realistically to covet the leading woman. Exactly five different American actors had to be tried out in the part before one could be found who didn't give the impression that he was the leading woman's sister. Another play put on last season called for a scene in which one of the principal actors had to slap another man across the face. The scene was made ridiculous by the strained delicacy of the slap and the play was not brought into New York because the producer couldn't find an American actor within his means who could so much as poke the other actor as he should be poked. A play—one of the best shown last year—required six weeks of its director's resources and profanity to instil a sufficient amount of manliness into two of its leading actors to get the play over even as mildly as it was eventually got over. And no less than three plays that I know of are still awaiting production simply because the management can't find juveniles who are distinguishable from ingénues.

Mr. Dempsey may not be much of an actor, but his worst enemy certainly cannot accuse him of belonging to the court of Titania. He thus is something of a relief to look at and to listen to on this effeminized stage of ours. He isn't the only authentic male actor hereabouts, to be sure; there are others; but there are so many of the other kind that every one like him is a big help.

V

Footnote on Kaiser

The trouble with Georg Kaiser is the trouble with G. K. Chesterton: both try to sit on too many stools. Each appears to be obsessed with the idea of versatility and seems to imagine that the man who can do any number of unexpected things indifferently well will be singled out as a phenomenon from the kind of man who, appreciating that he is no Hauptmann, can do a single expected thing more or less perfectly. "Okotobertag," done here as "The Phantom Lover," is the Pirandello kind of dramaturgy that does not lie within Kaiser's competence; essaying it, he has concocted something that is neither fish nor fowl.

Kaiser is a skilful playwright who has dispersed his talents over too great a dramatic area and who has not shrewdly centred them upon the sort of thing to which they are best suited. He has tried the fantastic drama, the spiritual drama, the metaphysical drama, the drama of so-called ideas, the box-office drama, the slapstick drama, the drama touched with allegory, the Expressionist drama—almost every form of drama. Sometimes, when the form has been comfortable to him, he has produced plays of more or less merit; but too many times the forms seem to have been adopted merely with a show of bravado and with consequent dubious results.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Adolescence

COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA, by Margaret Mead. $3. 8 x 5¼; 297 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company.*

Miss Mead, who is an assistant curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, went to Samoa on a fellowship of the National Research Council, and spent some time on the remote island of Tau, studying the people and especially the children and adolescents. She learned their language and got their confidence, and in her book she gives an extremely interesting account of their daily lives. The Samoans of Tau are nominally Christians, but missionary effort seems to have made very little impression upon their traditional *mores*. Their tribal organization is pretty much what it was before they ever saw a white man, with a hierarchy of chiefs who seem to be far more interested in questions of etiquette and ceremonial than in those matters of conduct which concern civilized governors. The young Samoan, male or female, has work to do, and much of it is arduous, but when it is done it is done: there are no scoutmasters to harass the boy and no schoolma'ams to badger the girl. Sex hygiene is unknown in the islands. Children of five or six are quite familiar, by ocular experience, with all the more melodramatic and embarrassing Facts of Life, and few of them get much beyond adolescence without proceeding to experiment. Marriage follows later; sometimes it is long delayed. Nevertheless, as Miss Mead shows, the Samoans are essentially a highly respectable people, and their general morals are at least as good as those of their American overlords. Moreover, they are notably good-humored, well-disposed and happy.

Miss Mead's main concern, as I have said, is with adolescents. In Samoa, she reports, they seem to escape all the dreadful storms which afflict the young in more civilized places. There are very few neurotics among them, and they seldom show any sign of intractability. The reasons are not far to seek. The Samoan family, unlike our own, is not often purely biological. The head of the house may be the father of all the children in it, but it is not common; more frequently there are also uncles, widowed aunts, cousins and other adults, and they have children of their own. Thus every child grows up under the eye, not of a single pair of adults, but of four, six or even a dozen, and its affections are early dispersed. A parental fixation would be almost impossible in Samoa: such things as the Oedipus complex are quite unknown. Moreover, the sexual freedom which begins with adolescence—it is not formally approved, but there is little effort to restrict it—works against romantic love, and so prevents misery. A Samoan girl, when her beau deserts her, does not enter a nunnery or take to Greenwich village. She simply gets another beau. So with the swain himself. If she gives him the mitten he consoles himself with her sister or her cousin. He seldom marries until relatively late in life, and by that time he is more interested in dynastic and material advantages than in romance. Meanwhile, he avoids repressions by devoting himself to light and transient loves. Thus he keeps out of the Freudian bog, and is under no temptation to take to good works, Socialism or drink.

A sweet story, but Miss Mead finds it somewhat difficult to apply its lessons to American life. There is at present a revolt among us against the Victorian scheme of policing the young, but it remains a revolt,

and is hence immoral, even in the view of the rebels. Its psychic effects are thus almost as bad as those of the policing. The innocence of the Samoans is foreign to our civilization; we are essentially moral in our attitude toward sex, even when we are immoral. Moreover, the American youngster still dreams of romantic love; nay, demands it. Even the most violent revoltés put great store by it; in fact, they commonly justify their revolt by appealing to it. So long as the taste for it survives among us it will be idle to talk of solving the sex question. Nor is there any pressing reason why it should be solved, despite all the alarmist gabble that goes round. Sex does more damage among us than it does in Samoa, but it also makes for a vastly greater joy. It offers most people their one genuine escape from the slavery of everyday life under civilization. True enough, it usually makes them, in the end, even worse slaves than they were before, but while the flight is on they are happy in a wild, poignant, overwhelming manner that is quite beyond the imagination of a dumb-bell Samoan.

I believe that Miss Mead's book would have been better if she had avoided discussing the woes of American high-school girls and confined herself to an objective account of life in Samoa. After all, what she has to say on the former subject has been said before, and very often. But in her picture of work and play on a remote Pacific island there is much fresh observation, and hence much of solid interest. She went to a great deal of trouble to establish her facts, and she sets them forth in a clear and competent manner. The people of the South Seas live in her precise, scientific pages even more vividly than they live in the works of such romantic writers as Frederick O'Brien. Her book suggests that its methodology might be applied to an investigation of human existence nearer home. Why doesn't some ethnologist go to a village in Tennessee (or Vermont, or Ohio, or Kansas), and describe its people as she describes her Samoans? There have been partial studies in this field, but no complete one. Its lack is sorely felt. All sorts of delusions and superstitions survive from a less critical day—for example, the belief that American yokels are more moral than city folk. Confronted by such palpable nonsense, one goes to the sources for light, and finds that there are none. We know far more about the daily life of the Pueblo Indians than we know about the life of Mississippi Baptists. Whenever, by some accident, light is let into the subject, there is gasping surprise, and even horror. This happened, typically, when a gang of slick city jakes descended upon the primitive mountain village of Dayton, Tenn., at the time of the Scopes trial, and found it full of Aurignacian men clad in dressy mail-order suits, with Bibles under their arms. But science is never horrified. It has no more moral scruples than a movie critic or a beauty doctor. It simply sets forth the facts. I herewith summons it to proceed to business.

A Glance Ahead

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY: *Blue Prints for a World Revolution*, by H. G. Wells. $2. 7¼ x 4⅞; 200 pp. Garden City, N. Y.: *Doubleday, Doran & Company.*

In this little book Mr. Wells achieves what is for him a somewhat unusual feat: he manages to be dull. In his 200 pages he says many sensible things, but he almost invariably says them badly. There is no flavor of charming phrases in his argument, and there is no impact of novel and arresting ideas. What he argues for is simply what every rational man is in favor of, to wit, a better organization of the world. And what he proposes to bring it about is what every rational man knows to be necessary, to wit, the liberation and internationalization of intelligence. Today too many good men waste themselves in being good Americans, good Englishmen, good Germans, good Frenchmen. If they could get away from that puerile folly and lay their heads together human progress would become something more than a sentimental illusion. It has been attempted in the sci-

ences, but only half-heartedly: in 1914 all the English philologians were bawling that no German had ever contributed anything worth while to philology, and three years later all the American chemists were stealing the German chemists' work and then denying loudly that it was worth anything. Patriotism is not only the last refuge of scoundrels; it is their nursery and breeding-pen. It makes more of them than any other human weakness. Here in the United States the fact must be manifest to everyone. Whenever an American begins talking about the flag, prudent men reach warily for their pocketbooks and steal away as fast as possible.

The scientists, as I have said, have tried to purge their society of such rogues, but without much success. However, they have at least made the attempt, and maybe they will succeed better later on. The artists and the engineers lag far behind, and the professors of government are out of sight in the rear. As everyone knows, the current tendency is not against nationalism and its attendant imbecilities, but in the other direction. The result is a colossal waste of human effort, with no one benefited save a few professional politicians, *i.e.*, professional swindlers. In order that Padraic This or Eamon That may strut his brief hour the Irish peasants are loaded with taxes, taught to hate their fellow creatures, and bidden to study a dead language, as unhandy to them as Greek. In order that a moony professor, far gone in senility, may posture as a great liberator the charming and intelligent Czechs are condemned to the goose-step and put to annoying their neighbors. It will take centuries to get rid of this nonsense, if it is ever got rid of at all. The human mind cherishes it as it cherishes all other mean and blowsy things. Nevertheless, it is worth while to protest against it, even in the dull and inept manner shown by Mr. Wells in the present book. He is not doing his damndest, for his damndest is very eloquent and moving, but he is at least doing something.

I suspect that half of his ineffectiveness is to be blamed on the fact that he starts off by arguing that what is needed to combat the game of dog-eat-dog is religion. It appears at once that what he means by religion is not the usual compound of maudlin superstitions and empty forms, but simply good will, fair play, common decency. A religious man, by his definition, is one who can imagine the good of others as well as his own, and is willing to further it. But why call such a man religious? Religion, as it is practically encountered in this world, commonly works the other way. Even more than patriotism it makes for division and disharmony. The vilest and most abiding hatreds that now rack the world are hatched and fostered at the altar of God. Two generations after the Civil War its surviving morons have forgotten their old patriotic bitterness, but they continue to damn the Pope to Hell. It is amazing that a man of Mr. Wells' intelligence should give any countenance to the notion that religion makes men better, or that making them better is a kind of religion. Religion, it is conceivable, may save them from Hell; on that point I express no opinion. It may convert them into angels when they die. But while they are on earth it makes them bad neighbors.

Here, however, I probably press Mr. Wells too hard. If he misuses words he does only what all the rest of us do. They are, in fact, very inaccurate tools, and often seduce even the most skillful workman into cutting his thumb. Wells has his defects as an artist in prose, as Carlyle had, and Macaulay and Darwin and Adam Smith, but he remains an extraordinarily arresting and important man. He has, in some ways, the best brains in England, and his influence upon his time has been profound. During the late war he succumbed to patriotism and made a dreadful spectacle of himself, but he recovered quickly, and he was not the worst. Taking one year with another, he has pumped more sound sense into the dull and apathetic English than any other, save only George Bernard Shaw. In one direction he has done better

than Shaw, for he has got over the Socialism of his youth, and is now a political realist. At sixty-two he seems to be as lively as ever. Long may he wave! The world needs such fellows. If there were a hundred head of them in practise at once civilization would have a chance.

The Siege of Babel

AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE, by Otto Jespersen. 4s. 6d. 7¼ x 4⅜; 196 pp. London: *George Allen & Unwin.*

Dr. Jespersen is one of the most eminent living philologists, and, though a Dane, is a high authority upon the English language. His "Modern English Grammar on Historical Principles," of which three volumes have been issued (it is published, by the way, only in Germany), is so packed with original observations and so revolutionary in some of its ideas that many years must pass before the schoolma'ms of the United States rise to it. Some of his other works are quite as valuable, notably his "Philosophy of Grammar," published in 1924, and his "Language: Its Nature, Development and Origin," published in 1922. In them he reveals a colossal learning, a refreshing freedom from academic prejudices, and a somewhat curious mixture of scientific exactness and romantic imagination. Naturally enough, he is greatly interested in all the movements that flow out of his specialty—the simplified spelling movement in English, the projects for the reform of this or that language, and the attempts so often made to invent entirely new international languages. In the present book he presents plans and specifications for a new one of his own. He calls it Novial, from *nov*=new and *ial*=international auxiliary language.

Dr. Jespersen rehearses briefly the history of previous efforts in the same direction, and shows how and why they have failed. Volapük was too harsh and arbitrary; moreover, its inflections were too complicated. Esperanto was full of uncouthness, and included needless complications. Ido was a broth spoiled by too many cooks. Latino Sine Flexione was simply a vile dog-Latin. Occidental was a bit too scientific. And so on. Novial, it is plain at a glance, is superior to all of them, if only because it avoids the pitfalls that experience with them has revealed. Its vocabulary is natural, its grammatical structure is simple and logical, it employs no sounds that are not familiar to everyone, and it shows a considerable euphony. Such a sentence as "Kulture es ekonomio de energie in omni direktione" is not only instantly intelligible to every educated person; it also shows the grace that we look for in civilized speech.

In brief, Dr. Jespersen has made a good job, and every argument brought forward for the international auxiliary languages of the past applies to Novial with double force. Unfortunately, its very logicality is probably the chief obstacle to its acceptance. For there is something in the human mind which revolts almost instinctively against whatever is sensible. Men come into the world fortuitously and illogically, they are crammed with nonsense (for example, "civics," "philosophy" and Greek) in school and college, they marry in defiance of reason, and they spend the rest of their lives immersed in gaudy and preposterous irrationalities. If they could bear sober thinking for more than a few minutes at a time they would have reformed all their existing languages long ago. German would have been purged of its barbaric grammar, French would have been rid of its redundancies, and English would have been reformed in spelling, if not in pronunciation. But the persons who speak these languages cling devotedly to their imbecilities. They love them as a mother loves a half-wit child. In order to get rid of such weaknesses the human mind must be completely overhauled, a task comparable to abolishing the moon or enforcing Prohibition. If that overhauling is ever achieved the peoples of the world will all speak, not merely an international auxiliary language, but a common language. I specifically refuse to advocate it. The

dangers of the reform are too evident. The pornographic literature of the whole world would lie open to every American Sunday-school scholar. The bars down, it would be too easy for Germans and Frenchmen, Greeks and Turks, Flemings and Walloons, to exchange their frank opinions of one another. American press agents would practise everywhere, taking the *Kultur* of Chicago to the ends of the earth. The radio would pollute Nicaragua, Siam and Albania with the wisdom of Coolidge and Hoover, S. Parkes Cadman and Stephen S. Wise. The end, I fear, would be universal war, pestilence and ruin. Let bad enough alone.

Meanwhile, Dr. Jespersen has written an extremely interesting little book.

The Technique of the Politician

POLITICAL BEHAVIOR, by Frank R. Kent. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 342 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company.*

This volume is seriously written, but it is full of rollicking humors. I defy anyone to read it without coming away with the feeling that, whatever the cost of being an American, it is at least enjoyable—that life in the United States is to life elsewhere as the art of Groucho Marx is to the art of the embalmer. Mr. Kent's theme is politics—not the high politics that publicists talk of, but the lowly variety practised by practical men. It is the politics of Tammany in New York, of the Ohio Gang in Ohio, of the Vare-Mellon banditti in Pennsylvania, of Ma and Pa Ferguson in Texas, of Tom Heflin in Alabama, of the Anti-Saloon League up and down the land. For the first time its elementary principles are dissected out of the huge mass of clinical material, and exposed to the admiration of connoisseurs. Mr. Kent knows his politicians. He has consorted with them since the last century, and has an immense acquaintance among them, North, East, South and West. More, he enjoys their salty society, and knows how to get his enjoyment upon paper.

The result is a work of high interest and great charm. The author indulges himself in no pious snuffling. He does not deplore the extravagant tricks and dodges, the inordinate rogueries and impudences that he describes; he simply sets them forth in plain language, giving names and dates whenever possible—and usually it is possible. His store of material seems to be endless. He has a story to illustrate every step in his exposition. He does not merely tell how politicians hoodwink, bamboozle and prey upon the boobs; he shows precisely how concrete men have done it—many of them of eminence in the Republic. The heroes of his chronicle are not august statesmen, their heads in the clouds, but practical politicians, their hooves in the trough. His book is a superb treatise upon government under democracy. It is a sort of running footnote upon all the multitudinous histories of the United States.

I think so well of it that I am laying in a dozen copies for presentation to young friends, male and female, when they reach political nubility under the Constitution. It will teach them far more than all the "civics" lectures they have heard in school from servile pedagogues. It will show them exactly how the United States is run, and by whom. I believe that they will enjoy it as I have, but that it will make them eager for the service of their country, or hot to die for it in some unsanitary trench —in that direction I have some doubts.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

Louis Adamic *was born in what is now Yugoslavia, but while still in his teens came to this country.*

Duncan Aikman *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

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Charles Sampson *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

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Captain Henry O. Swindler, U.S.A., *was born in Illinois. He served in the World War with the 61st infantry and was wounded in action. Later he was graduated from the Infantry School at Fort Benning, and for five years past has been an historical research officer at the Army War College.*

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Emer Yeager *is a major in the Field Artillery, United States Army. He was born in Indiana, and has had long military experience. It includes five years in the National Guard, five years as an enlisted man in the Regular Army (Infantry), three years as an officer of the Philippine Scouts, and twelve years in the Field Artillery. He is a graduate of the Field Artillery School and of the General Staff School. At present he is attached to the headquarters of the Second Corps Area.*

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Editorial NOTES

DUNCAN AIKMAN, whose article, "Hell in the United States," appears in this issue, is an old time newspaper man, having worked on numerous papers in New England and the South. He has been one of the most frequent contributors to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. His articles have been as follows: "The Statesman as Artist," September, 1924; "Arsenals of Hatred," October, 1924; "Santa Barbara Has a Fiesta," January, 1925; "Hell Along the Border," May, 1925; "Prairie Fire," October, 1925; "The Springfield *Republican*," May, 1926; "He Sentimentalists," September, 1926; "Deadwood the Dreadful," November, 1927; and "The Holy Rollers," October, 1928.

Duncan Aikman

Mr. Aikman was born in Terre Haute, Ind., on September 27, 1889, of pure American stock. His childhood, he says, was "startlingly free from adventure, poverty, malnutrition, intellectual and emotional repressions, or theological persecution. I used to have to go to a Congregational church occasionally, but this discipline relaxed at adolescence as the family developed a disgust for the Fundamentalist pastor and drifted away from Jehovah. I used to get a dime each for reading standard Victorian and Elizabethan masterpieces, and a dollar or more from grandfather whenever I led

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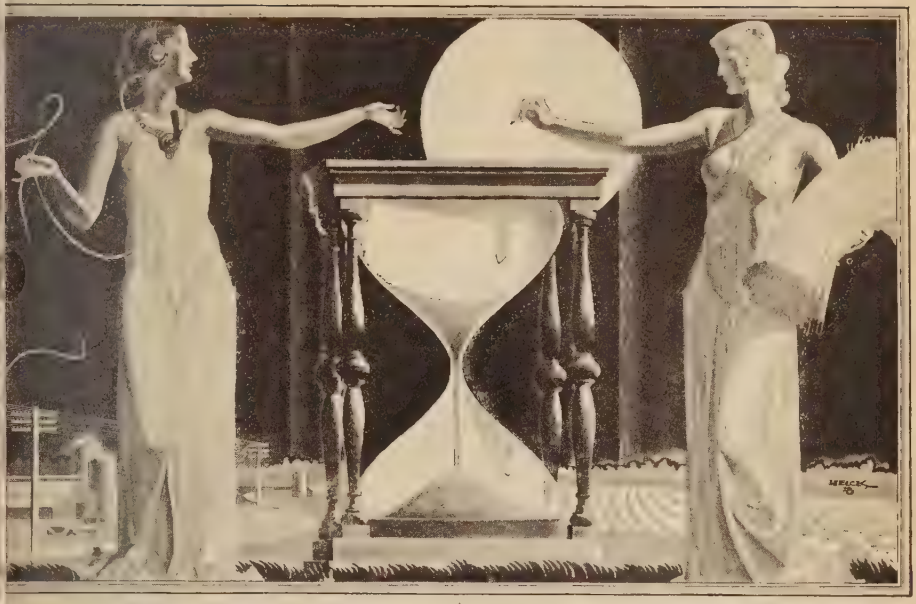

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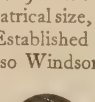

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Send us your name and address for FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's Amerian Blush, and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxvi

the class in grade school, which I blush to say occasionally happened."

After graduating from the Terre Haute public and high schools he went to the Phillips Exeter Academy, where he won a prize for an essay on "The Character of Sidney Carton." Then he entered Yale, where he obtained an A.B. in 1911, and won membership in Phi Beta Kappa. For the next year or so he tried his hand, first at selling life insurance, and then at teaching German and Latin in a boys' preparatory school. He was a failure in both jobs, so he decided to try his luck in newspaper work. His first such job was on the Springfield *Republican*, where he worked for about a year. Then he joined the staff of the New Orleans *Item*, and after a year there he went to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. In 1915 he returned to the *Republican* as a special writer for the Sunday magazine section. During the war he was abroad, and did special correspondence for the Edward Marshall Syndicate of London.

In 1919–1920 he was on various publicity jobs in Springfield and New York, and in 1920–1921 he was on the political staff of the New York *Evening Post*. In September of the latter year a breakdown in health forced his removal to the Southwest. He soon joined the staff of the El Paso *Morning Times* as editorial writer and book reviewer, and remained with that paper until May of this year. Now he is devoting all his time to free lancing in the book and magazine fields. He is the author of "The Home Town Mind" and "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats," and editor of "The Taming of the Frontier." His article in this issue is part of a study of modern American freak religions, entitled, "Hallelujah," which has just been published.

Charles Sampson, the author of "The Infidel Bryan" in this issue, was born in 190

Continued on page lxx

Your Boy and his Dog

How wonderful to have a permanent *living* record of their frolics together!

ON'T you love to watch them together, so full of action, so vibrant with life?

Doesn't it "get you" a little to see such true friends, ch willing playmates?

Here is your boy at his best, affection for his pet owing in his every move, all self-consciousness gone he becomes his happy, care-free self.

What a glorious opportunity for you!

What a thrill to record for all time his unposed and aracteristic expressions, gestures and movements.

And the dog—sitting up and begging, jumping over dges, retrieving balls; his eyes so warm and kindly, s sensitive ears pricking up, his tail wagging with endship, his head cocked to one side so knowingly.

What fun to show such a film with both boy and dog r audience!

How your boy will appreciate it. His love for the g is a feeling that you are anxious to encourage and is film certainly fosters it.

Later, when the beloved "dumb pal" is only a emory, what a treasured possession those movies will come.

Yet they are so easy to make. With the Ciné-Kodak, me movies are as easy to take as snapshots. You press the button and you're taking pictures—living pictures. You send the film to us and we do the rest. Your film is developed and returned to you at once . . . and the cost of this service is included in the price of the film.

Then, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures on your own silver screen. You are overjoyed to see how well they turn out, and that is the common experience of Ciné-Kodak users. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

Moreover, you are not limited to the films you take yourself. Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200-, and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost $7.50 per 100 feet and become a permanent part of your film library.

Many a Ciné-Kodak dealer is eager to tell you about home movies, and you'll find him easy to listen to because it's a subject that fascinates. Have him show you some Ciné-Kodak home movies and explain how easily they are made and projected. Meanwhile, we have a booklet on home movies that you ought to read.

* * *

Ciné-Kodak

implest of Home Movie Cameras

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Dept. 156, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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Train features: **Barber, bath, valet, maid, manicure; dining cars all the way. Leaves Chicago at 8:10 p.m. daily; ten dollars extra fare.**

Seven other fine trains to California from Chicago and St. Louis

Including the 63-hour extra fare San Francisco Overland Limited; Gold Coast Limited (open-top observation car in California during winter season); Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

Death Valley—a new side trip en route Southern California

See its magnificent, mysterious grandeur by delightful two-day rail-motor side trips, starting November 4th; cost only $35.50.

For booklets describing California, Death Valley and Union Pacific service:

Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 260, at Omaha, Nebraska

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxviii

in Knox county, Kentucky. His mother was German, and his father of American stock that had seesawed back and forth between Massachusetts and England for 150 years until it crossed the Alleghanies at the beginning of the last century, and settled in Cincinnati.

Charles Sampson

When he was six his mother took him to Germany for a visit with relatives. On arrival, he says,

> I immediately decided to be a soldier. Dressed in a play uniform and a tin helmet from Wertheim's toy department, I was dragged to gape at Sans Souci. I got lost in a garden maze, and came suddenly upon a fierce gentleman, dressed in green like a German forester, and topped by a comic green hat. It was the Kaiser; I was guilty of *lèse majesté*, and so turned and ran while his laughter rang behind me.
>
> Taken to call upon a doctor relative in a Berlin hospital, I wandered into a room where lay chewed up looking men in hideous bandages. Long afterward my mother told me they were victims of duels with Venus. I decided to become a doctor.
>
> Back in America we moved to the family lair, Cincinnati, and for five years I was in the hands of women teachers who knew nothing of boy psychology. Only in the fifth, seventh and eighth grades was I allowed to let occasional thoughts seep out. Reaching secondary school, the change from rigorous supervision to comparative freedom upset my balance, and with the exception of English I flunked the whole first year. After five years in high school I went to the University of Cincinnati as a pre-medical student.
>
> There I met a small circle of Jewish students—engineers, medics, pre-medics, and embryo rabbis who attended the nearby Hebrew Union College—belonging to the Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity, and whose house was the sole citadel

Continued on page lxxii

Advice to wives

whose husbands don't save money

By a wife

MY husband and I used to be careless with money. Fred ade a good salary but we spent actically every dollar of it. Then something happened that ened our eyes. Fred was taken k and confined to bed for five eks. By the time he was able to back to work we were penniless worse than that, we had been liged to borrow money to live. After that I began to worry about oney. What would happen to us if ed were sick for *several months?* hat would happen if he were in-acitated in some way and unable go on with his work?

How to end money worries

ie day a little book called "How Get the Things You Want," l into my hands. It was one of the ost valuable, interesting and un-ual books I ever read. The book ade me think of Fred and the pes I had for him. Here's what aid:

You're interested in having the t possible time while you live—ith the least worry and grind and comfort.

You don't want to pay rent all ur life—you hope to own your own me some day. And you don't get any ill out of the idea of appearing at office or a mill or a store at the me old hour every morning until u die.

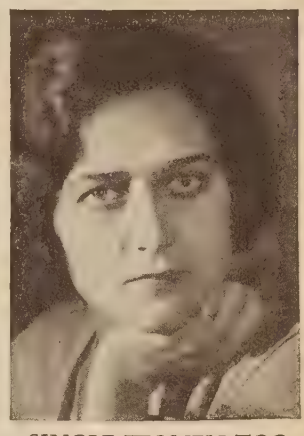
You want to quit work sometime. And when you do quit, you want to feel that you're justified *in quitting —that you've earned it.*

Then the book told how Fred and I and the children could be sure of a steady income even if Fred became totally disabled and unable to go to work again. It told how we could provide money to pay the children's way through college—money to leave our home free of debt. It told how we could provide an income to live on when Fred decided to retire from business. Best of all, it explained how we could do these things on the moderate salary Fred was making.

I showed the book to Fred. He was interested. We decided to follow the plan outlined. In a short time we had taken steps to provide for every single one of the things we wanted. Soon we found ourselves on the road toward a life free of money worries.

Get this Free Book

This story is typical. The book, "How to Get the Things You Want," tells how you can become financially independent—how you can provide an income to retire on—how you can end your money worries—how you can do these things and many other things, no matter whether your present income is large or small.



SINGLE WOMEN TOO
may want to know
—how to retire with an income
—how to save money scientifically
—how to end money worries
The booklet offered below tells how. Mail the coupon.

The financial plan outlined in this book is so clear and so simple that you will understand it at once. It is so reasonable, so sensible, so logical in every way that the minute you read about it you will realize instantly that it works.

This plan is backed by one of the oldest, most conservative institutions in this country. It is completely explained in the free book. There's no obligation. Send for your copy now.

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THE Santa Fe will take you and your family there—swiftly, in comfort and luxury.

A fascinating pageant parades past Santa Fe train windows. Glistening peaks, abysmal chasms, Indian pueblos, romantic ruins. The Southwest is wrapped in mystery—radiant with gorgeous beauty.

Six Santa Fe trains leave Chicago and Kansas City every day for California. Fred Harvey dining service is the best in the transportation world.

Grand Canyon National Park and the Indian-detour on your way—

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Santa Fe System Lines
901 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in winter trip to

Please send detailed information and descriptive folders.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxx

of intelligence on the campus. They plucked me from among the amiable morons who had been my friends, and introduced me to the ideas of Havelock Ellis and Dr. Isaac Mayer Wise.

Meanwhile, I found the pre-medic course galling; I was already familiar with deadhouse and dissecting room, through the kind offices of medical school friends. Impatient, lazy, and foolish, I quit college to slave in a can factory. I still frequented the S. A. M. house until commencement scattered my friends. Then I left town. In Monroe, Michigan, I worked as laborer in a paper mill. From there I dropped to St. Mary's, Ohio, Jim Tully's old town, to peddle furniture polish. In mid-Summer I went back North, to work as a harvest hand.

Burned to a crisp by the sun, I craved the city again, and in the Fall I returned to Cincinnati. After a month I sank into a slough of melancholy, and lived like a recluse at my parents' home, sleeping all day, reading all night, and occasionally going to library or saloon for recreation. Finally I snapped out of it to work on the Cincinnati *Post*. When sufficiently broken in I did everything from rewrite work to covering marble tournaments. But it wasn't the roaring life I had imagined, so after nine months I quit to work on the Camden, N. J., *Daily Courier*. There the air was clearer, but I deserted that job to start a small feature syndicate in New York.

The attempt was a flop, and free-lance odd jobs kept me alive until my belly got so empty that only a regular salary could fill it. I howled to Baltimore for help and got a job on the *Evening Sun*, writing headlines. For three years I wrote them and nothing else, save a stray book review or two, until I developed a copy-reader complex. Its victims suffer delusions of infallibility, and go into frenzies at the slightest errors of reporters. When, in this state, I read Ben Hecht's verdict on copy-readers, I had a nervous breakdown, and for months lay secluded on a farm near Baltimore. Rested, and my job on the *Evening Sunpaper* filled, I went to work for the Baltimore *News*. In its editorial rooms I found at last the swashbuckling atmosphere of song and story, and there I have been ever since. My job is rewriting.

From Mr. George H. Adams, editor of the Minneapolis *Star*, comes the following polite protest:

> In THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September is an article, "The Labor Dailies," in which

Continued on page lxxiv

To The Far Frontier

No postoffice is too far away in the purple sage to receive and distribute its quota of dividend checks to the real owners of our American industries.

The investment of hundreds of millions of dollars in the securities of our public utilities, representing the savings of many thousands of people, is one of the most significant economic facts of our day. It is practical public ownership.

More than fifty thousand thrifty people, most of them customers, are stockholders of this Corporation and its subsidiaries. Other thousands own the bonds of these companies.

This is a powerful influence for sound management and prudent financing.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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A West Indies Cruise Is Either Cunard Or It Is Not Cunard . . .

If it is Cunard, you will have days and days of sea-going perfection . . . This year the first cruise sails December First . . . Every day on board will be a sun-drenched interlude between one fascinating port and the next . . . You can swing along the very Parisian Prado in Havana at midnight and still be in a tropic frame of amiability in the morning . . . Staterooms which you will not want to leave even in alluring Nassau . . . restaurants with Transatlantic secrets and the day's yield of native dishes thrown in . . . The Cunard way of "getting things done . . ."

Three 16 day cruises . . . $200 up
Visiting Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, Nassau.
S. S. FRANCONIA—
From N. Y. . . . Dec. 1 and Dec. 20, 1928
S. S. SCYTHIA—
From N. Y. . . . . Jan. 7, 1929

Two 31 day cruises . . . $300 up
Visiting Nassau, Havana, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Martinique, Barbados, San Juan, Bermuda.
S. S. CALIFORNIA—
From N. Y. . . . Jan. 19 and Feb. 23, 1929

Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner S. S. Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . from N. Y. . . Jan. 5 to March 16, 1929

For further information apply to your local agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxii

appears this sentence, referring to the *Star:* "Its reactionary ghost is now popularly supposed to be controlled by the Great Northern Railroad interests."

The Minneapolis *Star* is today far from a ghost. It is a healthy and rapidly growing newspaper. It is not "controlled by the Great Northern Railroad interests," nor has any popular supposition of that kind ever come to our attention, although we are on the ground and occasionally hear stories that we are controlled by interests of all kinds, from labor unions to the Republican and Democratic parties, Hearst and one or the other of our local contemporaries. None of these is true.

As a matter of fact the Great Northern Railroad interests have no connection with or influence on the *Star*. The paper is owned by seven men, all working on it. It has paid its own way ever since it was purchased from the receiver of the old *Minnesota Star* a little over four years ago. The receiver has just been paid the last instalment of the purchase price. In four years the paper has grown rapidly in Minneapolis circulation, in income and in operating expenses. More than 50,000 copies are sold every day within the city limits, which is surprisingly close to the city circulation of either of our older competitors.

The article is correct in its intimation that the *Star* is not a radical newspaper. We do not feel we deserve to be called reactionary, but that is, of course, a relative term and open to argument.

Following the instalment printed last month, THE AMERICAN MERCURY herewith presents a few more extracts from the style book it has in preparation. Friends of the magazine are invited to offer criticism of these rules, and to suggest others.

12. Words designating the legislative bodies of sovereign States are to be capitalized. Thus, *Legislature, Congress, Senate, House of Representatives, Chamber of Deputies, Reichstag.* But not the legislative bodies of parts or dependancies. Thus, *city council, board of estimates, legislative council.*

13. The word *State,* when used as an adjective, is to retain the capital. Thus, *State Legis-*

Continued on page lxxvi

POWER *for the* FARMER

OUT into the country to forty thousand farms, the companies of the Middle West Utilities System are bringing electric power. The efficiency with which power has endowed industry, and the comforts it has brought to the city home, are made available to the farmer from the networks of transmission lines blanketing the countryside.

The inclusion of the farms in a comprehensive system of power supply is the culmination of the diffusion of electric power as widely as the uses of power are diffused. These companies, replacing small isolated plants with widespread transmission systems, have been enabled to deliver power over the countryside as well. By combining the power requirements of wide areas, they are serving the small towns more efficiently and economically, reaching hundreds of communities previously without electric service, and lightening labor and increasing comfort for a large agricultural population.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

SERVING 3600 COMMUNITIES IN 30 STATES

Social Hall—S. S. LEVIATHAN

American ships for your greater enjoyment

THERE are six famous ships that cross the Atlantic Ocean, flying the American flag. They are the *S.S. Leviathan, S.S. George Washington, S.S. America, S.S. Republic, S.S. President Harding,* and *S.S. President Roosevelt.* It is their business to carry passengers to Europe and back safely, with the maximum comfort and the minimum delay. They do this in a manner that has won them the good will of travelers and the respect of every maritime expert.

The delicious food that is served at every meal, the refined luxury and quiet taste that make all the rooms on board so attractive, and good honest American service persuade most experienced travelers to sail on American ships. Their example is well worth following.

Your steamship agent will gladly give you full details about rates, sailings, and ports of call.

United States Lines

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxiv

lature, State courts, States' rights. When *Federal* is used in apposition to it, it is to be capitalized also. Thus, *Federal courts, Federal Union, Federal army.* But *national* had better be kept in lower case.

14. Whenever there is a difference between American and English spelling, the American form is to be used. But this rule is to be applied with discretion, and only the best American usage is to be followed. Such barbarisms as *cigaret, chlorid, sulfate, Savior, phenix* and *sirup* had better be avoided. *Program* and *quartet* are still dubious; for the present, *programme* and *quartette* will be retained.

15. In words in which a syllable ending with a vowel is followed by another beginning with the same vowel, the latter vowel is to bear a dieresis. Thus, *reënact, coöperate.*

16. The names of beings commonly worshipped in America are to be capitalized. Thus, *God, Holy Ghost, Virgin Mary, Heavenly Father, Supreme Being, Trinity, Saviour, Son, Mother of God.*

17. When the word *Devil* refers to Satan, it is to be capitalized. But when it refers to lesser demons it is to be in lower case.

18. The designations of lesser celestial beings are not to be capitalized, save when they are used as prefixes to proper names. Thus, *archangel, angel, saint, prophet, cherub(im), seraph(im).* But, *the Archangel Gabriel, the Prophet Daniel, the Prophet (Mohammed).*

19. The designations of semi-celestial personages, when used collectively, are to be capitalized. Thus, *the Holy Saints, the Twelve Apostles, the Fourteen Holy Martyrs.*

20. Pronouns referring to God or Jesus Christ are to be capitalized, including those beginning with *w.* Thus, *He, Him, His, Who, Whose, Whom.* But not pronouns referring to Mary.

21. Words designating the cardinal objects of faith are not to be capitalized. Thus, *atonement, virgin birth, immaculate conception, annunciation, ascension, crucifixion, passion.* But *Resurrection,* when it alludes to Jesus Christ, had better be capitalized, to distinguish it from the *resurrection* of the faithful.

22. The words *Heaven* and *Hell,* when used as proper names, are to be capitalized.

23. The word *Saviour,* when used to designate Jesus Christ, is to be capitalized, and the *-our* spelling is to be used. In other cases it is to be in lower case, without the *u.*

24. The names of the seasons are to be capitalized. Thus, *Spring, Summer, Autumn, Fall, Winter, Indian Summer, mid-Summer.*

The safest place in the city streets

IN THE turmoil of modern city traffic, there is no safer place than in a street car.

Even the relatively low annual total of street car passenger accidents has been cut in half during the last fifteen years—yet the number of passengers has increased nearly one-third. Street railway companies have worked unceasingly to lessen the hazard of the city streets, until to-day there is an average of only one fatality for every 8,422,460 street car riders.

New motors, new brakes, new doors, a multitude of improved devices have contributed to this remarkable safety record. They have also served to speed up schedules, add to the comfort of passengers, and win a steadily increasing public appreciation and patronage.

Trained and careful operators and the latest improved equipment guard your safety on the modern street car. Whether it is on street car equipment or on that which saves time and increases comfort in your home, the G-E monogram is assurance of electrical quality and dependability.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

You can get real coffee that lets you sleep

—that tastes the same . . . brings the same friendly cheer as the finest coffee

Not a substitute!

EACH year thousands try Kaffee Hag Coffee, for the first time, because it is free of caffeine. But they continue to delight in using it just because it is such wonderful coffee.

The flavor you enjoy in Kaffee Hag Coffee results from blending several of the world's finest coffees. And before roasting, 97% of the caffeine is removed—the drug that upsets sleep. Hence Kaffee Hag Coffee does not affect nerves nor keep you awake.

Try this wonderful coffee. You can't tell the caffeine is gone. Not from tasting. Serve it for dinner—or an evening party. You can drink Kaffee Hag Coffee even at midnight—without fear of sleeplessness.

People say good-bye to substitutes with their first cup of Kaffee Hag Coffee. Real coffee they can enjoy without regret!

Order a fresh-sealed can of Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee from your dealer. Ground or in the bean. At hotels, restaurants, diners too. Mail the coupon for a trial can.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1819 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

★ Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page lx

JENNIFER.
By John Palmer. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 285 pp. *New York*

Jennifer's husband, at the time she leaves him, begins to tell the story of his wife, from the first day he met her, in order that he may understand this woman whom he loves and who has left him for the playwright, Evan Colesworthy. He portrays an egotistic, guileless, vain creature who play-acts so intensely that she confuses her make-believe world with the actual one. His analysis of their relationship is so accurate that he foresees the moment of her return.

YOUR CUCKOO SINGS BY KIND.
By Valentine Dobrée. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 284 pp. *New York*

We first meet Christina Maynard in the garden of a Farrowfield clergyman, with whom she is boarded out with her brothers, Henry and Peter, by an indifferent father. Here her sensitiveness is crushed and she is misunderstood. She is transferred to the home of the kindly Deans and though not much better understood, she is at least treated more patiently and the little Deans become her friends. The story gives three years of Christina's life.

FOLK-LORE

SINGING SOLDIERS.
By John J. Miles. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8¾ x 6⅛; 171 pp. *New York*

Lieutenant Miles was an aviator who saw active service all up and down the front, as well as behind it. His collection of war songs, mostly from the Negroes, is exceedingly interesting and valuable. Among the best are the "Gimme" song, the "Soldier Man Blues," "Grave-diggers," "Going Home," "He's a Burden-Bearer," "Long Gone" and "Pray for Forgiveness." In presenting them Lieutenant Miles writes entertainingly of a series of experiences, each one of which is centered around a song.

THE GHOST BOOK.
Edited by Cynthia Asquith. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 327 pp. *New York*

Seventeen stories of the supernatural by a group of English writers, including Hugh Walpole, Arthur Machen, May Sinclair, Algernon Blackwood and D. H. Lawrence.

THE PALE MOUNTAINS.
By Carl Felix Wolff. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 6; 204 pp. *New York*

Far from anemic are these alluring legends of the people who inhabit the verdant fields and barren

Continued on page lxxx

tip for Mr. Hoover—a hint for Mr. Smith

—after oratory and handshaking . . . Listerine

NO wonder your throat feels sore after a long address, Mr. Hoover. Millions of threatening rms swarming in the fetid air, come to rest there d attack the membrance.

And you, Mr. Smith, pumping the hands of thou- nds of eager supporters, how many dangerous cteria do you acquire during the day? Certainly u must realize this constant menace to your alth. Where, gentlemen, can you find relief? here can you find protection?

The answer is a simple, and a logical one, backed the findings of science—Listerine, the safe tiseptic.

OR SORE THROAT

For as repeated tests with official bacteria show, Listerine used full strength kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ in 15 seconds.

Naturally, then, it is effective against germs that lodge in the throat and on hands, causing colds, grippe, sore throat and worse.

Therefore, gentlemen, after any exposure to crowds, gargle repeatedly with Listerine, full strength. Thus you protect, and also soothe, your throat.

And after direct contact with others, rinse the hands with it—especially before each meal. In this way you render germs harmless should they enter the mouth on food you handle. Not for candidates alone is this advice. We are certain that anyone who will use Listerine, systematically, during winter weather, will materially lessen the risk of colds and sore throat. Isn't it worth trying?

TO AVOID COLDS

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

—so powerful against germs

You did Right!

IT IS always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. You have the doctor's assurance that it doesn't affect the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches; neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions inside every package.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxviii

peaks of the Dolomite mountains. From the first tale of the Moon Princess who cannot dwell on earth, the land of her Prince Charming, because the rocks and forests are dark and sad in comparison to her silvery lakes and rivers, to the last story of the Children of the Sun, there runs a picturesqueness not often found in fairy tales. The translation is by Francesca La Monte and there are charming colored drawings by Anne Merriman Peck.

MISCELLANEOUS

CORK SHIPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.
By Peter Adam. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1.25 7¼ x 5; 112 pp. *New York*

A pen-knife and a pair of scissors, some ordinary cork, pins, thread, matches, paper and crayons are the only tools and materials needed to make ship models ranging from Phoenician galleys to the four- and five-masted schooners of today. Along with his instructions Mr. Adam, who has spent most of his life at sea, gives much interesting information about the history of ships. There are line drawings, photographs, and diagrams of the ships.

WHAT TO READ IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.
By Jack R. Crawford. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 388 pp. *New York*

The purpose of this book, in the words of the author, who is associate professor of English at Yale, is "to present to the general reader . . . first, a list of the foremost books in literature and science by those authors, who, time and critics combined are agreed, have contributed in some way to modern thought. . . . Further, this book suggests the obvious avenues of approach, through a list of biographies, letters, and criticism, to the further general study of any author who may happen to hit the fancy or arouse the interest of the aforesaid reader." The book stops with Thomas Hardy. Professor Crawford has done a good job. His tastes are catholic, his judgments are intelligent, and his bibliographies are judicious.

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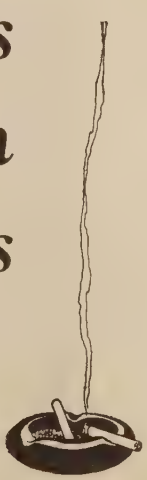

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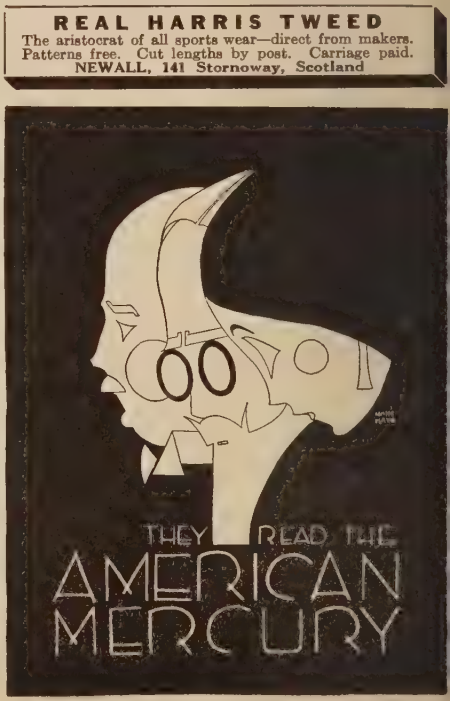

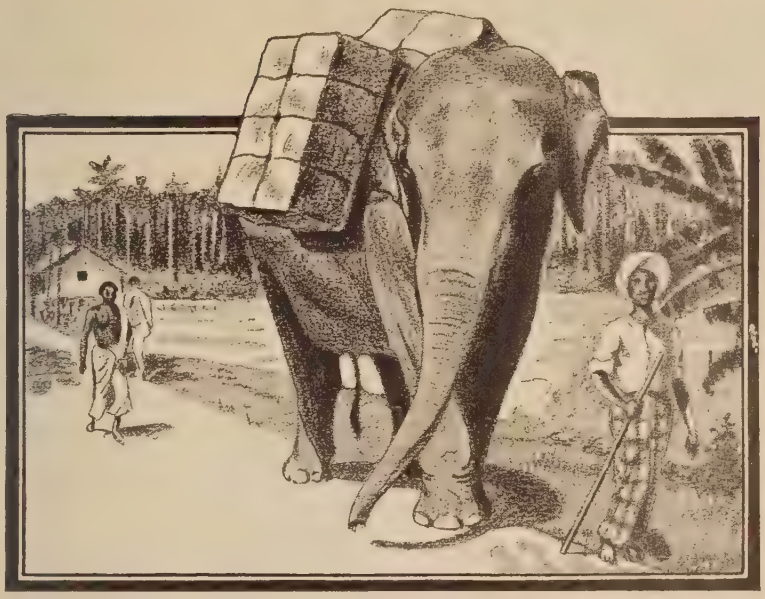

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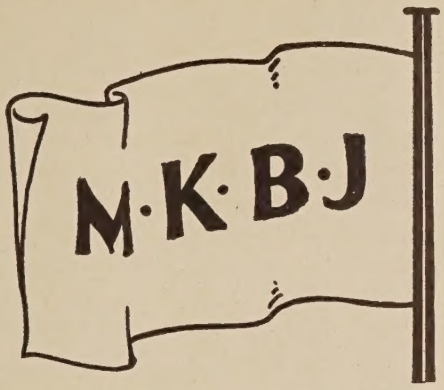

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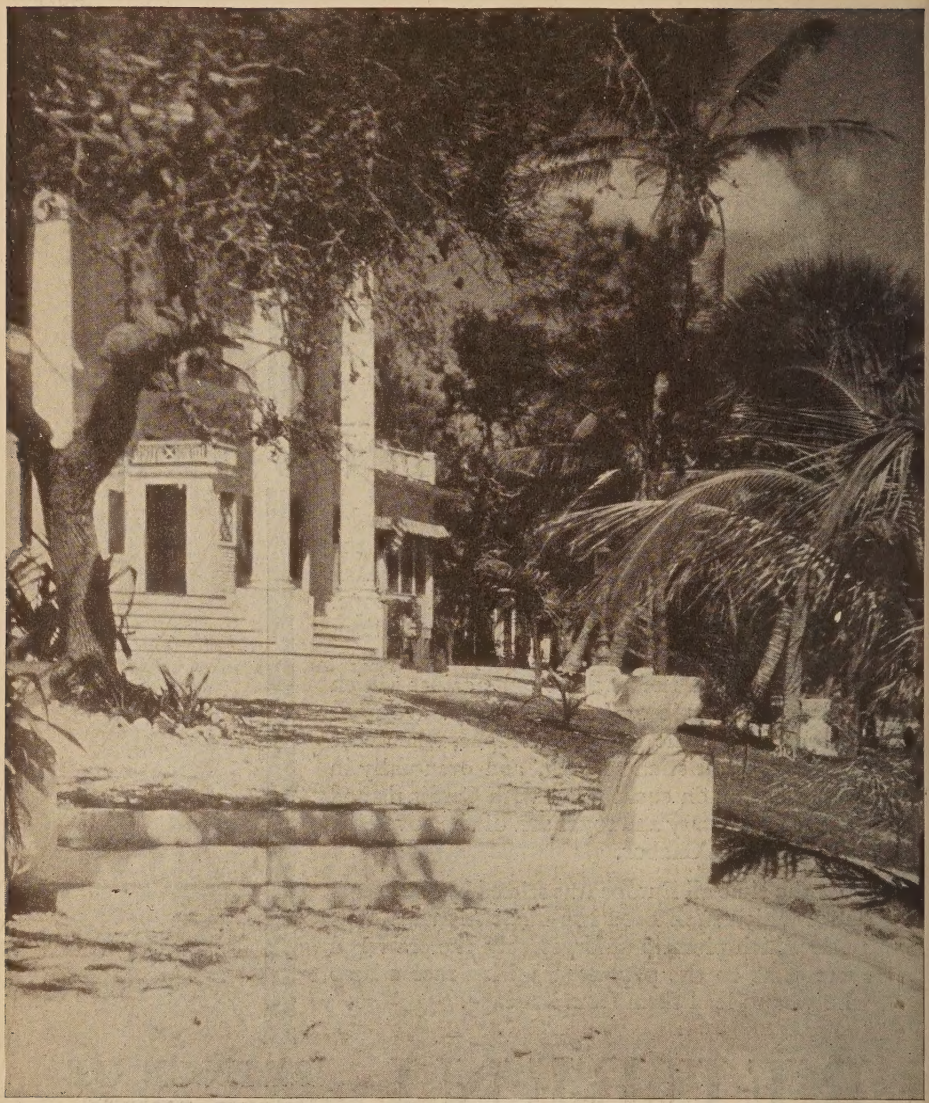

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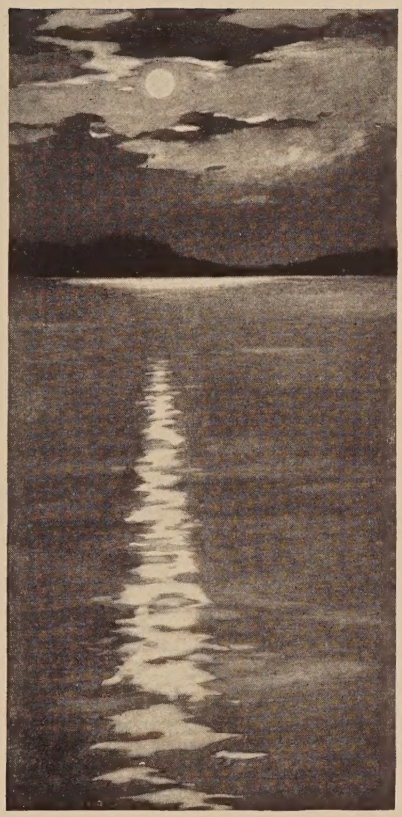

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